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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

It's a knockout!

CRUNCH!

Give in, punk?
Bruno biffs Boxers,
Page 3 special

SPLAT!
Simple Minds

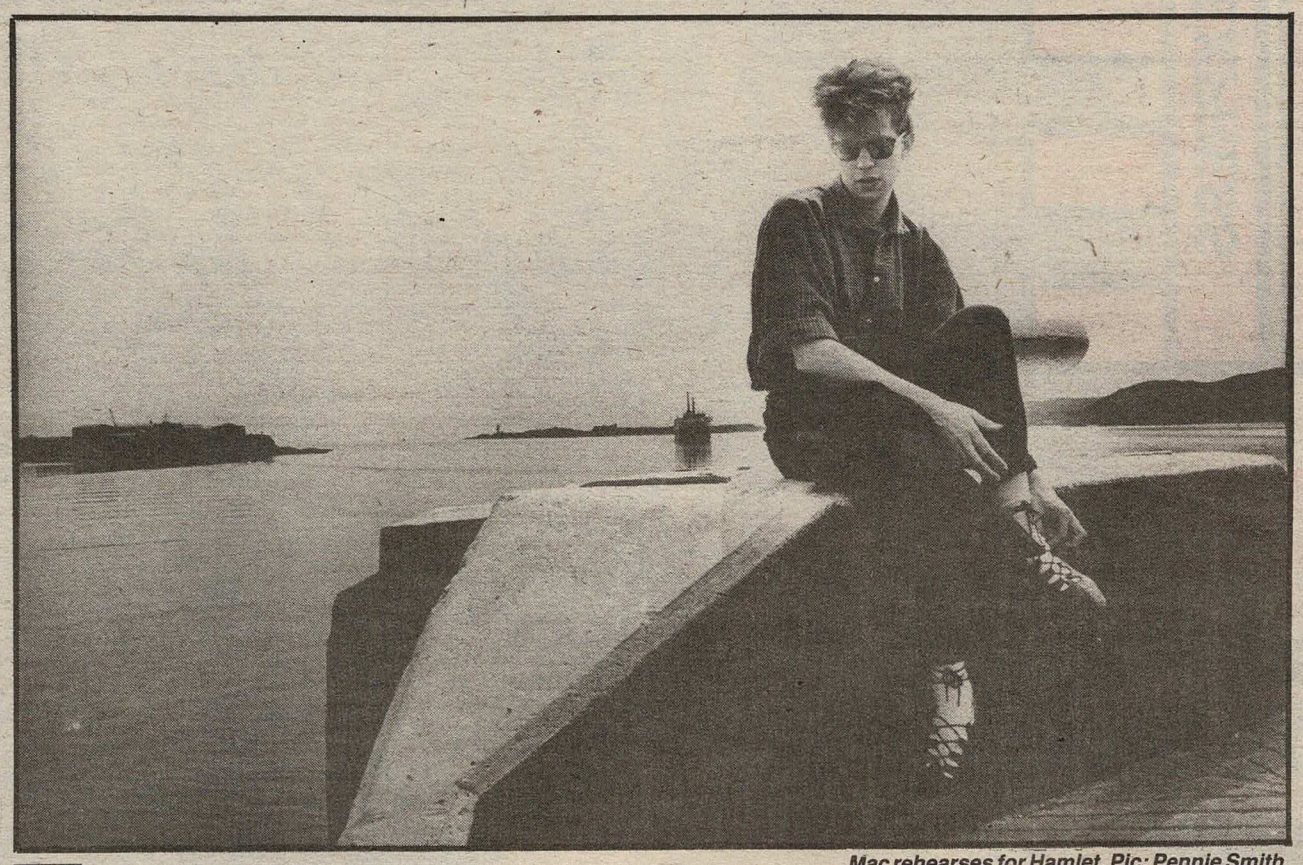
POW!
UB40

BAM!
Steve Walsh

YEUCCH!
Turkey Bones & The Wild Dogs

Dig Wayne gets it in the neck from Frank Bruno/Photo by Peter Anderson.

● BUNNYMEN GET THE SHAKES ● UB40 & EEK A MOUSE TOURS



Mac rehearses for Hamlet. Pic: Pennie Smith

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have been invited to play at Stratford-upon-Avon's Royal Shakespeare Theatre as the culmination of a two-week youth festival. The Bunnymen, who will be making their final British appearance of the year, thus apparently making certain that, in the UK at least, "the quality of Mersey is not strained", will appear on Sunday, 23 October. Tickets for the concert are priced £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 and these are available from the RST box office or usual agents or by post from: Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warks CV37 6BB – all cheques and postal orders being made payable to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

The Bunnymen will release a new single around the time of their Bardbeat excursion, this offering probably comprising either 'Silver' or 'Killing Moon', two songs extensively featured on the band's recent tour.

UB40, who have a new album due for release, this week announced their only British dates of the year before the band return to the States where they'll be touring with The Police. Dates are: Glasgow Apollo (9 October), Edinburgh Playhouse (10), Newcastle City Hall (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Liverpool Empire (14), Birmingham Odeon (15 and 16), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Poole Arts Centre (19), St Austell Coliseum (20), Ipswich Gaumont (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (24 and 25) and Brighton Conference Centre (27). The new album, 'Labour Of Love', comes out on UB40's own DEP International label on 12 September and contains covers of songs made famous by reggae artists between the years 1969 and 1972. These include 'Many Rivers To Cross', popularised by Jimmy Cliff; 'Keep On Moving', a Bob Marley special; Ray Martell's 'She Caught The Train'; Winston Groovey's 'Please Don't Make Me Cry'; Tony Tribe's 'Red, Red Wine'; The Melodians' 'Sweet Sensation' and Eric Donaldson's 'Cherry Oh Baby'. All arrangements are by UB40, who also produced the album, Ray Falconer, Ruby Turner, Jackie Graham and Mo Birch being responsible for the back-up vocal chores.

STEVO, strangely subdued, phoned on Friday morning to report: "Matt Johnson's eyesight has almost gone – he can only see about six inches in front of him now . . ."

It seems that Johnson, perhaps better known these days as The The, has suffered rapidly deteriorating eyesight during recent weeks and has been visiting a specialist, who advised him to rest for a period of at least six weeks.

"But he won't rest," claimed a Some Bizarre informant. "He's got his single coming out this week and he's got all sorts of interviews lined up. He just won't let up."

"He's been working on his album virtually non-stop," confirmed Stevo. "I don't understand why his eyesight has gone. All I know that it's some sort of nervous complaint which will hopefully get better if Matt can ease down. But at present he can't see a hand in front of his face."

Later, came a report from a more cheerful Stevo. "Matt's doing The Switch *and everything's going all right. And he says his eyesight is slightly better."*

The B side of The The's latest single is 'Mental Healing Process'.

EEK-A-MOUSE, the Jamaican sing-jay, whose 'Mouse And The Man' album recently entered the *NME* Indie charts, is making his first UK tour this autumn, Dates will be: Glasgow Mayfair (29 September), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (30), Reading Central Club (1 October), Birmingham Hummingbird (3), Nottingham Sherwood Rooms (6) and London, Brixton Academy (7 and 8) It's expected that Greensleeves Records will be releasing some new Eek-A-Mouse material to tie-in with the tour.

Pic: David Corio

Klaus Nomi dies

The Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), which led to the death of disco producer/singer/writer Patrick Cowley – best-known for his mega-mix of 'I Feel Love' and his work with Sylvester — claimed another music biz victim in Bavarian-born Klaus Nomi, the 'German new wave opera singer'.

Most widely seen in Britain via a TV clip from *Urgh! A Music War*, Nomi achieved notoriety in the States when David Bowie suggested they appear together on primetime TV's *Saturday Night Live*. Nomi released two albums on RCA: 'Klaus Nomi', in January '82, and 'Simple Man' in November of the same year. He was an affable if highly decorative character who trained formally as both a Cordon Bleu chef and a classical opera singer. (Nomi had his own cooking slot on Glenn O'Brien's Manhattan cable show *TV Party*.)

In March of '82, he told *NME* that his peculiar fusion evolved from childhood, when he filched some pennies from Mom's dresser drawer to purchase El's 'King Creole' – and she made him exchange it for Maria Callas. This led to Marlene Dietrich numbers alternating with Lou Christie's 'Lightning Strikes' and Saint-Saens' 'Samson And Delilah'. Nomi was always careful to assert two things: his temperament did not the match the deep blue of his sculpted coiffure and his work was not meant to be taken really seriously". Like lightning, he said, "It just strikes – at random".

THIS WAS to be the moment of truth, the day of reckoning, an ongoing High Noon situation.

It was the afternoon those brash, gang-bustin' popsters JoBoxers had to live up to their name where it mattered most . . . in the ring. Or else.

Britain's brightest heavyweight boxing hope for years, Frank Bruno, had thrust down the gauntlet: the five JoBoxers were to meet him in the Canning Town gymnasium run by his manager Terry Lawless for a light sparring session.

There were to be no cop outs, no excuses and most certainly no escape. The 'Boxers could kit themselves out at the Lonsdale shop and Frankie Boy would see them at the gym on a Monday afternoon. If they sought safety in numbers, he would take them all on at the same time. They just had to be there.

Come Monday afternoon, there was some talk of ringing to say that they couldn't make it. They could tell him that they had some studio time booked . . .something . . .anything! But no, that wouldn't have been true 'Boxer style. They turned up.

The visit was well worth their while. Frank and Terry merely wanted to show the fearless five around their training quarters and put them through a gentle workout . . . show them the ropes, so to speak.

"We wouldn't have minded getting into the ring with him," said the 'Boxers keyboard man Dave 'Fingers' Collard a little later, although it is believed that his tongue was somewhere in the region of his cheek at the time.

"For safety reasons, we were told not to take it

NME INSIDE INFORMATION

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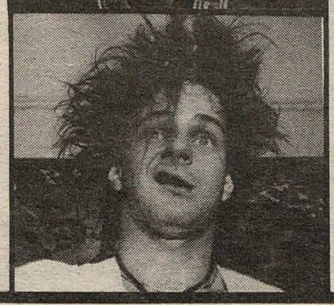
6 *UB40*
8 *IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS*
13 *CARE*
16 *SINGLES*



17 *Can you tell a (Steve) Walsh from a tango? Adrian Thrills thinks he can.*

21 *Come on let's Turkey trot; David Dorrell shakes them Bones*

22 *Between old and new gold dreams; Jim Kerr reveals his subconscious to Don Watson.*

33 *Whistle down the Grove; Viv Goldman gets hot hot hot at Notting Hill Carnival '83.*

18 *SILVER SCREEN*
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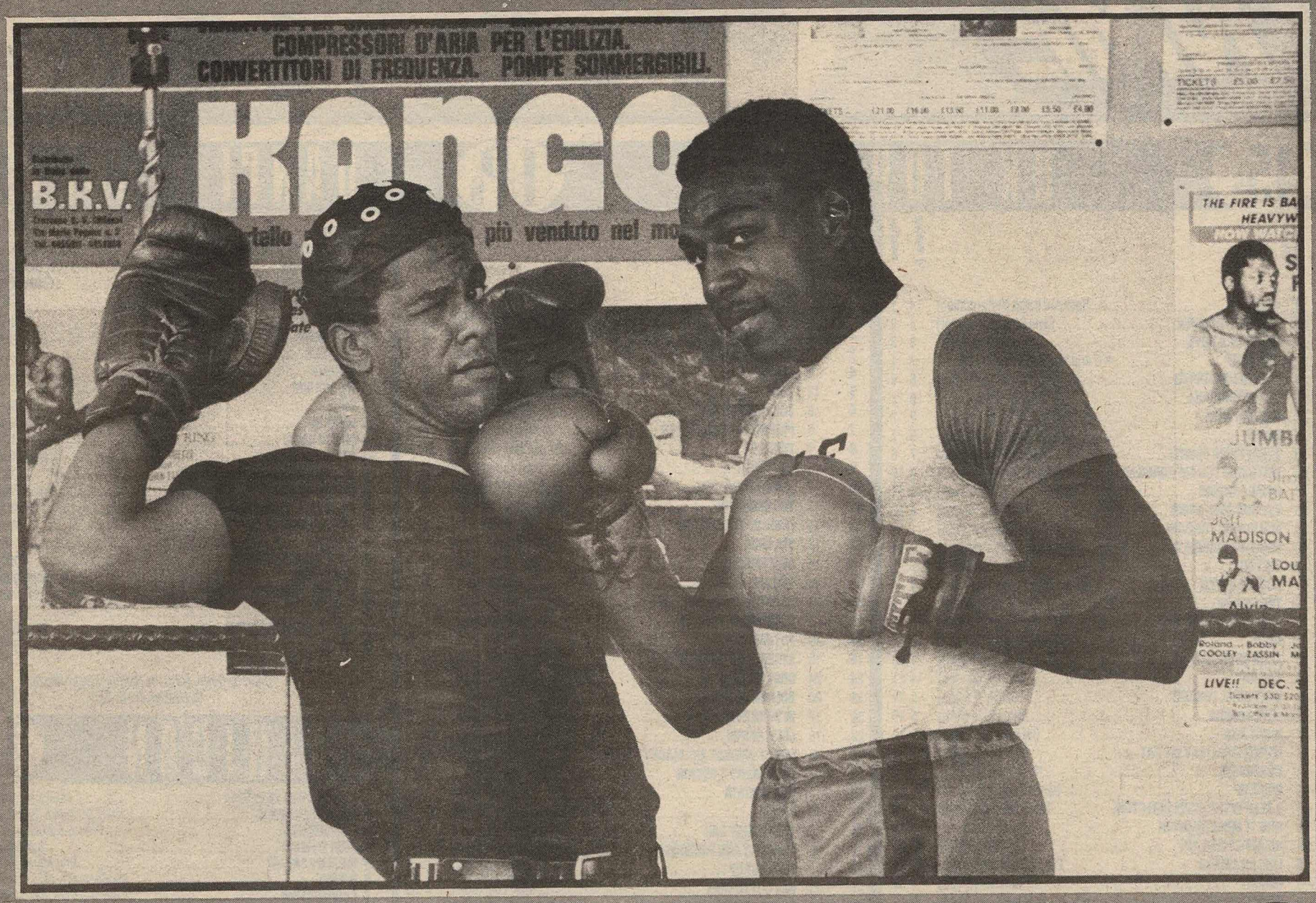
42 *GASBAG*
43 *T-ZERS*

● *BOXER BOYS SHAPE UP TO THE GREAT CONTENDER*



HOOK LINE AND BRUNO

Commentary: Adrian Thrills Ringside camera: Peter Anderson

too seriously, so we just had a bit of a mess around with his training equipment. A couple of us jumped on top of him, but I don't think he took it that seriously."

BRUNO – tipped by many experts as a future heavyweight champion of the world, though he is still only 21 – first met the 'Boxers after they asked him to make a cameo appearance in the video for their current 'Johnny Friendly' single. The powerful young prospect agreed immediately and appears towards the end of the clip along with manager Lawless, as Dave explains.

"We wanted to have someone who would act as a foil to the Johnny Friendly character and a boxer seemed an ideal choice. Someone originally suggested Muhammed Ali, as he was in the country at the time, but it seemed better to have someone who was still up and coming, in a similar position to us.

"The video company put the proposition to Frank and he said he was up for it straightaway. He did it purely for the fun of it. There was very little money involved. It was great, because he was already aware of our existence having read about us in the same issue of the *NME* as he was interviewed at the beginning of the year.

"It was fascinating to see him training too. I tried on a pair of his gloves and they were massive! He's massively built. It must be a daunting prospect to face him – it's not surprising that no-one has yet gone the distance with him. And he's still only 21! He's going to be unstoppable by the time he's 27 or 28!"

The 'Boxer Boys are hoping that the video will help push the 'Johnny Friendly single to the heights reached by their last two releases, 'Boxerbeat' and 'Just Got Lucky', in readiness for the release of their debut album 'Like Gang Busters' in a fortnight's time.

The forthcoming album, produced again by Alan Shacklock, should bring to the fore some of the more intricate aspects of the Boxerbeat, the subtleties that are sometimes lost in the inferno of a live performance. Among the ten tracks are one cover, 'Fully Booked', lifted from an obscure Georgie Fame flipside, and the explosively explicit 'She's Got Sex'.

"The album should show a slightly different side to the one people usually recognise as JoBoxers," says bassist Chris Bostock. "It's taking things a bit away from the pop thing towards a slower, heavier thing on a couple of tracks. A lot of the songs cross a couple of different styles. There's a jazz song with a funk rhythm – walking basslines over a disco beat, with Dig doing his usual fast jive-talking over the top.

"Some of the inputs are inspired by old music, but we always try and look at the old stuff in a different light. Even the other bands that are soul-influenced never seem to come up with the same things as we do. We've always tried to do it that little bit differently, even in the days of the Subway Sect when it was jazz rather than rock based. It's all down to the way you hear things. Our guitars have never sounded like fuzzy rock guitars. We've always tried to be more disciplined so that the guitar is really sparse, used almost as a rhythm instrument.

So what else have the group been up to since finishing the sessions for the LP? Last week they successfully negotiated their first ever PA (public appearance) at Gary Crowley's Tuesday Club in Harrow – an unusual concession from a band who pride themselves on their prowess at the dying art of actually *playing*, as opposed to miming, live. They have also only recently returned from their first American foray, a New York show to coincide with the New Music Seminar.

As he flashes a series of tourist snapshots from the NYC trip, drummer Sean McLusky tells of an incident that could have almost made their encounter with Frank Bruno seem like child's play.

"We were doing some photos on The Bowery, where a lot of the druggies and bums hang out, and looning around when we noticed this guy pull up on a motorbike and start to stare us out. We moved on and didn't think anything else of it until we bumped into him later on at one of the clubs. He told us that he'd almost rode his motorbike right through us because he thought we were a gang who were out for trouble!"

Almost a case of their tough guy image, despite its strong cartoon element, backfiring on them?

"In a way, yeah," grins singer Dig. "But what people fail to see a lot of the time is the humour in that image. They just see us as these big tough guys when really we're just laughing about it, sending the whole thing up."

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	GOLD	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	1
2	3	LONG HOT SUMMER	Style Council (Polydor)	4	2
3	8	WINGS OF A DOVE	Madness (Stiff)	3	3
4	2	GIVE IT UP	K C And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	7	1
5	4	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)	6	4
6	5	CLUB TROPICANA	Wham! (Innervision)	5	2
7	17	RED RED WINE	UB40 (DEP International)	2	7
8	7	ROCKIT	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	5	7
9	6	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	7	6
10	16	WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME	David Grant (Chrysalis)	3	10
11	18	COME DANCING	Kinks (Arista)	4	11
12	23	THE SUN GOES DOWN	Level 42 (Polydor)	3	12
13	36	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	13
14	40	WHAT AM I GONNA DO	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	2	14
15	9	BIG LOG	Robert Plant (WEA)	7	9
16	11	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	9	4
17	10	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)	7	4
18	13	FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	8	13
19	15	I.O.U.	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	11	2
20	20	TOUR DE FRANCE	Kraftwerk (EMI)	4	20
21	24	BAD DAY	Carmel (London)	4	21
22	21	WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	5	21
23	22	LOVE BLONDE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	5	19
24	12	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	8	12
25	14	WHERE EVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	11	1
26	(—)	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)	1	26
27	(—)	WAKE UP	Danse Society (Society)	1	27
28	(—)	A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION	The Truth (Formation)	1	28
29	28	GIVE IT SOME EMOTION	Tracie (Respond)	4	28
30	34	DISAPPEARING ACT	Shalamar (Solar)	3	26
31	26	LIKE AN ANIMAL	The Glove (Wonderland)	2	26
32	(—)	MAMA	Genesis (Virgin)	1	32
33	19	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	9	2
34	41	TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE	Robert Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	2	34
35	47	STREET OF DREAMS	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	35
36	33	GUILTY OF LOVE	Whitesnake (Liberty)	3	25
37	(—)	TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS	Conflict (Crass)	1	37
38	27	CRUEL SUMMER	Bananarama (London)	8	9
39	25	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	13	3
40	(—)	WARRIORS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	40
41	(—)	ROCK OF AGES	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	1	41
42	(—)	CHANCE	Big Country (Mercury)	1	42
43	(—)	IS IT LOVE	Gang Of Four (EMI)	1	43
44	(—)	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)	1	44
45	(—)	LEAN ON ME!	Redskins (CNT)	1	45
46	32	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	19	8
47	(—)	GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN'	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	1	47
48	(—)	BLUE WORLD	Moody Blues (Threshold)	1	48
49	(—)	WILL YOU STAY TONIGHT	Comsat Angels (Jive)	1	49
50	31	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	9	12

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	9	1
2	2	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	8	2
3	7	THE VERY BEST OF	Beach Boys (Capitol)	5	3
4	6	ALPHA	Asia (Geffen)	3	4
5	12	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	25	1
6	8	TOO LOW FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	13	4
7	5	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (WEA)	7	5
8	9	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	37	1
9	3	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	6	1
10	4	PUNCH THE CLOCK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	4	1
11	11	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	5	2
12	(—)	FLICK OF THE SWITCH	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	12
13	13	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	6	6
14	14	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A&M)	11	1
15	10	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	8	2
16	(—)	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	16
17	(—)	STANDING IN THE LIGHT	Level 42 (Polydor)	1	17
18	40	FUTURE SHOCK	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	2	18
19	15	STREETSOUNDS VOLUME V	Various (Streetsounds)	3	15
20	24	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	12	2
21	26	GOLDEN YEARS	David Bowie (RCA)	3	21
22	17	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	12	2
23	18	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	30	1
24	23	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	26	1
25	(—)	EVERYBODY'S ROCKIN'	Neil Young (Geffen)	1	25
26	(—)	ELIMINATION	ZZ Top (WEA)	1	26
27	19	CRISIS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	14	5
28	16	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	18	1
29	25	TORMENT AND TOREROS	Marc And The Mambas (Some Bizzare)	3	25
30	(—)	THE BEST OF . . .	UFO (Chrysalis)	1	30
31	33	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	4	33
32	36	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	17	5
33	28	WAR	U2 (Island)	9	23
34	20	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Elektra)	4	15
35	22	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	14	11
36	29	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	9	9
37	32	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	9	12
38	21	CRACKDOWN	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)	4	18
39	RE	HITS ON FIRE	Various (Ronco)	1	39
40	(—)	ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK	K C and The Sunshine Band (Epic)	1	40
41	RE	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	1	41
42	(—)	SCRIPT OF THE BRIDGE	Chameleons (Statik)	1	42
43	45	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	40
44	RE	HOLY DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	1	44
45	27	HITS ON FIRE	Various (Ronco)	6	19
46	30	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	30
47	39	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	2	39
48	31	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	7	7
49	RE	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	49
50	44	JERKY VISIONS OF THE DREAM	Howard Devoto (Virgin)	5	20

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	AM-FM	Natasha King (Emergency)
2	CRACKDOWN/JUST FASCINATION	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)
3	VALLEY STYLE	T. Ski Valley (Capo Import)
4	FLOORSHOW EP	Sisters Of Mercy (Mericul)
5	ON THE RISE	SOS Band (US Tabu)
6	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)
7	BODYWORK	Hot Streak (Easy Street)
8	TROUBLE	A-Team (Drum)
9	SAKHILE	Sakhile (Jive)
10	WE ARE ONE	Maze (Capitol)
11	PUSH	Brilliant (Rough Trade)
12	WAKE UP	Danse Society (Society)
13	ON THE RADIO	Crash Crew (Bay City)
14	SPACE COWBOY	Jonzun Crew (21 Records)
15	LIKE AN ANIMAL	The Glove (Polydor)
16	CHEAP THRILLS	Panic Patrol (Tommy Boy)
17	THE WHEEL (Picture Disc)	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)
18	ON A JOURNEY	Peech Boys (Island)
19	SEX BEAT	Gun Club (Animal)
20	KISS KISS BANG BANG	Specimen (Black Bat)
21	NATIVE BOY	Animal Nightlife (Innervision)
22	SMURF ACROSS THE NATION	Electric Power Band (Bee Pee)
23	SAVE IT	Cramps (Illegal)
24	RHYTHM OF THE JUNGLE	Girls Can't Help It (Virgin)
25	MY BOY	The Jodelles (Ariola)

Chart by Garth, DJ at the Hellfire Club at Jaspers, 45 Heather Croft, York

AFRICAN LPs

1	SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria
2	REVIENT EN FORCE	Pablo Lubadika (Safari-Ambiance) Zaire
3	L'EVENEMENT	Franco & Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
4	ESWI YO WAPI	Mbilia Bel (Genidia) Zaire
5	HIGHLIFE SAFARI	Eric Agyeman (Apogee) Ghana
6	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro-Rhytmes) Zaire
7	COOPERATION	Franco & Sam Mangwana (Edipop) Zaire
8	BOBBY	Sunny Ade (Sar) Nigeria
9	ASE	Segun Adewale (Sarps) Nigeria
10	FRE NO MA ME	Jewel Ackah (Gapo) Ghana
11	MANUELA	Bopol Mansiamina (Fyllart) Zaire
12	THE "BEST" AMBIANCE	Bibi Den's Tshibaya (Tangent) Ivory Coast
13	TROP BON, TROP COUILLON	Teddy Sukami (Afro-Rhytmes) Zaire
14	NIGERIA	Ayinde Barrister (Sorl) Nigeria
15	L'ARGENT APPELLE L'ARGENT	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddy'son) Zaire

Courtesy Stern's African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1

REGGAE 45s

1	WICKED A GO FEEL IT	Musical Episode — Sugar Minott/Horace Andy (Bullwackies)
2	BROTHERMAN	Mighty Diamonds (Germain)
3	WAR IN THE AREA	Little John/General Plough (Black & White)
4	DAILY NEWS STAR	Eek-A-Mouse (Volcano)
5	RUN GO CALL BABY MOTHER	Billy Boyo (Gorgon)
6	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY	Anthony Blackwood (Black Ghetto)
7	FALLY RANKING	Tristan Palmer (Powerhouse)
8	TAKE A SET	Cathy Ann (Black Solidarity)
9	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
10	BABY DONT MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN	Sammy Dread (Black Roots)
11	MR. VINCENT	Black Crucial (PRE)
12	COME A WE	Te-Track/Nigger Kojak (Music Works)
13	SECRETARY	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
14	THANK YOU MAMA	Barry Brown (Observer)
15	SCHOOL	Prince Jazzbo (Studio One)

REGGAE LPs

Arketypal Lee Perry. Pic J B Sohiez

1	THE BEST OF STUDIO ONE Vol II	Various (Heartbeat)
2	THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN	Dennis Brown (A & M)
3	KING DAVID MELODY	Augustus Pablo (Alligator)
4	NEVER FALL IN LOVE	Techniques (Techniques)
5	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
6	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Gorgon)
7	JAH SON INVASION	Various (Bullwackies)
8	WHEN I'VE GOT YOU	Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
9	ROOTS SPLASH DOWN	Roots Radics (Body Music)
10	HEART OF THE ARK VOL II	Lee Perry (Seven Leaves)

chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1.

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week		
1	1	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	2	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
3	(-)	CONFUSION	New Order (Factory)
4	7	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
5	3	TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS	Conflict (Crass)
6	6	LEAN ON ME!	Redskins (CNT)
7	5	WHO DUNN IT	Crass (Crass)
8	4	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)
9	9	NIGHT AND DAY	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
10	8	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)
11	13	GOOD TECHNOLOGY	Red Guitars (Self Drive)
12	10	CHEERIO TOODLEPIP	Toy Dolls (Volume)
13	14	LINED UP (REMIX)	Shriekback (Y)
14	19	THE CRUSHER	Bananamen (Big Beat)
15	20	IGNORE THE MACHINE	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
16	21	DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT	Varrucas (Tempest)
17	12	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)
18	(-)	BUSY DOING NOTHING	Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (Broken)
19	11	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)
20	26	BLITZREIG BOP	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)
21	(-)	BODY ELECTRIC	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
22	17	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)
23	23	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)
24	18	ONE DAY	APB (Oily)
25	30	LEADERS OF TOMORROW	Major Accident (Flicknife)
26	15	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)
27	(-)	UNTIL I GET YOU	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)
28	22	DIE HARD	Venom (Neat)
29	(-)	MONDAY/MUSTERS THEME	Escalators (Big Beat)
30	25	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week		
1	1	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
2	3	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
3	4	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
4	(-)	CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	2	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
6	5	LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S	Weekend (Rough Trade)
7	7	FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE	Virginia Astley (Happy Valley)
8	9		
9	6	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
10	14	ANOTHER SETTING	Durutti Column (Factory)
11	12	JAZZATEERS	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)
12	8	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
13	11	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)
14	10	RED RUST SEPTEMBER	Eyelass In Gaza (Cherry Red)
15	16	LIVE IN BERLIN	Au Pairs (AKA)
16	20	FUCK POLITICS	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
17	15	INTO GLORY RIDE	Man O War (Music For Nations)
18	(-)	VIOLENT FEMMES	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)
19	17	ALL FOR ONE	Raven (Neat)
20	18	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)
21	25	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)
22	13	NAKED	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
23	(-)	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
24	21	STILL	Joy Division (Factory)
25	24	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)
26	(-)	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)
27	23	ROCK FOR LIGHT	Bad Brains (Abstract)
28	19	1981–82 MINI LP	New Order (Factory)
29	30	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
30	(-)	THE FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)
		TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO	Conflict (Crass)

SOFTWARE 20

1	3-D COMBAT ZONE	Spectrum (Artic)
2	HALLS OF THE THINGS	Spectrum (Crystal)
3	TRANS-AM	Spectrum (Imagine)
4	MATRIX	Spectrum (Llamasoft)
5	SMUGGLERS COVE	Spectrum (Quicksilva)
6	CRAZY KONG	Vic-20 (Interceptor)
7	GUNSMOKE	BBC (Software Invasion)
8	3-D BOMB ALLEY	BBC (Software Invasion)
9	HARRIER ATTACK	Oric 48K (Martec)
10	KILLER GORILLA	BBC (Micropower)
11	CASTLE OF RIDDLES	BBC (Acornsoft)
12	COOKIE	Spectrum (Ultimate)
13	JUMPING JACK	Spectrum (Imagine)
14	HORACE AND THE SPIDERS	Spectrum (Psion)
15	FLIGHT SIMULATION	Spectrum (Psion)
16	VU-CALC	BBC (Psion)
17	TRANSYLVANIAN TOWER	Spectrum (Richard Shepherd)
18	ZAXXON	Atari (Datasoft)
19	ESCAPE FROM PULSAR 7	BBC (Digital Fantasia)
20	PANIC 64	Commodore 64 (Interceptor)

Courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.

US 45s

1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A&M)
2	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
3	MANIAC	Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
4	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
5	PUTTING ON THE RITZ	Taco (RCA)
6	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Columbia)
7	STAND BACK	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
8	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (A&M)
9	I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA	Culture Club (Virgin)
10	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI-America)
11	THE SAFETY DANCE	Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
12	TELL HER ABOUT IT	Billy Joel (Columbia)
13	HUMAN NATURE	Michael Jackson (Epic)
14	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
15	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (Capitol)

Donna Summer works her way up the charts. Pic Mike Putney

US LPs

1	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)
2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6	STAYING ALIVE	Soundtrack (RSO)
7	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
8	KEEP IT UP	Loverboy (Columbia)
9	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
10	REACH THE BEACH	The Fixx (MCA)
11	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (Capitol)
12	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
13	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
14	THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (Swan Song)
15	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard

JAZZ LPs

NME WARNING: Horn playing can damage your health! Ben Webster pic Hans Harzheim

1	ART PEPPER LIVES	Art Pepper (Galaxy)
2	THE HORN	Ben Webster (Circle)
3	THE LAST SESSIONS VOL. I	Sonny Stitt (Muse)
4	LIVE 1957–58	Jimmy Giuffre (Raretone)
5	DJANGO	Modern Jazz Quartet (OJC)
6	NEW ORLEANS	Kid Ory (CBS)
7	LIVE AT THE BARREL	Miles Davis (Prestige)
8	WITH ART PEPPER	Richie Cole (Palo Alto)
9	SOARING	Bob Florence Big Band (Bosco)
10	BAD PENNY BLUES	Humphrey Lyttleton (Cube)
11	FIVE BIRDS AND A MONK	Various Artists (Galaxy)
12	ALL STAR SESSIONS	Gene Ammons (OJC)
13	UGLY PAPA	Julia Lee (Juke Box Lil)
14	GO MAN	Sonny Criss (Imperial)
15	REINCARNATION	Mingus Dynasty (Soul Note)

FRED FACT

You can practically go sunblind merely glancing at the singles chart these days. What with 'Cruel Summer', 'Long Hot Summer', 'Club Tropicana', 'The Sun Goes Down' and a chart-topper from K. C. and his King Sol swingers, it's Foster-Grants and tanning-oil right down the line. I mean, Carmel isn't going to climb much higher with a doomy forecast like 'Bad Day', that's for sure. Funny thing about deckchair weather is its ability to make folk don their Frank Buck helmets and toddle off to buy the first disc that comes their way with 'Sun' or 'Summertime' in the title. The Kinks knew that way back in '66. That year they stuck out 'Sunny Afternoon' right in the middle of June and floated right up to the top of the charts easy as piddle-in-the-sea. Lovin' Spoonful did much the same thing just one month later. Their contributin was 'Summer In The City' and the jukeboxes played it till they seized up with heartbumps. Good year '66. Adrian Thrills' grandad keeps telling him about it. Mind you, Donovan was a bit slow to catch on, if I remember rightly. He actually waited until Christmas before coming up with 'Sunshine Superman'. But still he got his hit. Not that he deserved one for being so lethargic. Dead dozy, I thought. So much for '66 — but things haven't changed much in the interim. I mean, only last year, the late-lamented Fun Boy Three stuck out 'Summertime' in July and scooped up the ackers with all the aplomb of disposal experts lifting the ring-can pulls from Southend Beach. Which reminds me. The Beach Boys, always considered the ace bucket and spade men in the song stakes, have never had a British hit with any title that included the words 'Summer' or 'Sun' — though Donna Summer did gain a couple of frostbitten top pops with 'Cold Love' and 'Winter Melody', which came out in January and December respectively. Then there's the case of Ol' Edgar Winter, whose lone British hit came in summer, I expect a dodgy Met office forecast was to blame for that. Me, I'm cheesed off with the whole wot-a-scorcher syndrome, gnat-bites and all. I'd nip out now and buy a dozen copies of The Weather Girls' 'Its Raining' if I really thought it would put St Swithin and the umbrella trade back in business once again. A wet I would most decidedly like to be.

Fred Della

DENMARK 45s

1	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2	FLASHDANCE	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
3	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
4	JULIET	Robin Gibb (Polydor)
5	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Renee & Renato (Sonet)
6	I NEED YOU	F.R. David (Carrere)
7	OTTO ER ET NAESEHORN	Tom McEwan (HM)
8	LOVE BLONDE	Kim Wilde (RAK)
9	I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE	Hot Sjot (Royton)
10	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A&M)

Courtesy BT/IFPI/Billboard.

5 YEARS AGO

1	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)
2	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10 cc (Mercury)
3	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)
4	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic)
5	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
6	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)
7	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)
8	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI)
9	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)
10	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)

10 YEARS AGO

1	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
3	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
4	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
5	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
7	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie And The Family Cookin' (Avco)
8	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)
9	RISING SUN	Medicine Head (Polydor)
10	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)

15 YEARS AGO

1	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
4	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	MONY MONY	Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
6	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
7	FIRE	Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track)
8	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
9	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly And The Family Stone (Direction)

20 YEARS AGO

1	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
4	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
6	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
7	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Caravelles (Decca)
8	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)
9	LEGION'S LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV)
10	I WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme (CBS)

I would like to thank both my clients and colleagues for all the support you have given me over the last 7 years. Adieu. Peter.

(P.S. Yes — this is an early right hand page!)

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UB40 THE STANCE IS DANCE

Say they're left of left and you'd be right. But UB40 say their music's NOT a red, red whine

STORY: Mat Snow
PICS: Peter Anderson

"I'D JUST *love* somebody to do an interview or review that had naff all to do with politics. . . ."

So sighs UB40's Robin Campbell, knowing full well how remote the likelihood of his wish being granted. Dapper snapper Peter Anderson and I are spending the afternoon with guitarist/singer Robin, toaster Astro and drummer Jim Brown at the new headquarters of UB40's own label, Dep International, which is to be found in a converted bacon factory in Birmingham's Perry Bar.

They're enjoying the rise and rise of 'Red, Red Wine', written by Neil Diamond, a soul hit for Jimmy James And The Vagabonds, a reggae hit for Tony Tribe, and now the biggest UK success UB40 have scored for some time. It's from a forthcoming album 'Labour Of Love', and the band have broken a lengthy silence to help promote it.

"It's a collection of songs *we* knew as reggae songs," explains Robin, forthright and cheerful despite his deep suspicion of the music press. "We'd wanted to do it for years, we wanted it to be our first album."

The selection includes the old Wailers' hit 'Keep On Moving' (an excellent version), 'Please Don't Make Me Cry' by Winston Tucker (aka Groovey), The Slickers' 'Johnny Too Bad', Ray Martell's 'She Caught The Train', Eric Donaldson's 'Cherry Oh Baby' (clumsily covered by the Stones on 'Black And Blue'), Jimmy Cliff's classic 'Many Rivers To Cross', The Melodians' 'Sweet Sensation', Tiger's 'Guilty', and 'Version Girl' by Boy Friday. All were reggae hits in the period '69–'72, and provided the soundtrack to the band's early teens. For UB40 'Labour Of Love' is just that; a sentimental journey and a homage to their roots.

"Lyrically most of them are zilch," laughs Robin. "Why we recorded them was because they were part of an era for us, what we were into. It's dancing music; the lyrics were unimportant then and they're unimportant now."

The LP was recorded on the two linked 24-track desks of UB40's new studio — a far cry from the eight track machine on which 'Signing Off' was laid down — which partially explains the more airy, sparkling sound than on their previous vinyl. But more important was the band's attitude.

"We could relax with this; there wasn't the pressure of it being our material. We experimented with several things like Linndrums and synthesised basslines. It was a lot more fun and the end result is that I still like the album, which is unusual. It's like listening to a different band."

Flip over 'Red, Red Wine' and you'll find a dub version of the so far unreleased 'Sufferin''. It's a stealthy, loping tune whose atmosphere of off-the-wall intensity is enhanced by SFX that go *booingg* in the night courtesy of Mikey Dread, mixing-desk jester and dread at the controls.

Getting smashed – a case for personal responsibility. Brian Travers exercises his?

"We've actually got an album on the shelf at the moment that Mikey Dread mixed. It's tracks from 'UB44' and various tracks that haven't been released before," elaborates Robin. "We just gave Mikey the masters and said, Go for it, have fun. And he did. Some of them are dreadful, some of them brilliant. It'll probably be vastly superior to 'Present Arms In Dub'."

I much prefer 'Sufferin'' to the A-side, and look forward to the as yet unscheduled release of the whole LP. To me, UB40's vocals remain thin and mannered; Brian Travers' soulful, soaring sax sings far more eloquently.

HAD 'Labour Of Love', or something like it, been UB40's first LP as originally intended, it would have fitted more logically into the band's initial *raison d'etre*, as Robin explains:

"We actually set out in the first place to popularise reggae. That was our intention. We felt like we were the only people in the world listening to reggae. Of course it wasn't *true*, but we felt like nobody else was. Originally we saw ourselves as ambassadors but I don't think we do anymore, because to a certain degree we've been successful. I wouldn't ever claim credit for every success that reggae's had in Britain, but I think we've played no small part in it. Our success has no doubt helped people like Black Uhuru and Gregory Isaacs who now have chart albums and singles. Our success has opened a lot of people's ears to reggae."

"Yeah," agrees Astro. "Before we come along, people just looked on reggae as Rastaman, and half the white English people don't want to know. To some degree that alienated people from getting into reggae. When *we* came out — just the fact that half the band are white when reggae was supposed to be for Rastas only — they started to realise that reggae is just music and it's there for whoever wants to listen to it, and whoever wants to play it."

Tall and rangy, the dreadlocked Astro is as buoyant and jokey as his live appearances suggest, but he sits in quietly nodding agreement through Robin and Jim's heated self-explanations.

Though they admire Stevie Wonder enormously, Robin and Astro have no time for 'Master Blaster', their opinion being the result

Robin (right) and Astro try to give the right impression of UB40.

of technical virtuosity being no compensation for a lack of true understanding and feel for the music. But, as they've witnessed on their recent tour of the American bar circuit, reggae as a whole is attracting a lot of Stateside interest.

"College stations have got reggae shows now," elucidates Robin. "At every town you can always find a reggae station. Brilliant! They actually play more reggae than they do here."

And UB40's American audience?

"Mixed racially and agewise," states Robin. "I suppose the average age would be late 20s."

"You can look out from the stage and see people of 40, 45 or older standing up in three-piece suits looking like J. R. Ewing, rocking away — you know, great!" Astro enthuses.

Yellowman and The Gladiators have recently seen success in the States, but most Americans' introduction to reggae will be through The Police and the latest chart superstar Eddy Grant:

"Earl (Falconer, UB40's bass-player) went into a diner just around the corner from the motel we were in," recalls Robin. "He sat down and everybody in the place went *'Eddy!!!'* And he went *'Huh?!!?'* And they said 'Saw you on the video last night, MTV,' and he thought they meant *our* video. And he ordered his breakfast and went to pay, and they said 'No, no! On the house!' He was signing 'Eddy' on everyone's bits of paper. . ."

DEP INTERNATIONAL is located in the midst of a gradually decaying industrial district, but the sunny afternoon casts an optimistic glow over what by rights should be a very depressing landscape. Just before closing time we nip off to the local, where we find other members of UB40's extended family. Robin and Ali's brother Duncan neatly dispose of me on the pool-table, but my spirits are soon revived by the irrepressible jollity of their father, Ian, a folk-singer of considerable note.

Father and son Robin regale me with tales of minstrels past and present; music is in the Campbell blood. Despite his sometimes dour image, no-one can talk about music with more feeling than Robin. We swap stories of Great Disappointments, mine Aretha Franklin, his James Brown and Elvis Costello. Romantic that he is, Robin is still pained to recall the evenings the Godfather and the King let him down.

This same pub played host to the 'Red, Red Wine' promo video. Rather than pay extras, UB40 invited lads on the Youth Training Scheme at a local factory down to have a drink or two on the house and look one over the eight to illustrate the song's theme of liquid consolation. Appearances weren't in it. Scotches and rum-and-blacks were chasing each other down in quick succession and so by lunchtime the extras were horizontal, the gents indescribable and the bar-bill astronomical.

Finally the lads staggered back to work, where they were all promptly fired. But seeing as how, given half the chance, boys will be boys, they were eventually reinstated. The band don't feel badly about the episode, as they believe strongly in personal responsibility; the extras weren't encouraged to get smashed, and could have foreseen the consequences if they chose to play silly buggers.

UB40 are far from Thatcherite, but they have that rather harsh pragmatism for which Brummies are renowned and which our Leader has distorted to underly her popular appeal. By another paradox, UB40 are a shining example of the Thatcher dream: in the midst of 'structural' industrial decline they started from scratch their own leisure-orientated business which now employs several people and exports abroad. But UB40's independent-minded entrepreneurship is not so much a Victorian virtue as an unavoidable compromise with the system in which they have to operate.

Robin explains their current position: "We've got a lot more money than we did have, but personally we're up shit creek without a paddle — we haven't any bread at all. We've spent millions. We've toured in absolute luxury; we've done everything very comfortably. We manage ourselves and have done from square one. Because of that we've squandered a lot. There's thousands we can't account for, have just disappeared, that people have filched from us. We just haven't the experience businesswise, but we didn't want to be in anybody else's hands.

"We're now in the situation where we can build the business, which is what it's been all about. We never wanted to be just a band; we wanted our own record company and our own studio. It's cost us a fortune."

And, as Jim remarks with regard to 'Red, Red Wine': "If people are going to accuse us of selling out, then we've sold out on the day we started. Cos when we started we wanted to make money, make a living."

Jim and Robin strenuously deny any contradiction in their left-wing views and the desire to make money. They regard such an apparent paradox as an illusion, product of righteous middle-class guilt grounded in a comfortable upbringing. UB40's working-class background, so they claim, provides no such qualms. The issue of whether you can in all conscience benefit handsomely from a system to which you are ostensibly opposed is never rigorously pursued. Reality is always more complicated than a theoretical model, but the gap between practise and preaching can't be forever bridged with platitudes, though don't ask me what I'd do in UB40's position.

SOONER OR LATER, of course, politics were bound to come up.

Robin believes the media have projected their own preoccupations onto UB40 and thereby misrepresented them. He's vehement in trying to set the record straight:

"We never set out with any purpose other than to popularise reggae. We never set out with any political purpose. We never spearheaded any movements. The only people who even coloured us with that kind of thing were people like the *NME*, who think we *ought* to be saying something and *ought* to be spokespeople for the unemployed because we have the name UB40.

"I think it would be a bit pretentious of me to be talking about unemployment in any other way than *talking* about it. If I was trying to give *solutions* I think that's a bit of a cheek.

"I'm jetting around the world and sitting by swimming-pools in LA etcetera. I don't think I have a lot in common with people who are unemployed.

"We called ourselves UB40 at the time because we were all unemployed. There was no calculated move there. The fact that we got a captive audience of three million people was an *accident*! The fact that we write political lyrics is an *accident!* Individually we're politically motivated to varying degrees. We're all extremely left of left — but that's *personal*. We came together as a band not to voice any political opinion but to make reggae music and to get off the dole."

Yes, but with the name UB40, the LP 'Signing Off', the single 'One In Ten' etc., people are bound to draw different conclusions. . .

"People liked the music not the political content. They got into it because of the *sound* not the lyrics. Most people aren't even *aware* of what the songs are about. Our first big hit, 'Food For Thought', *was* a very political song, but you go and ask 99 out of a hundred people who bought it what the song's about and they won't be able to tell you. So where's the importance of the lyrics?

"To us the lyrics are secondary. It doesn't mean they're not important because otherwise we wouldn't write them. But basically it's the music that's important. We're a dance band. If people dance to the music but don't get into the lyrics it's cool by me. I really don't care if people aren't listening. It's nice if they *are*, and I get a buzz out of people listening, understanding and maybe thinking about something that hadn't occurred to them before. Maybe we've changed the minds of a few people, but it's a very small number, quite insignificant.

Such an assertion may be realistic, but is a retreat from the band's perceived position three years ago when it appeared at the forefront of a much more politicised rock scene. Jim claims that the band's reputation at the time was out of all proportion to the truth of the matter.

"Like you talk about CND and Rock Against Racism," continues Astro, "I mean, to me, *any* decent human being would get involved in that kind of thing. I'm not saying that Rock Against Racism are doing anything incredible, but the idea of all nations getting together should be something *everybody* should think about."

"It's a very *liberal* idea, not a particularly revolutionary idea," elaborates Jim. "Rock Against Racism and CND are very liberal organisations. Peter Hain is involved in all these things, so it's no big political thing, we're making no political stance by doing it. Anybody with any sense would get involved with that kind of thing."

"And anybody with any sense who's in a position of having an audience *should* write things that are relevant, rather than write love songs or any other kind of trivia," laughs Robin, but he is resigned to UB40's (and pop's) ultimate toothlessness.

"If it was ever true that we *were* potent, then we wouldn't be played on the radio, simple as that. You're only *allowed* on the radio as long as you don't mean anything, as long as you don't pose any threat. You're in there with the rest of the pap.

"Every now and again you get the opportunity to have a platform, to come out and say what you feel. We did *Newsnight* and they edited us to such a degree that we came out as a bunch of prats. They took everything out of context.

"We did *World In Action* and they did exactly the same thing. It came out as a very nice, *slightly* upsetting, liberal-type programme."

"It's because you get nice, liberal, lefty types making the programme, and you really *believe* them at the time," adds Jim. "And they really believe it as well."

"We've gone through our funny stages where we've gone, OK, fuck it, cos we've read six interviews on the trot that have been shit," Robin continues. "And we've gone six months when we didn't do an interview, simple as that, cos we were sick of reading gibberish. All taken out of context, and of course the writer has the final comment and can twist anything that you've said into what he likes."

"Just by that one final comment you can make irrelevant everything that's gone before," remarks Jim bitterly.

"It's intensely annoying," sighs Robin, "and no doubt I'll be intensely annoyed by this one. . ."

No final comment.

ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE

DREAM STATE

They survived as sidekicks to Kid Creole. They've out-lived critical preferences for both syntho-foppery and skullduggery. It may be those hand-painted pyjamas, but their oeuvre d'funk retains a hardy live following. CYNTHIA ROSE works up a lather with THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS.

Pyjama chic (left to right) Mark, Nick, Justin, Caroline, Fred and Katie. Pic Kerstin Rodgers

THE CAST

Justin Adams: guitar, vocals, percussion.
Mark Williams: bass guitar, congas, percussion.
Caroline Radcliffe: oboe, vocals, percussion, melodia.
Katie Chaplin: vocals, percussion, vocals.
Fred Hood: drums, syndrums, vocals.
Everyone: writing.

THE PAST

Nick Waterhouse founded the band as a totally acoustic six-piece in 1979, in Exeter. By January of 1980, his combo had come up with a single ('Books') and that's when they adopted the present moniker.

"I'd just found a photo my Mum had of me and my brother aged six pretending to be The Beatles. We used to call ourselves The Impossibles," says Nick.

The Impossible Dreamers could qualify for one of Pete Frame's family trees — and it would include a Simon, a Danny, a Lindsay, a Colin, and a Glenn, as well as the Grant who is still with them as soundman.

"We were acoustic," says Nick, "Then Danny bought the first electric guitar in the group. Then on top of *that* we started singing about Cruise missiles and H-bombs, so I guess we even had an electric protest period."

"Tempered," adds Katie, "by numbers like 'It's Cold In The Bathroom'."

Eventually there loomed the big London date, for which a set of skins had to be borrowed off Fred, then drummer for The Syndromes. Afterwards, the Dreamers and The Syndromes started to converge contributing a side each to an album called 'Ready In The Rhythm Section?'. Eventually they formed one big happy group — of nine. Because they were almost still at college in Exeter, their career was limited to a couple of rehearsals and a gig a month. But they made another album and kept making forays to London.

BAD MANNERS

In December of '81, the fluctuating Impossibles line up scored a support slot on the Bad Manners tour and started getting serious about their work. This was more of an education than college.

"A riot every night! There was a belt of security guards constantly around the front of the stage," recalls Fred. "Really, it was absolute terror; the band themselves used to sort of cringe on stage and really get into this amazing music that had nothing to do with the British Movement or racism or anything like that — but all these geezers were always out there going *Sieg Heil!*"

Nick: "And the music on that tour was really the best they ever did; it just wasn't like the awful hype that came across to people on *Top Of The Pops*."

Fred: "There we were, on tour at last! — you know? And we end up playing to thousands of skinheads."

THE BIG BREAK

In February of '81, the Dreamers released a 12" entitled 'Spin'. It was spun twice by John Peel, who knew Justin. Fresh, the single's distributor went bust — taking with them over half the pressing.

College finals, demos, and two dates at London's Venue followed. Then Fred got a mysterious middle-of-the-night phone call from a friend; a tipoff that Musical Youth, after their No One, might just drop out of supporting Kid Creole around the UK.

"We'd been in the running for that from the beginning with our demo," says Nick. "Along the way it seemed like most of the other real contenders like Haysi Fantayzee or Culture Club had either got their own hits or lost interest. But there was nothing we would actually *do* except hope they'd remember that we were the first and realise that we were a small band, a six-piece with one drumkit and two congas."

Caroline: "We finally found out we'd got it in a pizza place in Bournemouth. We were in there blowing our ten quid food allowance after playing a Girls' Institute."

LA VIE CREOLE

The Kid Creole tour was the band's first brush with the Big Time: neon noise, flash and The Moment. Bumping along behind the luxury liners in a van so cold they had to stay cocooned in sleeping bags, the band drank in kool juice at second hand.

"As soon as we got on the road," says Nick, "we got the definite impression that there was a lot of money and a lot of power behind the whole thing; but there was this unsaid rule about what you DID NOT discuss. Like the fact that there were *hundreds* of people making up the backstage entourage; we never found out who they were but they were always there. And yeah, they took large amounts of drugs, but nobody was supposed to say anything about it."

Backstage each night they saw the tight show devolve into paste jewellery and slap and as they watched the Coconuts step reluctantly out of Manhattan-size furs to take a desultory twirl at soundchecks, Kate and Caroline decided to devise their own Funky-Chickens-meet-the-Four-Tops choreography.

"I was really into the stage show," says Fred. "But it was such a surprise when I realised one of the Coconuts was really SPOTTY! They have so much makeup on onstage that they look perfect."

"By the end of the tour," says Nick, "we could work out who were the powerful people and who weren't. And who were the real mythmakers — which it definitely is, it's all mythmaking."

But the band were friendly. "They all wanted to produce us" (*laughs*). "You know: 'Hey, I'm getting reaaallly into this idea of producin' another band, man, and ah've got this fre-yund in New York who maght give me some studio tahm . . . He's got 17 harmonisers and 15 sequencers and . . .'."

Fred: "Or: 'You haven't got a DEAL? Oh, *well*, man — we better do something about that'."

All offers seemed to be to produce the Dreamers' audience fave-novelty number 'One Million Hamburgers'. On December 5, though, the Kid and his entourage left for Europe, dumping their "knackered but wiser" support crew.

"We hadn't made a penny but when they left the road crew was playing our songs for soundchecks."

HEADLINERS

After Kid Creole, the Dreamers had a bit of a Name. They headlined for longtime admirers *City Limits* at that publication's evening during the ICA's Press Gang Week and caused favourable waves, including an all-out rave in *NME's Live!* section.

Of course they've accrued the inevitable handy tag-lines.

"*Time Out* called us 'Afro-bop hoofers'," Fred reports, "and there really isn't anything 'Afro' about us — we're not good enough to play real African music even if that's what we were after. Of course there are a million bands we might sound like in a written description, from Pride to a knockdown Kid Creole . . . just because there are a lot of us and a lot of musics go into what we do.

"It all comes down to the personalities in the band. The one thing I do hope people notice is our level of communication on stage. I hope we never become 'slick and glossy' . . . We want people to remember it's human beings up there."

Human beings, what's more, just bursting to *play*; to woo an audience by making healthy, solid music. Nothing pretending it got caught rising painfully from some foetid voodoo coffin — but nothing thin and roller-rinky either. Like chief PR Fred, this band's intent on real raw energies. It feeds off his backbeat, and Fred's a kid who uses those drumsticks like chopsticks to eat; who holds 'em up crossed to charm away the main chance; who sleeps with them propping his eyes open so as to stay ever on the lookout for better Dreams.

This is a band of constructive egos too: a group that keeps going, growing, trading off and improvising. Workers and movers, they *like* it live, up there where they can scat-fight and soar and high-step. Where they can thump and twirl and tune into the heart of every Top 10 hit any one of them has heard of "in 16 years of listening" — every musical crush they've ever had from Rick James to Bob Quine to Nina Simone. Skin, blood, swing, Latin Motown, the sweet breath of reggae, the common denomination of funk.

"When I met Mark," says Fred, "he got me into reggae but it was more because I was into the idea of changing my style of playing from being a really heavy rock drummer. Then eventually I got into reggae for its own sake. It's hypnotic to play, it's really like a drug. The bassist is playing on for seven minutes like a tape loop, just doing whatever he's doing, and the drummer . . . Well, if you dropped everything else out on a 12" it would just sound *dull*. But it's exactly that sort of precision and holding back and . . ."

Mark: "All the instruments fitting in to produce one sound rather than an array of individuals saying 'Here's me!', 'Here's me!', 'Here's me!', and just trying to show off their own skills."

Hummmmmm. Sounds a little like The Impossible Dreamers.

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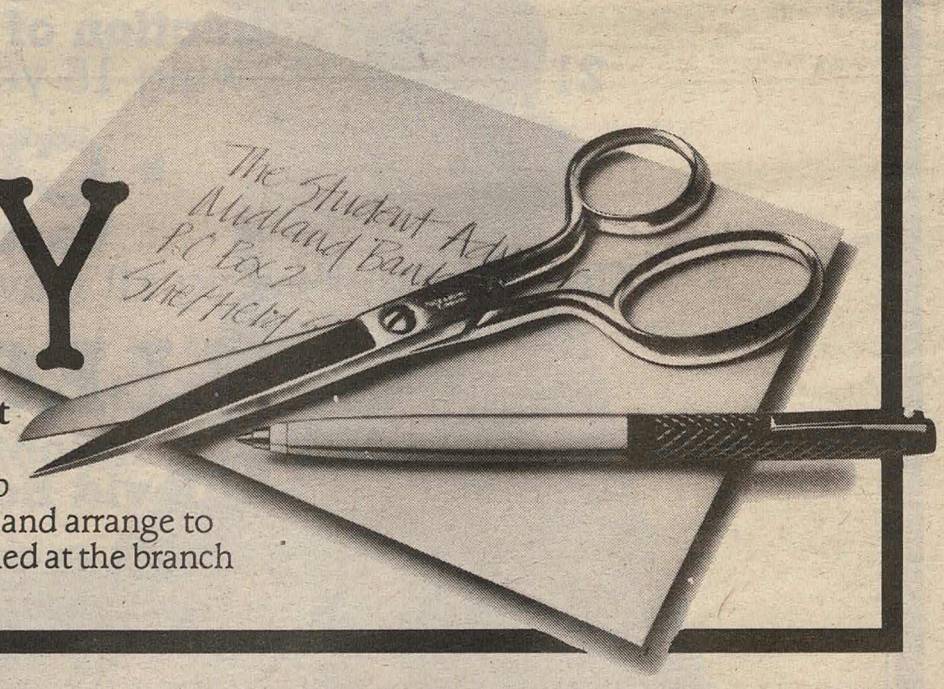

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DARREN'S FAN DROPS IN ● SCI FI MEETS THE SKULL SET ● STRAWBERRY FLAVOUR ●

DAY IN THE LIFE OF DARREN SHAKESPEARE

Bastard roof fell in. I was watching breakfast Telly. Bastard *Open University* actually 'cos my mate Don the Surrealist Milkman told me it was a new trend.

I was just getting into some good physics when the bastard roof did what I just said it did. I sat there like Oliver bastard Hardy with a tile on my hat. And the Open University bloke never took any notice. And there was a big fat slob about 35 bastard stone sitting in the middle of the carpet. It was Bulky Simon, my fan.

He's always doing tricks like this. Last month he tried to get in the bath with me and we both got bastard stuck. It took ten firemen to get us out and they wouldn't stop laughing. One of them had to be rushed to hospital because he laughed that much he dropped his chopper and it cut his foot off. They sewed it on again but they were in such a hurry they put it on back to front. At least it stopped the bastard laughing.

Bulky Simon was crying his eyes out and wiping the tears away with his Fab Darren! scarf. Now look what you've done you big fat bastard I said. "It'll dry" he said. Not the scarf bastard the roof I said. He looked up. That made me really mad. Why is it that when people fall through the roof they always look up. Every time. It's bad enough you falling through it I yelled out don't look at the bastard hole. For God's sake don't look at the hole. "I've cricked my neck" he said. "I can't help looking up".

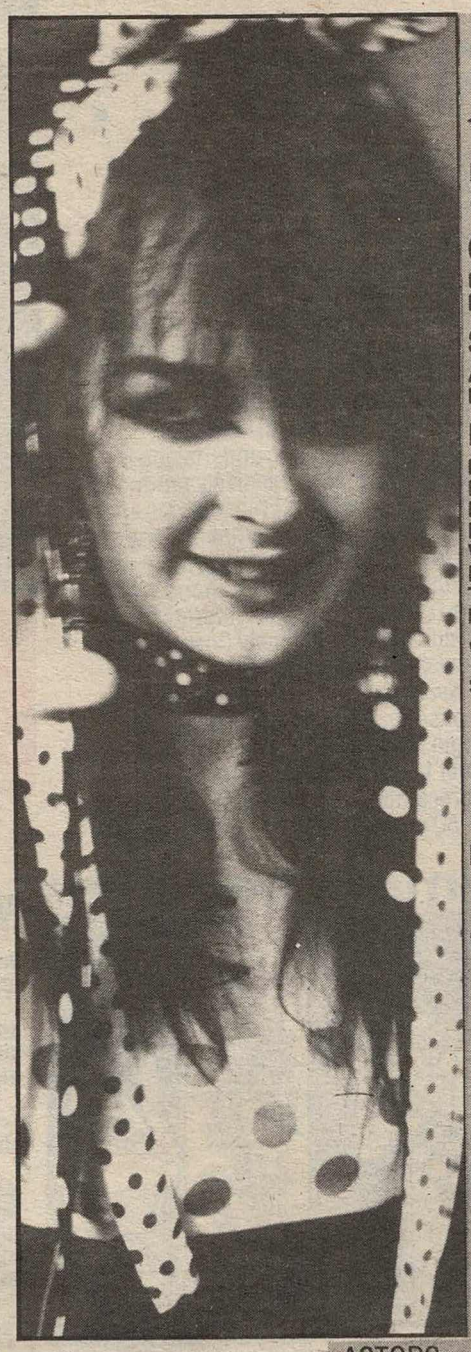
I got really mad. What the bastard were you doing on the roof? I said. You couldn't have been nicking the lead because the dog's wearing it. "I was hoping to look down the chimney and see your hands lighting the fire" he said. He's truly obsessive, old Simon. He's a real fan. I hate him. I've got an electric fire I said. I don't put my hands in that very often. Only when I've been watching *Emmerdale Farm* in fact.

He was still looking up in the air. "Do you mean I've come all this way and I won't get a chance to see you?" He said. He started wailing and crying buckets and soaking the floorboards. I didn't want the floor caving in as well so I stood on the telly in his line of vision and looked down at him. He smiled. Bastard horrible sight.

The telly collapsed and I landed on top of the Open University bloke. It turned out to be Don the Surrealist Milkman, my oldest and daftest mate, hiding in the telly. He said "I suppose you think this is some kind of a joke" and I said I suppose you think this is some kind of surrealist event. He said "No. This is a surrealist event" and he put nine dead purple mice in his mouth and started to draw diagrams of submarines on the wall.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry or kick Bulky Simon in the neck.

(Darren Shakespeare was talking to IAN McMILLAN)



◄ **JILL BRYSON**

BOOKS
Cats And Their Care

FILMS
Time Bandits,
all Monty Python films,
Casanova,
To Kill A Mockingbird

GROUPS
Undertones, Pastels, Madness, Velvet Underground

SEX OBJECTS
All the Monty Python team
Dave Balfe

LIKES
Home
Family
Melon
Michael Meacher
Wintertime
Peter (human)
Truffle Hunter and Truffle Berry (cats)
Desmond (Ferocious Purrocious)

DISLIKES
Bigotry
Prejudice
Flea bites
Ignorance
Apathy

WORLD AMBITIONS
Socialism

ROSE McDOWALL ►

BOOKS
The Green Child **– Herbert Reed**
Crime And Punishment **– Dostoevsky**
Dracula **– Bram Stoker**
True History Of The Elephant Man

FILMS
Erazerhead, Jungle Book, Wizard Of Oz, Midnight Express, Psycho, Don't Look Now, Meaning Of Life

SONGS
Oh Bondage Up Yours – X–Ray Spex
Sunday Morning – Velvet Underground
Falling And Laughing – Orange Juice
Fear – John Cale

SINGERS
Stephen Pastel, Maureen Tucker, Edwyn Collins, Johnny Cash, Genesis P. Orridge

ACTORS
John Hurt, Rod Steiger, Bette Davis

PLACES
Highlands, Forests, Spain, Paddy's Market, Ranoch Moor (Highlands)

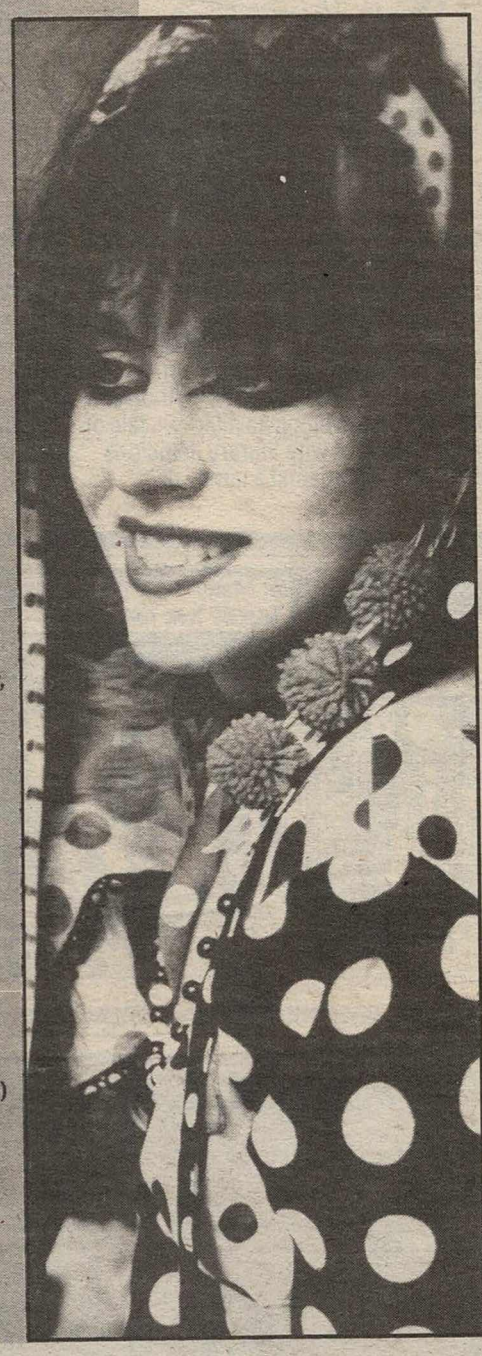
LIKES
Chocolates, Dogs, Kids, Carnivals, Fast bikes, Climbing things, FEAR!, Wee Mr Greedy (cat)

HATES
Confusion, Religion, Neds, Dirty puddles.

SEX OBJECTS
Mickey Mouse
Dave Balfe

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

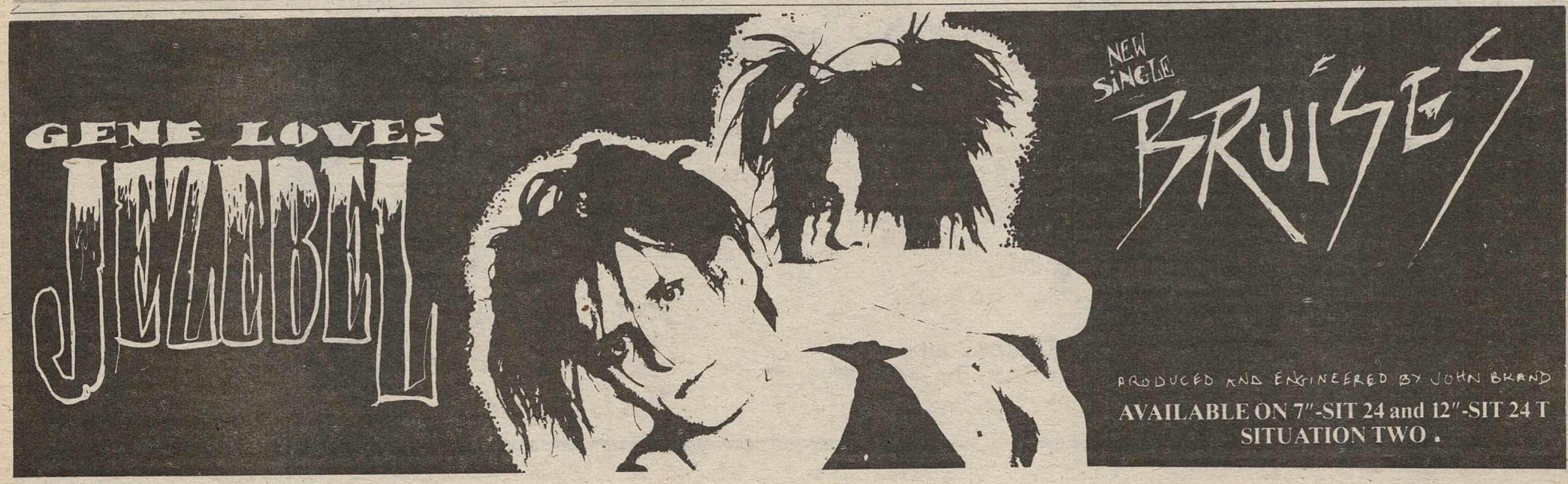


Pics Peter McArthur

lowry

IF YOU wondered who penned those decapitated caricatures of The Cramps in our recent feature, it was cartoonist Kris Guidio. Guidio's work is already familiar to many via Crampzine *Rockin' Bones* and similar publications, plus the six official Cramps fan club T-shirts. New Savoy Books – publishers of Burroughs, Moorcock, and Ellison will be bringing out a hardback book containing an extra-long Cramp-strip by the imaginative KG, as well as two full-colour oils. The book, which also contains jottings by "oddballs such as Burroughs" is being edited by writer Michael Butterworth of *Space 1999* fame.

CYNTHIA ROSE



COMIC SAGAS ● DOUBLE TAKE ● MAD MAX BRAT POP MUTANT ●

WHAT'S SO FUNNY . . .

STOP BLOODY SHOUTING, FESTUS!! IF YOU WAKE THE BABY HE'LL NEVER GO BACK TO BLOODY SLEEP!!
WHO'S HE? WHY IS HE STARING AT THE COATPEGS?
YOU'RE SO STUPID, ANYONE CAN SEE HE'S SEXUALLY INTIMIDATED BY ME.

WHO IS he anyway? And why is he staring at the coat pegs? And who the hell are *they*? All is revealed (well almost) in 'The Bojeffries Saga' in the twelth issue of bi-monthly Brit comic ***Warrior***. Scripted by the ludicrously prolific Alan Moore and illustrated with great economy by Steve Parkhouse, it's possibly one of the most electric comic strips ever — it's certainly one of the funniest. Taking influences from sources as diverse as Monty Python and *The Beano* it develops an hilarious tale of a council official with literary delusions who comes up against a family of super-normals with rent arrears. Particularly brilliant is the post-pubescent, feminist, obese version of Minnie The Minx who claims that men are sexually intimidated by her because she can create a unicellular life-form using only the ingredients found in malt vinegar, or turn a cream egg into a diamond and then eat it anyway.

'The Bojeffries Saga' alone makes *Warrior* well worth hunting for but the issue has other attractions, including possibly the first originally scored musical strip. OK so the music's by (now ex) Bauhaus man David Jay rather than The Cramps but worth a look all the same.

Warrior above all seems to be winning its struggle against the distribution problems that plague independent comics, so you should be able to find it in your corner newsagent.

You may have to hunt a little harder for ***Escape*** but it's worth the trouble. Another distinctively British production, *Escape* is more of a magazine than a comic, including in the current issue interviews with Glen Baxter (who produces those wonderful semi-surrealist adaptations of *Boys Own* artwork occasionally used to advertise gin) and Mark Beyer (whose terrifying Klee — influenced strips are about to haunt the pages of *NME* following his debut this week below), as well as strips by Ed Campbell and Myra Hancock and a stunningly effective 3D section.

A highly ambitious undertaking is ***Sebastian***, an expensively produced book of English and French strips and short stories. Heavily influenced by the *Metal Hurlant* school of strip art, it also includes work by South London artists The DOG Boys and short stories by David Langford, Michael Corpard and publisher Patrice Bernard.

Sebastian is available from the ICA bookshop, Forbidden Planet and the Virgin Megastore in London or mail order from Intergalactic Art, 31 Morecambe St., London SE17. Price is £2.50 plus 50p p&p.

DON WATSON

Toyah Wilcox

Well, it makes you think, doesn't it?

Pre-decimalisation knitting pattern

mark·beyer

We're Depressed
WITH AMY TILSDALE
AND JORDAN LEVINE
ONE EVENING AS AMY TILSDALE WAS WALKING HOME FROM WORK.
MY LIFE IS REALLY AN AWFUL MESS
I'M VERY NERVOUS AND PARANOID. I'M GOING TO TAKE SOME PAIN KILLING PILLS.
MOMENTS LATER
OH I DON'T FEEL WELL. I'M GOING TO COLLAPSE.
THE PILLS MUST HAVE BEEN CONTAMINATED!
LATER AT A HOSPITAL
WE FOUND YOU ON THE STREET. SOMEONE TAMPERED WITH THE PILLS YOU TOOK. PARASITIC ORGANISMS WERE PLANTED IN THE CAPSULES. YOU'VE BEEN INFECTED WITH A TERRIBLE DISEASE. YOUR FRIEND JORDAN WILL BE HERE TO SEE YOU SHORTLY.
SOON
AMY I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES?

©1983 MARK BEYER

NEXT WEEK-A SURPRISING REVELATION

MILES COPELAND — AN APOLOGY

In NME, issue dated 13 August 1983, we carried a piece on the Cramps entitled 'Zip Guns In The Junkyard'.

In this piece we stated that The Cramps were suing their former record company chief Miles Copeland, of IRS Records, for a sum of $1.1m, and that lawyer Jay Jenkins was acting for them.

We have now learnt that the sum involved in said lawsuit, which is nearing resolution, is in the region of $10,000, and that the lawyer acting for The Cramps is Mr Sandy Fox.

The article also alleged that The Go-Gos have a lawsuit pending against Mr Copeland. No such lawsuit pending against Mr Copeland. No such lawsuit ever been brought. Contractual difficulties between the Go-Gos and IRS were resolved some eight months ago, and the group will be bringing out an LP on the label early next year.

We wish to apologise to Mr Copeland for these errors, and regret any misrepresentation.

● *WHO CARES?*

CARE FREE

LIVERPOOL HAS THROWN UP AN ODD MATCH — CARE DUO PAUL SIMPSON AND IAN BROUDIE. PAUL MATHUR FINDS OUT THEIR CARES ARE ALL FOR THE FUTURE . . .

The Return Of The Odd Couple. Paul Simpson and Ian Broudie are an even more unlikely match than Lemmon and Matthau. The press biog tells us of Ian's alter-ego as Bunnymen producer King bird, and of Paul being the first person in Liverpool, "perhaps in the world", to have the famous shaved-up-the-back haircut. Any mutual links seem non-existent.

Against all expectations, Paul and Ian *have* got together, in the shape of Care, the duo behind one of the year's finest singles 'My Boyish Days (Drink To Me)' just released on Arista.

The combination of two such diverse personalities has already caused a few problems. One *NME* scribe, perhaps dimly remembering Paul's past involvement in the pastorally conscious Wild Swans, or perhaps just consulting the dictionary of What Liverpool Groups Are About, described them as having leapt straight out of an Edith Nesbitt book with "the plummiest vocalist" he'd ever heard.

Are Care really just a couple of baggy, big eared Boys Own clones then?

"No of course not," replies the unshaven, scruffy haired Ian. "People just try to fit an image onto us because it makes it easier for them to pigeonhole us. There is no 'image' as such to Care at the moment. We're both from such totally different musical backgrounds, and our coming together has created a spark to what we're doing, but it's still like a cloud that's shaping itself. Care is still growing, becoming more solid, defining itself more as time goes by. It's no help when people try to fix us with an image."

Ian is right when he talks of the whole being greater than the sum of the two parts. Both have long involvements with what has been labelled the Liverpool Scene — Paul in the early Teardrop Explodes and the aforementioned Wild Swans, Ian in the wildly anarchic Big In Japan (with whom Care share a vitality and innocent enthusiasm) and the very ordinary Original Mirrors. Both have learnt lessons, have hardened themselves against drifting into complacency about what they are doing. Both would rather not talk about their past mistakes.

Let's wipe the slate clean and start again. What do you expect of Care?

"We want our records to get outside the fickleness of fashion. I look at records I bought say five years ago, but I could never play them because I think 'I know why I bought that record, but it was only relevant for then'. We want Care records to be far less rooted to a time and place. Of course, they've still got to be something people want to listen to now!"

Ah, the problem. In an ideal world 'My Boyish Days' would not only be appreciated by the night time DJs, but also for its unashamed accessibility by the powers that control the daytime airwaves. It will do no good for Care to spend the rest of their days as a John Peel band, and they are fully aware of such a danger

"I think it's going to take a while for us to begir to reach a wider audience, but I feel that the LP will certainly do so. It'll give a much fuller picture of what we're about than the single does."

If the songs I've heard on a demo are anything to go by, their confidence is certainly not misplaced. A Care sound is definitely evident, but it is far from predictable, constantly shifting its moods and textures, accessible throughout without slipping into trivial superficiality.

Until the LP comes out, though, the main talking point is the present single. As Paul and Ian drive me to the railway station, Paul mulls over the *NME* reviewer's reception of the single. Hunched in the back of a tiny Fiat he states stoically: "Well at least he said I was the *plummiest* vocalist he'd heard, not just 'quite plummy'. I should think so too, it's taken me ages to learn to sing this plummily!"

As they drive away, I have to smile at their confidence. Their name suddenly makes sense: they're that good they don't need to care.

Ian (above) and Paul pictured in a boyish daze. Pic John Stoddart

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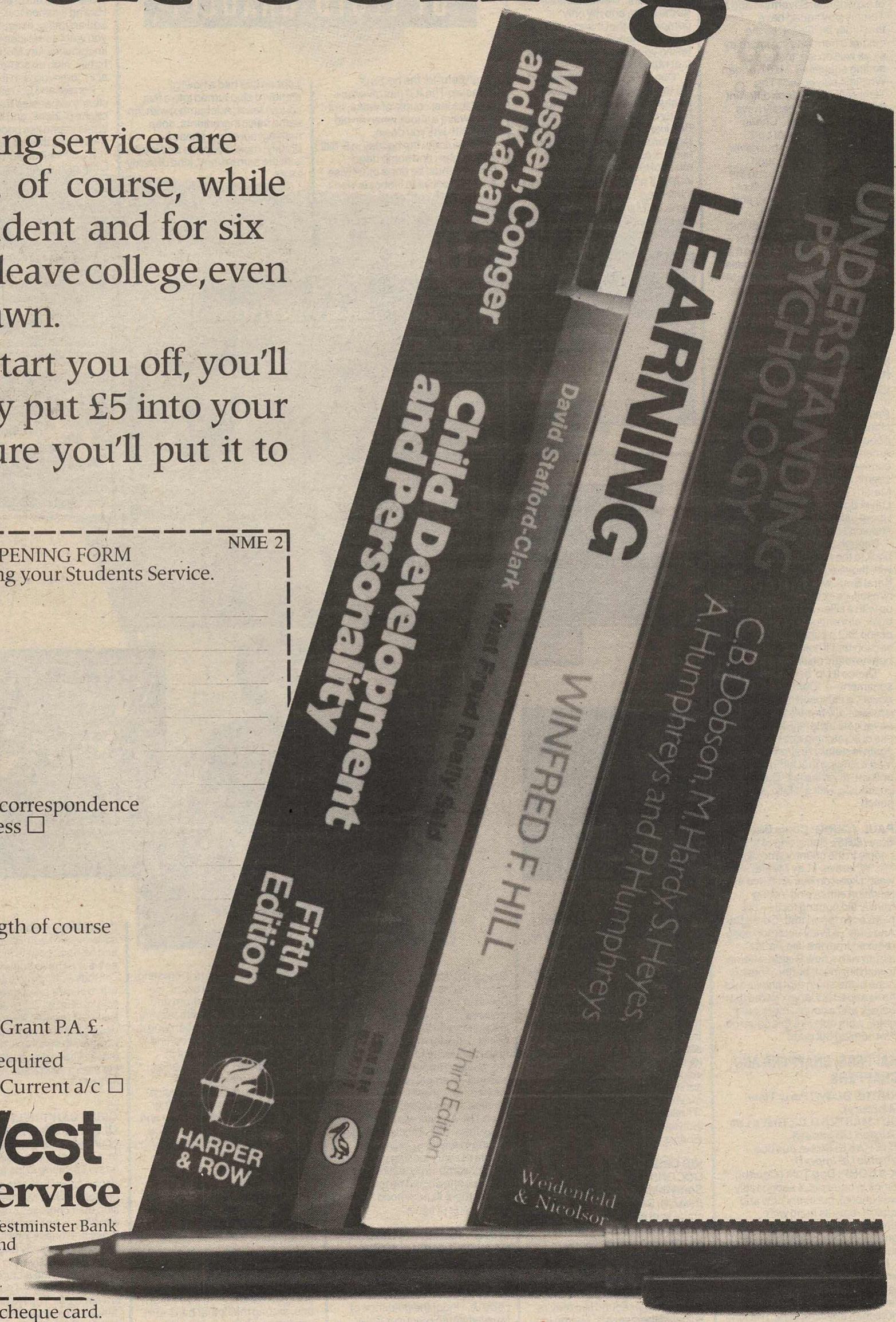

*You must be 18 or over to have a cheque card.
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SINGLES

BY LLOYD BRADLEY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PLANET PATROL: Cheap Thrills (*Polydor*). Apart from that jewel known as 'Rockit', since that first burst of 'Walking' On Sunshine', 'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'The Message' died away last year, only a total berk would nominate a computo funk thing as 'Single Of The Afternoon', let alone 'The Week'.

Planet Patrol changes all that. Instead of being just some nimble fingered boyhood genuis fiddling about with his Tandy while half a dozen of his relatives rap, chant or fart in between the blips, 'Cheap Thrills' is a song to start with, and a good song, at that.

Planet Patrol have been together for nearly ten years — until 1982 as The Energetics — and have all the vocal sensibilities of experience. Silverman and his Tommy Boy squad have thankfully let this be, so the quintet's harmonizing interplay stays well on top, instead of getting squashed. Had Norman Whitfield stayed with The Temptations and took different drugs, they could easily have aspired to this level. 'Cheap Thrills' has the best of both worlds, with a strong but never overbearing beat, enough melodics to carry it beyond the sweaty armpits of dancefloor exhibitionists and the flair and verve of five good voices.

Interesting, catchy proof that street cred is no substitute for talent. Buy it, play it, get into it and you'll see why so many of these Pac Man platters die a death. With Planet Patrol on the beat, there just isn't any room for them.

VERY NEARLY SINGLE OF THE WEEK

MATT FRETTON: Dance It Up (*Chrysalis*). Great tune, but three three sound reasons for keeping in the runner-up spot: 1) Planet Patrol is simply superb. 2) The chap's name; it might be real, but it sounds too much like a tacky American TV detective for comfort. 3) The sleeve; Matt seems to be trying to look like Martin Fry meets a late model David Bowied at the South Molton Street sales, and that sort of thing shouldn't be encouraged.

Enough of my petty prejudices, back to the record. Matt teams up with those supremos of song 14 Karat Soul, writes the thing himself, co-produces and comes up with a killer. A bright, summery track, airy enough for pop chart action, but a subterranean rhythm section that'll hold it down in the heavyweight disco division.

'Dance It Up' has a simple sentiment — *"Dance it up/shake it down"*, a calypsoish feel, that occasionally breaks through but never gets blatantly posed, little bits of scratching and echoing, again tastefully restrained, and Matt's singing that although is not brilliant, does the job. Definitive pop music, with a vitalic extra punch.

PAUL YOUNG: Come Back And Stay (*CBS*). Being one of the few people in the country who didn't like 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' — I wasn't keen on Marvin Gaye's rendition either, and Young frankly did nothing for it — I'm pleased to report that 'Come Back And Stay', a lively uptempo song, remixed from the 'No Parlez' album with a new B-side, seems to suit him much better. There is none of the strain that showed as he wrapped his larynx round that ballad, and a couple more easy going work outs like this could do him nothing but good

RAPPERS, SNAPPERS AND CRAPPERS

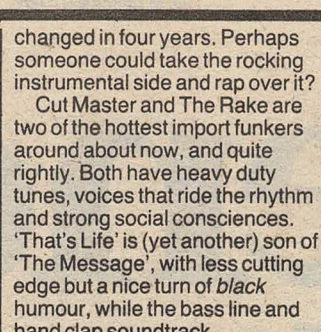
KURTIS BLOW: Party Time (*Mercury*).
CUT MASTER D.C.: That's Life (*Airport US Import*).
THE RAKE: Street Justice (*Profile US Import*).
K-9 CORP: Dog Talk (*Capitol*). Since Wham! rap is supposedly well uncool, but every now and again it rears its head with offerings that shouldn't be ignored, and erstwhile heroes cut another tune.

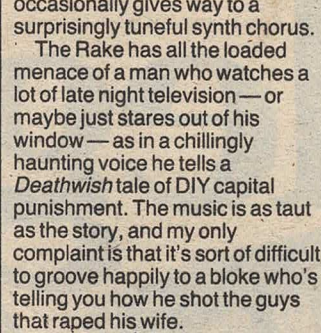
Kurtis Blow is one of those old timers (even though the lad can't be a day over 23), and 'Party Time' gets a look in out of respect more than anything else. The tune is great, but Blow's lines haven't changed in four years. Perhaps someone could take the rocking instrumental side and rap over it?

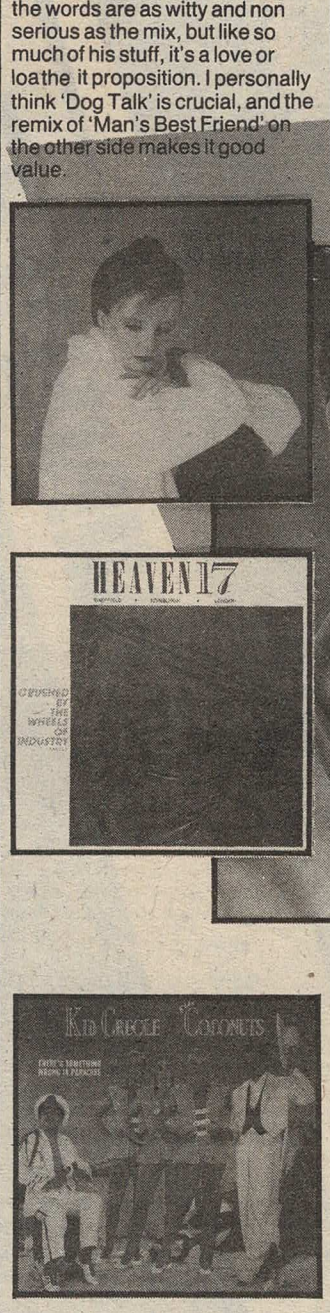
Cut Master and The Rake are two of the hottest import funkers around about now, and quite rightly. Both have heavy duty tunes, voices that ride the rhythm and strong social consciences. 'That's Life' is (yet another) son of 'The Message', with less cutting edge but a nice turn of *black* humour, while the bass line and hand clap soundtrack occasionally gives way to a surprisingly tuneful synth chorus.

The Rake has all the loaded menace of a man who watches a lot of late night television — or maybe just stares out of his window — as in a chillingly haunting voice he tells a *Deathwish* tale of DIY capital punishment. The music is as taut as the story, and my only complaint is that it's sort of difficult to groove happily to a bloke who's telling you how he shot the guys that raped his wife.

'Dog Talk' comes courtesy of old tail wagger George Clinton. Featuring a rapper known as Pretty C, it is a cut of that Tommy Boy inspired lunacy 'Atomic Dog', the words are as witty and non serious as the mix, but like so much of his stuff, it's a love or loathe it proposition. I personally think 'Dog Talk' is crucial, and the remix of 'Man's Best Friend' on the other side makes it good value.







JUNIOR: Running (*Mercury*). I hated the album this came from, so I put it a long way down this week's pile, a decision I rather regret, because by itself, 'Runnin'' is a little diamond.

Bob Carter's productions are much better suited to this sort of mid tempo rocker than the guitar fronted thrash of the rest of the set. The space he leaves and the levity of the beat permit Junior's voice to soar instead of fight for survival. Hopefully a hit, and maybe, like with 'Friends' and 'Thriller', I'll get to like each tune individually when I thought the albums were disasters.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: There's Something Wrong In Paradise (*Island*). Seriously wrong. The cover shot shows this once merry band to look like wax dummies, and the record does little to change any minds. The tune is stitled, full of every tropical trapping imaginable and set apart from what has gone before in that they no longer sound like they're enjoying themselves. Maybe I expected too much, and should be grateful for the hours of pleasure The Kid has given me over the last couple of years, but it's always a shock when an old favourite lets you down.

Sounds like the holiday in B'dilli Bay is over, and some deep thinking must be done otherwise any references to lifeboats won't just be a glib concert tour title.

ALTERED IMAGES: Change Of Heart (*Epic*). I thought Clare Grogan had been growed up. Due to an overdose of Duran Duran at Duran at Villa Park the day before, I missed her 'coming out' ball at Hammersmith last month and couldn't see for myself, but if this tune is anything to go by then all the 'passing through puberty' talk was just an empty rumour. Here is that familiar, ghastly nasal whining over a backing track that even The Archies would've run away from. Flat, flaccid and utterly lacking in anything except a couple of sultry looking pictures of the girl/woman in question. Perhaps she should be told that there's more to adulthood than her first pair of tights.

MORE THAN ONE THING TO DO WITH LOVERS' ROCK

SANDRA LOBBAN: Another Dirty Trick (*Loose End*).
JEAN ADEBAMBO: Tell Me (*Ade J*). Under the guidance of Musical Youth producer Peter Collins, Birmingham songstress Lobban has had a bowl of standard slop turned into a five course feast. Adebambo, with the same basic ingredients, does nothing more than chase it, prettily, round the plate and is left with the same runny, kind of sickly mess.

Collins, who must know more about the hit parade than any other reggae overlord, sets 'Another Dirty Trick' up as a pop song, and then layers every known dub cliche on to it, creating a riveting interesting record. He begins with a bass 'n' drum dub, brings in instruments with varying speed echoes, lets Lobban sing a verse, echoes her voice behind her and then drops her out in favour of more instrumentation. There is one major setback though; Sandra Lobban's voice.

Jean Adebambo on the other hand, has a marvellous voice and sings her dreadful song — *"You know that I love/want/need you each and every day etc etc"* — completely straight, all the way through. Dismal.

Jean, can't you come to some arrangement with Sandra? You deserve a chance, but she doesn't sound as if she cares.

INTAFERON: Get Out Of London (*Chrysalis*). Competent, completely computerised high speed thrashing from a duo that use, among their other hardware, a guitar machine.

The words are witty, but I rather object to the slagging they give London. Will probably do well in the sticks for exactly that reason.

BODY POPPERS TO PARTY POOPERS

NEWCLEUS: Jam On Revenge (*Becket*).
FORREST: One Lover (Don't Stop The Show) (*CBS*).
D TRAIN: The Shadow Of Your Smile (*Epic*).
PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND: Beat The Bush (*Virgin*).
SYLVESTER: Band Of Gold (*London*).
HOT STREAK: Body Work (*Polydor*). 'Jam On Revenge', probably better known as 'Wikki Wikki', came to me on the recommendation that it was "Big in the clubs, but pretty childish". Having listened to it, I can't really add anything, except to say that if you want some idea about it, imagine Mickey Mouse and his family, high on some very dodgy acid, jamming with the Clangers.

Forrest and D Train have clearly exhausted their limited cache of ideas, and both these tunes sound like poor relations of everything they've done before.

It's difficult to say which Prince Charles has the biggest headache — one's married to an anorexic half wit, the other made a complete fool of himself on every concert appearance in this country. Here, in a desperate bid to recapture his former credibility, the musical Charlie puts out his finest moment since 'War In The Streets'. A scorcher of a track, buy it and the man might regain some sanity.

There's something more than midly obscene about Sylvester covering a Freda Payne song, and he does so little for it he might as well not have bothered.

'Bodywork' arrives complete with a sticker proclaiming that it was "mixed by John 'Jellybean' Benitez" (a celeb New York club deejay), and everything that's wrong with electronic dance music. I have one question — if the man's such a star, why did he do this?

GIRLS CAN'T HELP IT: Rhythm Of The Jungle (*Virgin*). This bouncy trio are a credit to pop music. They make it all sound so easy. The song skips along with a pace and levity that is so often untapped, they rap their leads and sing their choruses completely effortlessly and a skilful use of brass and bass stops it from becoming instantly forgettable. Some of the delivery is a trifle cliched, as is the picture on the cover, but I think — I hope — this is a send up. 'The Rhythm Of The Jungle' is a good example of the rhythm of this summer used to its fullest effect.

POSSIBLY THE MOST DESERVING RE ISSUE EVER.

KENI BURKE: Rising To The Top (*RCA*). This was my favourite track from my top album of last year. Now I've destroyed any credibility I had by slavering in this manner, I'll attempt to explain why. 'Rising To The Top' is a ballad of sheer magnificance. Built entirely round Burke's sensitive bass line, supplemented by subdued keyboards and distant drums, it carries a beat that complements the celebration of the lyric instead of getting bogged down in a slick of oily crude.

As a vocalist, the man's no slouch either. He floats along, leading the melody not being dragged by it or holding it back, airy without the fairy, pleading but still confident. 'Rising To The Top' is a thing of great beauty, a love song that is lovely. The album 'Changes', where the other tracks, like 'Rising To The Top', won't let you down either.

THE THE: This Is The Day (*Some Bizzare*).
HEAVEN 17: Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry (*B.E.F.*). Two groups, both probably best known for their pretentiousness, that are very similar and most likely despise each other for faults they both possess.

With these two singles, they have stripped their music down to its bare bones, yet instead of this move replacing their foppish images, it just serves to highlight the complete ridiculousness of their lycrics and vocalists. Two records outstanding in their silliness.

ANNABEL LAMB: Riders On The Storm (*A&M*). Ms Lamb's usage of synths and her singing bravely chase the windswept plateaus where lives this song. Trouble is though, it's a really tough cookie to cover — even 'Purple Haze' would've given her less to do. Maybe she ought to use her own songs to promote herself as the B-side, the self penned 'No Cure' is nothing to be ashamed of and does her much more justice as there are no comparisons to somebody like Jim Morrison.

THE BEAT: Save It For Later (*Go-Feet*). As the trend for after the event releases continues, vaults are scoured and barrel bottoms scraped to come up with *this*. Ignore it, forget it, dismiss it from your mind, and remember this sorely missed group by something they'd be proud of instead.

THE QUESTIONS: Tear Soup (*Respond*). Paul Weller has got to take a little time out from making those spiffing Style Council records, and spend a few days in the quality control office at Respond. There's nothing particularly wrong with 'Tear Soup', but there's so little right about it that it just sounds ordinary, which surely wasn't the point of the label. Can you imagine Weller sitting down and proposing to set up 'a revolutionary new pop label devoted to putting out run of the mill songs'?

BARB: Tell Me Why (*Magnet*). Barb brings yet another of those girls sing over the sparsest of musical backings. She does it very well, and could succeed where many have failed, but not with this song which is only a short step away from the pits. It would be nice to hear from her again when she has some better material, because she can sing with enough style and expertise to run off a few of today's pretenders.

THE MOODY BLUES: Blue World (*Threshold*). From listening to the intro, somebody must've give Justin an old Shalamar LP, but then it settles down into that comfortable Moody Blue groove like tired feet into cosy slippers. It's seldom that you hear love songs this lacking in any emotion, but perhaps that's what they call 'laid back'. Maybe 'laid to rest' is what we should be thinking about.

CUTTING OUT THE CLAPTRAP

From punk to funk, and thrash to class, STEVE WALSH lays his hat on the line.
Interview: ADRIAN THRILLS
Photo: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

ONE OF the less appealing aspects of the recent rush back to robust dancefloor basics has been the coming of the crunch.

Even those who choose not to follow the changing contours of club fashion should be well acquainted with the crunch by now: you can hear it on the last Shalamar single, the Michael Jackson album, any Arthur Baker record plus a heap of inferior British imitations.

The crunch is the beat that bludgeons dancers into motion where once they might have been softly seduced into action. It is soul music played with a sledgehammer. It's a claptrap . . . and people are getting caught.

Dance music has toughened up but has lost some of its subtleties in doing so. Records that boast a four-square crash attack are commonplace. Those that rely on a looser, more languid approach are fast becoming a precious rarity.

But thankfully not everyone has jumped aboard the smash and grab grooveline just yet. There are still a few singles that make their point with delicate understatement and smooth restraint. There are still singles like 'Letters Of Love'.

Written and sung by one Steve Walsh, produced by the I-Level team of ace bass Jo Dworniak and keyboard kid Duncan Bridgeman and released on Innervision, 'Letters Of Love' is a superb song of love and dreams, sex and the spirit that takes the textures of a Willie Mitchell production of Al Green and puts them in a contemporary context.

★ ★ ★

UNLIKE MOST of his labelmates at the brash Innervision stable, Steve Walsh is no newcomer to the music world. A face on the 1976 London punk scene, he became a rock writer towards the turn of the decade before trading in his pen for a plectrum to pursue his ambitions as an aspiring musician.

At the age of 16, he became an early convert to the punk cause after witnessing one of the very first Sex Pistols gigs at St Martin's College Of Art in November 1975.

"They were playing with this band called Bazooka Joe, who had Adam Ant on bass, and they were interesting more for the way they looked than for the way they sounded," he remembers. "I found the music pretty hard to take at first because it sounded like standard rock and roll while I was more into jazz, but a lot of those initial doubts were swept away once the whole scene started to become exciting."

Steve's interest in punk led to a spasmodic journalistic career which began with the first ever interview with The Clash, published in *Sniffin' Glue*, and progressed via *Zigzag* to *NME*. At the back of his mind, however, he knew that ultimately he wanted to make music rather than write about it.

His first group of any repute were the near-legendary, non-gigging Flowers Of Romance, fronted by Sid Vicious prior to his promotion to bassist with the Sex Pistols and also featuring among their number Viv Albertine and Keith Levine, both of whom went on to greater things with The Slits and PiL respectively.

"I remember Sid coming up to me at a gig and saying that he wanted me to be in his band because he thought I looked good. But there were problems right from the start. I don't think he was that strongly motivated as far as making music was concerned. I also had the problem, as the guitarist, of actually being able to play quite well. Since I was 14, I had been learning jazz and classical guitar and it was hard to un-learn what I'd been taught. I always had problems in trying to summon up the right level of primal fury."

With Sid joining the Pistols, The Flowers Of Romance fell apart. Walsh went to ground for a couple of years, working on demo tapes with Ken Lockie, later of Cowboys International, before resurfacing with a new group in the shape of Manicured Noise. He had moved up to Manchester from London, lost all interest in punk and become obsessed again with the avant-garde, jazz and soul music that he had listened to before 1976.

"In London, all the bands were into what amounted to no more than a polished version of punk. I was more into provincial bands like The Fall, who at least seemed to have more integrity. But, more than that, I was getting back into dance music. There was a great shop in Manchester, Robinson's Records, where you could buy American ex-jukebox singles dirt cheap. I picked up loads of old American soul and funk classics for next to nothing and it was stuff like that which inspired us in Manicured Noise. It was even better than the avant-garde stuff that I had been listening to once I first started getting bored with punk. What the more radical American funk musicians do with their instruments is actually far more extreme than anything else."

With better management, production and record company support, Manicured Noise might have beaten the likes of Haircut 100, ABC and even Spandau Ballet to the punch with a new British dance music. They even flirted on the fringes of the nascent nightclub scene that was just beginning to flower at the London club Billy's, but a combination of geographical isolation and financial hardship eventually dimmed their northern flame, leaving the white funksters the room to steam in and clear up a year later. Their two singles 'Metronome' and 'Faith', released through Charisma on the Pre label, remain as intriguing hints at what might have been.

"We were always trying to gravitate towards a dance thing with Manicured Noise," says Steve. "At first we were a bit academic about it. We had all these theories about it. Eventually, though, all that went by the by and we adopted a more instinctive approach. But at that time, 2-Tone and Joy Division were all the rave, and I never thought people would take a white dance band from Britain all that seriously. We were quite surprised when we heard that Spandau Ballet had signed to Chrysalis doing something along just those lines."

With the disintegration of Manicured Noise, Walsh opted for a solo career, but the two singles that fulfilled his contractual obligations to Pre, 'Life' and 'Edge Of Night', were rather half-hearted efforts, lacking the spice and sparkle of the better Manicured Noise songs, although unsympathetic production was again partly responsible for their failure.

"Those last two singles were disappointing," admits Steve. "I wanted to go for a slicker sound than the Manicured Noise singles, which were basically just demos, and I was never really satisfied with what came out. I'm quite a perfectionist really."

What Walsh was aiming for—and had to wait until 'Letters Of Love' to achieve—was a combination of a traditional musical form and modern ideas and content.

"All the chords that I use in a song usually progress in a certain way. There are certain jazz, blues and classical structures that are ingrained in anyone who has been taught to play the guitar properly. Roxy Music and Talking Heads do the same thing, using traditional structures rooted in R&B but putting something extra on top; a different perspective or more contemporary lyrics. The people that do it best, though, are still the black American groups. People like Chic and Willie Hutch sound really modern, but they are still part of a musical tradition that dates back decades."

★ ★ ★

IN DRIFTING through punk, the avant-garde, jazz, classical and soul music, Steve Walsh has already established himself as one of the great eclectics. He is aware, though, that extensive musical knowledge is nothing without the creative ideas to back it up.

"You can nick and borrow stuff from every corner of the globe if you feel like it, but it won't automatically make you hip. It doesn't matter if you're playing Tibetan flute music or ripping off a Cuban dance band of the '30s, it's the ideas underneath that matter. You can't wear your influences like a badge. A horn section or backing singers are nothing in themselves. They're just musical devices and you can't turn a device into an idea."

His desire to craft something that came a bit closer to his vision of soul nirvana eventually led him away from Pre Records and towards that home of the hits established by stroppy upstart Mark Dean at Innervision. He had been working on an occasional basis with Innervision signings Jimmy The Hoover writing songs and, through them, met Dean. A rough demo of 'Letters' was enough to secure him a singles deal with the label.

That was at the start of the year, a series of minor problems subsequently delaying the relese of the single until the middle of last month. A version was recorded with Wham! producer Steve Brown, but the latter's commitments to the 'Fantastic' project left it unfinished and Walsh without a helping hand at the mixing desk. It was then that he elected to turn to Dworniak and Bridgeman. Already impressed with their work on I-Level, Style Council and Animal Nightlife records, Walsh approached the duo and they immediately agreed to produce the single.

"Jo and Duncan brought a lot to the song," says Steve. "It already had a slowish tempo, but they gave it a much more smoky, sexy sound. It might have done with a slightly more aggressive mix to bring it out in places, but that might have destroyed the feel that they managed to create. The version I did with Steve Brown was probably a bit tougher, but the one that's been released has the feel that I was striving for."

Working with Bridgeman and Duncan has also broken down a lot of Walsh's prejudices about session players and reinforced his belief in the value of musicianship.

"I actually think it's good that people are getting into a more musical approach. With punk, the music was supposed to be alienating, but there were very few bands who could actually carry off a non-musical approach to performing. The ones that survived punk all had to fall back on music. Musicianship is still a very powerful thing.

"The wider your musical experiences, the better you are as a musician for it. A lot of people seemed to burn their record collections with punk, but I was always into a wide range of music. I could never limit myself to just one type of music. It's the same sort of principles with some of the session musicians that I've worked with. They're the sort of people I might have despised as a punk, but they can play with more guts and emotion than most people can muster."

On Letters Of Love', the delicate balance between proficiency and passion is just about right. Open your ears to something that glides rather than grinds and the crunch will never sound the same again.

MEDIUM SCARE SPIELBURGER!

IAN PENMAN takes a peek into the twilight world of brattish fantasies.

Kathleen Quinlan and Jeremy Light in a scene from Dante's infernal Corridor Of Dr Caligari.

The Twilight Zone

DIRECTORS: Steven Spielberg, John Landis, George Miller, Joe Dante
STARRING: Vic Morrow, John Lithgow, Kathleen Quinlan, Scatman Crothers, Dan Aykroyd, Kevin McCarthy, Jeremy Light (Warner)

ALL THE Brats have an eye for recreation, ceaselessly researching their image reservoir; some want to rebuild empires (Coppola, Lucas, Milius), most are content with restaging or restoration – putting the past back together, but replenished, reloaded for the times . . . let's put that scurrying "re-" on hold for a moment, before it runs amok and holds up the review; let's look again.

What order of imagination do we presume bound up with works of *re*-creation? On the rebus of the movies, anway, it's easy to detect the outline or imprint of influences – they are framed – and with all the Brats a child's dream-soaked register of Hollywood has always been evident; in *re*-creation the trace of debt is simply foregrounded. So it's no surprise to find Steven Spielberg behind the idea of renovating *The Twilight Zone* – continuing America's love/hate relationship with its TV set, and honouring one of his early curshes.

***The Twilight Zone* is/was a 'classic' American TV series (late '50s, early '60s) – sharply written, quickly directed and consumed, custom made for its medium and quite a testing ground for emergent talent.**

***The Twilight Zone's* nearest cousin is *The Outer Limits* – the former came first, established the formula, voiceover tells you the next half hour is going to be spent in a place where commingle indiscrminately science and superstitition, knowledge and fear, light and shadow, all that stuff (a bit like closing time, in other words); wherein occur things such as elude science's measured and weighing censure, things which tend to thrive in the child, the hermit, the over-zealous genius, the town loom, and things which just as surely turn against the power-hungry, the heartless, the disbeliever: each episode a new aria on this theme, overseen by one Rod Serling.**

These days – like many old programmes suspended in the endlessly recycling junkyard of USA TV – you get two a day, one for elevenses and the other after midnight. To remove *T.Z.* from this heaven/purgatory and replace it on the screen is not simple; inasmuch as it exists at all in the present it is in a twilight zone of cathode, repetition to the point of exhaustion, and – crucially – as a memory. This is what bedevils the *re*creation work – it is being watched, in the present tense, as a memory.

Spielberg's idea and impetus was to do it quick and do it (relatively) cheap: four 'episodes', four directors, on tight budget and schedule. A co-production with John Landis, The Twilight Zone – The Movie is a prologue plus four, marching order being: Landis, Landis, Spielberg, Joe Dante *(The Howling, Pirhana)*, George Miller *(Mad Max)*. It all opens, appropriately enough, in the middle of nowhere. Dan Aykroyd's hitchhiker and Albert Brooks' driver are trying to while away the miles with a game of Recall the TV Theme Tune and reminisce various *Zones:* "Remember that one where . . .?" and so follows a rapid succession of grotesque and weird narratives. The trouble being, that by the end of *The Movie* one wonders why they didn't use these marvels – like, where went that twilight craziness?

In the time they were given, the *Zones* and *Limits* relied upon clammy moments – the moment when realisation does or doesn't dawn, or of a deferral built of such moments. Also, there is always The Moral – and suprisingly for the time, the tone was predominantly liberal, with nary a stray McCarthyism.

Landis works on The Moral with great relish in an episode called 'Time Out' (written by Landis, it's the only one of the four not taken from an original story line). Vic Morrow is a smalltown guy with a bigot's loud mouth, fed up "watching for the breaks that come to others" – in other words, to other races; the Other – whether it's alien or foreign – converted into a security threat, multiplied the better to cancel it out.

Oh, the disappointment when you're not booked on your favourite airline!

Morrow's redneck is a great portrayal, batty insults flapping all round the circumference, but the chancre obviously eating inward, his look creased in on itself like one of those toy foam faces. Stepping out of a bar, he's transported through the bullying Nazi dream and silent Jewish nightmare, a KKK lynch mob and a Vietnam patrol – on the receiving end. And there's no redemptive end in sight.

In 'Kick The Can' Spielberg goes for The Moral in the Sunnyvale Rest Home for the elderly, where, the voiceover tells us, "hope just checked in". In person this translates as Scatman Crothers, doing (as per *Shining*) his beatific and only slightly hammy bit as Mr Average Shaman: The Moral is, keep the kid in yourself, don't wish your life away or age societally; the other end of the Spielberg scale, it's (grand) son of Elliot, the old folks at home are just like the lonely Spielberg child left to rot in front of the TV (irony, anyone?). He may not be in psychoanalytic opposition to the Nuclear warp, but Spielberg's sure upset about families and their foibles – their untapped potential – the energy left to idle and the elderly left to entropy, stored away as if old age is infectious. As in Landis (and Dante) the tale hinges on the daydream or curse converted into real rather than figurative space and time. But no special FX, Fantasy fans, just Spielberg e.t.hics.

Dante's 'it's A Good Life' is also about a dream-come-true – and, a mark of how well it stands in comparison, the only one I can't bring myself to transcribe; it hasn't the linear Moral(ity) Tale structure, risks some play and indulgence with movie modality and in so doing brings something to and from the 'original' ideal.

It gets the twilight instance – unease, uncertainty – with some very nasty and very funny images. Basically, it's about a young boy who can wish anything come true – the sinister and debilitating side of this, the boredom of endless play (Warhol meets Wile E. Coyote?).

It's interesting to compare the two pictures of Childhood on show. What was hip and offhand observation in *E.T.* has somehow ended up contrived and mawkish in 'Kick The Can' – and because it runs along side the Dante episode, it's tempting to think this a 'deliberate' ploy; but it sure doesn't come off in Spielberg's favour. The adult, Helen (Kathleen Quinlan) in 'It's A Good Life' says to the wonderkid Anthony (Elliot lookalike Jeremy Light) "I want to be your teacher *and* student," where Spielberg seems to say that all there is to the child's mind is a pretty (sickly) box of chocs. Crothers' Mr Bloom speaks against "rules" in favour of "play" as if kids games didn't have rules, hierarchies, cruelties (not all the fun of play is aped from adults, either.

What's puzzling is the *lack* of playfulness (the store of surprise his other work is made of) – this elegy to Everychild is adult in its sentimentality, its pathos, its structuring.

George Miller's 'Nightmare At 20,000 Ft.' is up last, motored by fears of flying with John Lithgow's Valentine scaring himself to death, airsick *and* an electrical storm *and* something *odd* is sitting on the wing eating its way through the engines. The Captin (= Science) explains it rationally, Valentine claims air gremlin and sky demon, and gets straightjacketed away. Moral: we gag anyone who speaks (of) the twilight zones.

But the exposition of the planecrash drama is pretty straightforward, even corny plus, when the monster is just a vaguely humanoid outline astride the wing there is *atmosphere* – when we come eyeball to hairy eyeball, it looks less like a wild Thing than one of the fish people out of *Stingray*.

So – Dante expected – what's missing? Well, the *twilight* is. In Landis and Spielberg we always know exactly what's going on, where the *point* is, who's being lectured to – no raw edges or missing stitches. Landis' political moral(e) is laudable, but there's only so much (American) guilt-induction a punter can manage. Their epsiodes hinge on a simple reversal idea, the old 'what if the fly I'm squashing could squash me' variant – which, to be sustained over the course of a narrative needs some kind of Metamorphosis. There is too much of the directors' preoccupations, not enough Twilight tones – and, really, not enough Movie.

I must remark again, as well, the memory factor: series like *The Twilight Zone* still work because there is distance in our reception and it's easy to suspend harsh criteria; Spielberg and Landis reprimand us with messages too simplistic for *now*, for both the expanded screen and the expanded pool of information all us TV/Movie brats have.

"Wanna see something *really* scary?" leers Dan Ackroyd. Well, Dante aside – for an omnibus collection of fun and fright, I suggest you clock George A. Romero's *Creepshow* – the recreative work of a real miscreant talent.

Ian Penman

The Lords Of Discipline

DIRECTOR: Franc Roddam
STARRING: David Keith, Robert Prosky, Michael Biehn (Paramount)

IT MIGHT fairly be asked what interest an Englishman found in examining a specifically American set of morals, and *The Lords Of Discipline* does initially measure up as an unlikely second project from the director of *Quadrophenia*. But Franc Roddam is a good, sharply observant organiser of young people on film – he seems to pace his cameras in precise compatability with his players – and it's this particular tempo and detail that sustains a programmer otherwise short on any deeper substance.

The Carolina Military Academy is full of strapping Southern boys, and when a young black dares to enrol it doesn't require much perspicacity to guess the reaction. Senior cadet Will McLean is detailed by his fatherly colonel to keep a reluctant eye on the unfortunate's progress, and it leads to the discovery of something rotten in the state of Carolina: a secret cadre called The Ten, rejuvenated with each generation, that's existed to keep the school pure by any means.

What's surprising and a touch disappointing is the way the film seems to deliberately sidestep any wider reflection than the simple, stainless code of personal honour. The novel on which the picture's based is set in 1966, at a bloody height of American fighting in Vietnam, but the world outside offers no intrusion at all on Academy affairs.

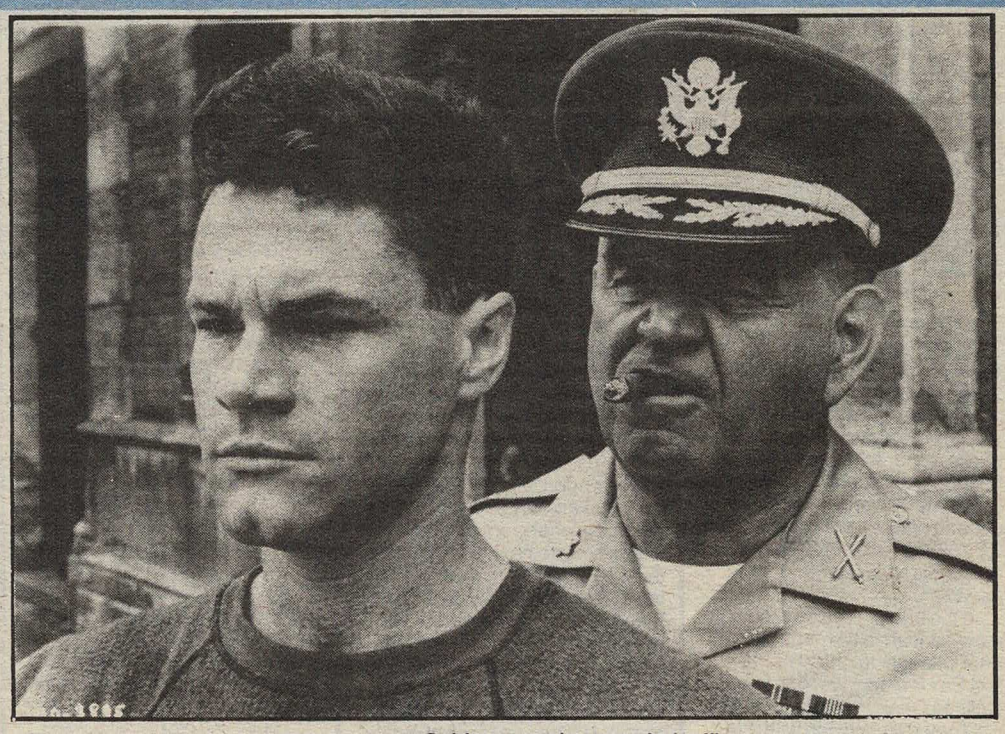
"America's going FLABBY!" storms General Durrell to his new recruits; and he leaves it at that. The rest is a kind of Boys' Town mystery story, spiced with some physical cruelty and a fair smatter of locker-room language, and like all such tales an uncomplicated resolution seems inevitable.

The strengths of Roddam's film nevertheless persist in snagging the attention. Although his boys might lack the charismatic breadth of *Quadrophenia*'s disaffected young Turks, they each appear to have a particular energy: each is more than nascent young redneck. The director's flair shakes the picture when the script falters – some amusing routines worked between McLean and his roommates have the authentic fizz of irreverent buddy-talk, and the swift cutting skilfully integrates a setpiece like the 'Hell Night' for new cadets. Robert Prosky, as the cigar-rolling colonel nicknamed Bear, is splendidly authoritative.

The real ace, though, is David Keith as McLean. He has star stamped on him like a hallmark. This role is ideal for him – familiar, but open enough for an individual range of barks and smirks – and he personalises it with a spontaneous zeal that makes you impatient when he's off-screen. While Richard Gere, who palled up with him in *An Officer And A Gentleman*, can be as irritatingly self-congratulatory as Reynolds at his worst, Keith (who doesn't have such good eyes) *makes* himself good. He works hard here and it brings off a middling film.

As it happens, I met Keith on the set of *Discipline* last year. When I asked him how it felt to be a young man of such promising reputation he gave me one of the tight sidelong grins he practises here – "It's great!" I bet it is, David.

Richard Cook



"Those are the breaks, kid; El Salvador or Oshima — make your choice!"

MIGHTY SURREAL!

As the BBC2 season of Bunuel films continues, DON WATSON gives a personal appreciation of the late prankster's art.

When I heard about Luis Bunuel's death, I was heading home with my first two video purchases, Beineix's *Diva* and David Lynch's *Eraserhead*.

Ironically, neither of these essential works could have existed without the influence of the trailblazing Spanish surrealist.

What Bunuel brought to cinema was a coherent language of the fantastic, a technique of transporting the viewer to what he called "the liberating world of poetry" which inspired Beineix as surely as Bunuel himself was inspired by Fritz Lang.

In Bunuel's hands, though fantasy was far from simple escapism — he took his cue from Andre Breton's famous paradox: "The most admirable thing about the fantastic is that the fantastic does not exist, everything is real". In his cinema, every hidden desire and every nasty design is carried out, the result being a heightened sense of realism or *sur*-realism.

While surrealist painting inevitably tended towards the banal and obtuse, in the three dimensions of cinema, in Bunuel's *Un Chien Andalou* and *L'Age D'Or*, its iconoclastic spirit was suddenly alive.

Chien Andalou, made in 1928, began with the statement of intent that was to govern Bunuel's career and become his single most famous image. Acting as a trusted doctor figure, he gently holds open the eye of his young girl patient, places an open razor against the naked eyeball and executes a clinical slice, cut with the image of a cloud fleeting across the moon.

This association of beauty and atrocity established the basis of Bunuel's vision, a clinical cruelty which takes a slash at sentimentality, which transports the viewer to another world only to teach him more about his own.

Right from the start, although he was collaborating with that histrionic ham Dali, Bunuel established his own brand of surrealism, one based very strongly in the possibilities of his chosen art form. "Cinema," he said in 1953, "seems to have been invented to express the life of the subconscious, the roots of which penetrate poetry so deeply." Film, for Bunuel, should deal with the "mysterious and the fantastic", not copy its formats from "the most sentimental, conformist literature."

In terms of this continuing philosophy, there is an undercurrent of the true spirit of surrealism running throughout Bunuel's career. Even as late as *The Exterminating Angel* in 1962, he was working with clearly surrealist themes, in the saga of the motley collection of bourgeois who find themselves physically incapable of leaving a party for weeks on end. What emerges, within the crises of food, water and sanitation, is the only frightening disaster movie, one where the polite veneer of bourgeois society is given its most severe scouring and where the disaster is entirely internal.

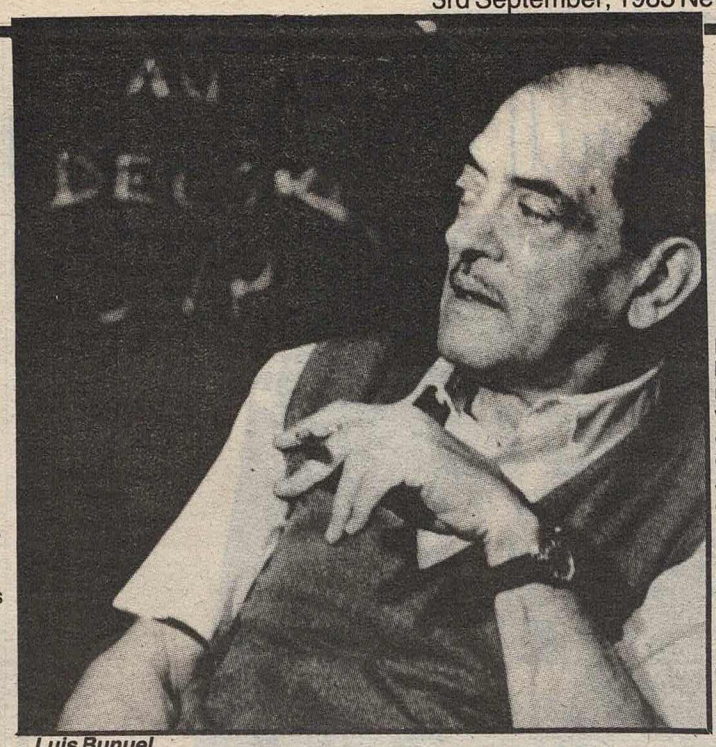
The bourgeoisie were Bunuel's constant target, but he never stooped to the level of the propagandist; his films were, despite their frequently ridiculous touches, frighteningly believable. His hilarious sideswipes show the bourgoisie as a simply ridiculous crew, bent on self-destruction and set for social extinction.

One great fault of nearly all that is written about Bunuel is the underestimation of the man's wit. He may have made serious points but he made them with some of the sharpest and most deadly wit around.

Bunuel's influence on the Monty Python team is well known, but you have to see *L'Age D'Or* to realise just how big that influence was. Not only does the tattered old man from the TV show titles come direct from the film, so does John Cleese's entire early Python character.

The joke always works on a number of levels, though, and the laughter frequently chokes in the throat as the grotesqueness of the humour becomes evident. In *L'Age D'Or*, for example, when a father kills a bothersome child, the unlikelihood of the image forces a laugh, until the tangibility of the desire becomes terrifyingly obvious.

After 83 years, Bunuel is dead, but his ideas are continuing in the work of Bertolucci, Beineix and Lynch — and that's all the immortality that would be desired by the man who coined the phrase "I'm still an atheist — thank God"



Luis Bunuel

SILVER SCREEN

YOU CAN always rely on one thing during any summer's doldrums: someone will give the past a second chance. And this holiday's hottest re-run is the venerated 3–D viewing process – which, if you believe Hal Morgan and Dan Symmes' *Amazing 3–D* (Little, Brown £8.95) was popular even in ancient Greece.

Since then, of course, 3–D has mostly been associated with rather *low rent* enterprises (titles of 3–D flicks range from *Ouch* and *Zowie* in the '20s to '52's *Bwana Devil* to last week's American premiere: *Jaws 3–D*). Yesterday, tri-dimensional pin-ups of Mansfield and Monroe; today, the cover of a Cramps LP!

For the next few weeks, however, London's ICA is showing not only a very rare print of Hitchcock's stylised *Dial M For Murder* in 3–D, but with it a '3–D work for slides and sound' by Perry Hoberman – the Manhattan sculptor/musician who designed and supervises Laurie Anderson's projection system. Hoberman's installation (here seen for the first time in a cinema, not a gallery) is an imaginative re-telling of the Invisible Man saga, called *Out Of The Picture*. It's short, witty and *very* tri-dimensional, composed of re-edited dialogue from the original movie plus old 78rpm recordings, and a score for multiple saxophones that the director plays himself.

Even more influence that there's life left in the form can be seen in the second issue of *Escape* magazine (156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA; 95p). This glossy, impressive little publication – Britain's best cartoon/'strip-story' mag – sports their very own 3–D insert by Rian Hughes. Plus potted history of the form, free glasses and a page of stirring 3–D adventure art . . . 3–D: the ultimate escape?

Cynthia Rose

A MARRIAGE of convenience between the lush cinematography of Ron Fricke and the relentless rhythms of Philip Glass' music, Godfrey Reggio's *Koyaanisqatsi* ditches narrative form — y' know, things like words, characters and plot — in favour of the purely decorative illustration of a simplistic hippy hypothesis culled from Hopi indian lore: to wit, slow rural quietude is good, zippy urban noise is bad. Whew! Fair scrambles the frontal lobes, eh?

What this means in terms of what you get is 87 minutes of time-lapse photography accompanied by a distinctly substandard Glass soundtrack. That's your lot, bub, unless you choose to read greater subtlety into the disposition of images than is actually there — in which case, you're probably on drugs. (Some bloke by the name of Walter Bachauer gets credited as 'Dramaturge', which can only mean he's managed to con Reggio into believing the sequence of images has dramatic weight. He'll go far.)

To be fair, the photography is often stunning, though spoilt by a tendency to hold a shot long after its welcome has caught a cab back home. The almost inevitable effect is sleep, something best done in bed rather than cinema seat. (It's cheaper, for one thing.) And while the music may be to your liking, it's available on record for the price of one-and-a-half seats.

That *Koyaanisqatsi* has been picked up and "presented" by Francis Ford Coppola comes as no surprise: his recent work has shown an increasing obsession with style, with images pure and simple, at the expense of narrative content; beating this'll take some doing, mind . . .

Andy Gill

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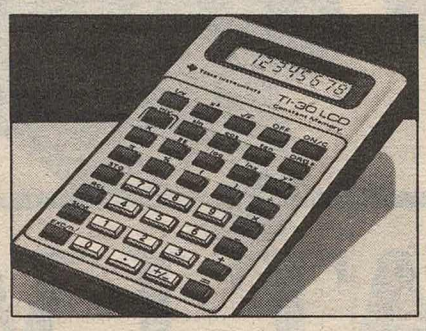

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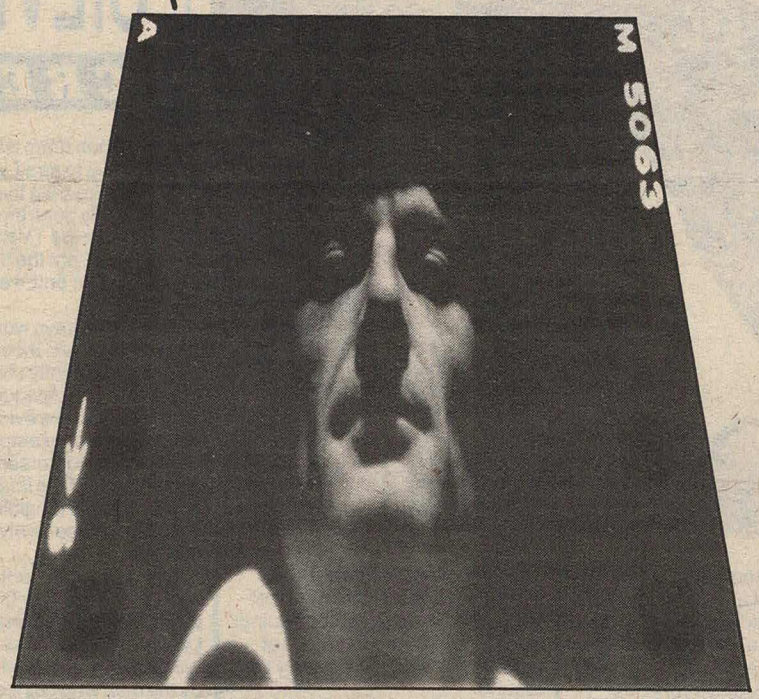

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+ FIVE THOUSAND FINGERS OF DR T 3.35, 8.00
+ THE TALES OF BARON MUCHASEN 2.10, 6.35

ON THE BOX

THURDAY SEPT 1

Fame *Fame*, of course, is about nothing of the sort; if it were, we might have some interesting plotlines about disposability, degeneration, disillusionment – otherwise known as drugs, drink, avarice, ego, capitalism, etc. *Fame* doesn't have anything to do with the American Star system – it's about a hardworking peasant village occasionally visited by handicapped people, nuns, benevolent millionaires, midgets . . . This should have been called *Famine (The Prologue)*. Let's see what MONEY, ADULATION, and JOURNALISTS do to this remarkably consistently nice, humble, humanistic gang. A few broken legs and contracts would go down a treat. **(BBC1)**

Sinatra: The Man And His Music. A Bernard Levin format, Sinatra in conversation with "Britain's leading collector of Sinatrobilia". BBC1 won't give details, but a "high street museum" rumoured to be opening in Bermondsey soon. Everything sung here, Count Basie to boot. Don't miss it if you have Italian neighbours. Don't miss anyway. **(BBC1)**

Sing Country: The International Festival of Country Music. Magic glissandos from Billie Joe Spears and mountainous beer bellies from the Burrito Brothers. Pity that country coverage is in the main limited to the sterilised atmosphere of the annual UK Festival. **(BBC2)**

People's Court. Disappointing US trivia-based legal peephole; especially up against the just-passed retrospective *Miami Circuit II*. **(C4)**

An Evening For Nicaragua. Patchwork worthiness. Urgent cause – unmanageable files of "alternative" entertainers. What is the fixative that binds them together? **(C4)**

Harry and Tonto (Paul Mazursky 1974). Oscar-winning Art Carney in one of Mazursky's bittersweet/bit soft-centred case-studies of American isolation. Did anyone in the known world actually go and see *The Tempest?* **(BBC2)**

FRIDAY SEPT 2

The Vikings (Richard Fleischer 1958). . . . of course, about nothing of the sort. Fairy tale, desire and Oedipal drama. Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis become as brothers, linked and torn by the sexual beacon of Princess Janet Leigh. Epicurean, stormy, rubbish. **(BBC1)**

You can **Switch (C4)** which promises about every known musical and variety act in the known world, or dance to the **Hawaii Five-O (ITV)** theme tune. Is suicide the only "real" philosophical question? Can Stoicism suffice?

Viridiana (Luis Bunuel 1961). Named by R. W. Fassbinder as – along with Godard's *Vivre Sa Vie* – the most powerful early influence on his approach to the screen, this is where the Bunuel season really begins, and where Fernando Rey makes with his appearance. Drugs, death, defloration, – and there's more after the first reel. **(BBC2)**

It Happened Tomorrow (Rene Clair 1942). Fantasy spun from the premise of futures revealed. Dick Powell as a delighted reporter with a source in some other dimension; then his own death is revealed. As Blanchot observed, "he is only man because he is death in the process of becoming". And to laugh? Why yes, of course. **(C4)**

Boris Karloff Presents? This week's episode? Why, *The Grim Reaper* – I kid ye not. **(C4)**

SATURDAY SEPT 3

The Golden Age of Buster Keaton (Jay Ward 1975). Polymirth: the limbs, the jowls, the eyes. Truly, here there is no separating comedy from choreography, Keaton's lithe invention a lathe sending off sparks of silent lustre. Comedy autodidact D. Baker would be able to grade this compilation (e.g. for extraneous pianousness or commentary) but bate your breath just the same. **(C4)**

Before we go any further, a pause and sip for breath; Here we stand gazing into the NEW AUTUMN SCHEDULES, in which explodes a ffrenzy of reliable ploys, quiz show teams on retainers, trustworthy rubbish – and, in amongst it all, a few gems. They want to get you out of the UV and into the TV. For instance, BBC1 have booby-trapped their Saturday "ratings war" (A *Morning Star* hack writes: "Isn't it always the ratings who get it in war?") with **The Late Late Breakfast Show** (uugh: televisual eczema!) and **Blankety Blank** (should have died and retained pleasant memories after two series).

Kirk Douglas:* Ace In The Hole *(Saturday, C4)

Edmonds' show is part of the TV trend to get the WHOLE WORLD through the trivia mincer in one go, once a week. With his air of sovereign assuredness, slick-boy-made-good smarm and no redeeming factors whatsoever (unlike the still-great Wogan) Edmonds is truly a Global Village Idiot of the first order. (Lawyers note: this is purely an intellectual's euphemistic slight, a metaphor for the media not the man.)

Also new is USA import **Remington Steele** – a "sophisticated, lighthearted" detective series starring Stephanie Zimbalist as a "resourceful, aggressive, adventurous, successful, and, of course, attractive" private eye. The typical current US TV "woman", of course – a "female" Matt Houston or Magnum or Jemima Shore with the moustache shaved off (Remington steele! I ask you?) This, of course, has nothing to do with private eying, and everything to do with designer clothes, speedboats, Noel Edmonds and social realism. I bet this means no more *Rockford Files*. If this is so at least I can drown all nine of my sorrows in BBC2's nascent **Edgar Allan Poe** season (Autumn, but of course). Regard not that signature with cliched familarity (would that somebody would commission someone to do a documentary on the remarkable EAP). Tonight sees a triple bill (though not a triple billed raven) from the '30s – **The Black Cat, Murder In The Rue Morgue** and **The Raven**. Repeat, I wonder, for **Masque of The Red Death?** And won't some magnate give me money to film **The Oval Portrait**? really fell for either of them) though these days it looks like Stevie needs to get a tighter reign on his Heavenly sublimations. **(ITV)**

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard:* The Cat And The Canary *(Sunday, C4)

Ace In The Hole (Billy Wilder 1951). A *His Girl Friday/Front Page* style treat from '50s Wilder, with Kirk Douglas playing the evil hack who risks (another's) life for leading story,

CONTINUES PAGE 38

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

Clockwise from top right: Turkey, Arab, Herman, Piece.

DAVID DORRELL gets locked up with TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS, the maddest group in captivity. Pet pic: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

SCOTT LIVES in a down-at-heel street somewhere in North London. His house is the tattered remnant of a terraced block that you would expect to find in the decay of a Victorian suburb.

In the corner of his sitting-room, obscured by dust and junk, lays a children's fantasy book by artist and writer Maurice Sendak. Entitled *Where The Wild Things Are* it's the tale of a young boy spirited away by his dreams to a weird island inhabited by strange and colourful creatures. Unlike the majority of monsters, they are quite friendly and perfectly harmless. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of Scott . . .

For Scott is not as normal as his surroundings would lead you to believe. An unassuming microwave repairman from Perth, Scotland, every second Friday of the month sees Scott change. Magnificently. His quiet demeanour slips, his face distorts and with the ritual donning of a gory bone necklace he departs for the unhallowed sanctuary of the Hope And Anchor. An everyday pub by the light of a hot summer sun, come these cabalistic occasions its atmosphere changes and long-forgotten rites are enacted in its bowels. Scott takes his place in front of three rabid consorts, and for an hour that seems like an aeon the quartet engage in a hypnotic battle for the souls of his audience. Afterwards, in the moon-washed still of Saturday morning you can hear the unchained melody of the brood floating and fading into the chill blue air:

"Strange days have found us / Strange days have tracked us down / They're going to destroy/Our casual joys." (The Doors, 1967)

An evening with Turkey Bones And The Wild Dogs is a disturbing experience; nothing since Nick Cave's glistening slime has illuminated our grey days to such alarming effect, or the madness of mundanity been so clearly highlighted.

Of course, no band, not even 'Young Turk' and his hounds, could really conjure up Apocalypse Now. That only exists in the text books. What they produce is far more realistic, and attuned to the crisis at hand. It is not a manifesto, nor is it a rationale of the situation. It is the spirit of collective effort that has started to pump life into the withered arm of music, whether that be rock, pop or soul. They're not redefining 'rock', rather they are redefining what 'rock' means to them. Shit, it's not even as cerebral as that. These clearly sane mad-men are out to destroy (I use the word without its current art status) some of the boredom that surrounds them. Somewhere out in North London somebody is enjoying himself — with relish!

Somewhere in North London happens to be Crouch End, an area of the city that sounds as if it's an instruction from the *Protect And Survive* manual, and which is where the wild things are. Slouched across the sofa are the Wild Dogs, Herman (drums), Arab (bass) and Piece (guitar). On an easy chair, opposite this surly crew, lazes the rancid form of Turkey. Couched in all the idiosyncrasies of his normality he proves to be the perfect host. He is dirty, unshaven and has an all consuming passion for goldfish. He could be your dad.

Not that we should hold that against him.

'Goldfish' also happens to be the title of the band's first single, a record of jangling, excruciating paranoia. It is coarse, hard and most definitely lacking in production. Not that there was a producer. Tony Parson's review in *NME* credited it as being, "quite enchanting, a bubblegum Burke and Hare," and concluded it was, "Bootiful, really bootiful . . ." In *Melody Maker* however, the beasts accrued what they see as their finest press moment when Rob from the JoBoxers commented: "It makes me sick to see so much money being wasted."

The single cost £150 to make. Arab sneers that the JoBoxers probably pay that for their 'hi-hat' sound.

Even the menacing design of the single bag was free. With wily panache they organised a competition at the local primary school, and the lucky winner, Chantelle (aged five) was presented with a rose, a love letter and a copy of the single. Who else but a child could impart such malevolent horror into an innocuous drawing of a Goldfish? Turkey? He could be your son.

The madness is in all of us.

TURKEY BONES And The Wild Dogs haven't played many gigs, only one outside the confines of the Hope — at the Batcave — and that wasn't half of the shambles it should have been. Which goes to prove that even certified cases get dealt a full hand sometimes. . . .

At the beginning though times were tight. Or as Turkey recollects: "The songs were sort of . . . not tight . . . but they were songs. Then we got Arab in — which almost ruined the 'songs'."

"So then we dennae practise at all," adds Piece.

For fear of recrimination I cannot reveal the band's real names. Suffice to say that Turkey, Arab and Piece all come from Perth. Herman, somewhat sadly, comes from Harlow. None see their set as a 'set' — it's more of an extended jam. Not that that hinders them. Nor does their refusal to rehearse.

"Most of the new songs are done at the sound check because of that spontaneous thing. If you're practising the songs you enjoy getting it together *then*, but when you've actually learnt it and listened to it and it comes to the live thing there's nothing there . . . you know the songs, what else can you do?

"If we did start rehearsing it would probably take all the personality away from the band. A lot of bands have one guy who has an idea, he writes the songs and the others have to relate to what he's doing . . . but if you're doing it like we're doing it's got to work as a four-piece. And it does."

That, you could say, is the last word in neo-anti-structuralism. Turkey and the Dogs would laugh until your bones shook if you did. But laughing's lucky. You can't rule out violence either. They beat up (in a friendly way) the last sound-man that tried to fix up their mikes whilst they were playing. Of course it's easy to make such mistakes in all the turmoil. They spend so much time assaulting each other that anything could happen. They must be proud of their madness . . .

Turkey is defensive on this point; "I don't think that's mad. That's enthusiasm . . . you reach a certain high."

"It's just recognising each other on stage," barks Arab by way of qualification. "When I look up and I see that mad bum having a wee breather, I say 'Ah you bastard I'm giving it 100% — get up there!'. It's just communication on stage. It reminds us that we're there 'cos you can get really cut off if you're playing away, looking at your instrument. You kinda forget that everybody else is there but if you just look up once and go eeeaarggh!"

"The enthusiasm, the euphoria has got to be there all the time," adds Turkey.

Arab smiles: "I don't feel a thing anyway. He could do anything he likes and I wouldn't feel it . . ."

IN MANY respects the band hold a closer affinity with Rip Rig And Panic than, say, The Birthday Party. What the 'enlightened' observer would call 'parody' is really exuberance. What the critics would cite as 'irreverence' is no more than a disregard for the banalities of the circuit. Still, couldn't they fall into the same trap as their messy contemporaries, King Kurt, and find themselves with nothing for a point of recognition except their lunacy?

"That's what they should like if they're gonna like anything. They should like the band's personality as a whole. I, er, I've never talked like this before — de ye ken?" And for a moment the saliva splattering Turkey stops. "Personalities and bands? You never think about things like that. I don't even want to . . . it's getting awfully deep . . .

"My ambition in life was to get a record on the juke box at the Hope, and I've dunnit, but you can't really split up for that."

Along with the limits of their ambitions there is always the feeling that they are a fairly reactionary force. There is defiance mixed with their aggression. There is the nagging sense of anti-intellectualism. There is an aura of small-town wariness. Their gigs are events for themselves — first and foremost. They are monsters on an island of their own making. Yet is it all that serious? Or are they just honest . .? Who cares? Turkey Bones don't. Turkey, Bones are just . . . funny.

Arab: "We just share the same sense of humour. There's nae point in trying to be false . . . every band gets together to write about loves and . . . demons (laughs)."

"Demons?" cries Turk.

"I don't know what they write about!" retorts Arab. "Personal experiences that they've had. We like to elaborate a bit on the fantasy side of things."

Turkey decides: "They like what I sing about because it's not contrived. It's about my Goldfish or Zoology or something I'd like to do . . . but it's nothing above that."

After talking to the band it becomes obvious that a step out of the abyss would be a step in the wrong direction. After all, what is closer to perfection than simplicity and honesty? Neither 'love' or 'demons' could shape up to such crudity for long. Indeed, few numbers remain for long, although 'Raymond' — the ballad of a malcontent, a diabolical child in the mould of 'Martin' or 'Damian' — has found its own foetid niche.

Turkey: "'Raymond' started off as such a loose structure that it was almost falling apart. It changes . . . into God knows what!"

Arab: "Some kind of monster, *woaarggh . . .!*"

Turkey: "Any song can be better if you put a bit more into it every time. Once you get a little bit sure of it, but it's still loose then it becomes something that the whole unit's created."

Arab breaks into a long low laugh: "Hark at this guy here: "'the whole unit's created' . . ."

A fit of lunacy and profanities takes over the proceedings until Piece adds with a nonchalant sigh of anarchy: "The whole unit . . . shit, I'm not part of your unit . . ."

"Screw you Turkey," echoes the demented Arab. "You've been reading too many books again!"

Did I say 'reactionary'? I'm sorry — I meant Luddites. If anything, the band are the antithesis of the 'hit-machine'. They can't even manage their own instruments — let along the business machinations. For instance how do you play a one string bass?

"You have to try bit harder," announces Turkey. "It's when you've got no strings and you have to hit the pick-up with a drumstick to keep a beat that it becomes hard."

Arab: "God works in mysterious ways . . . I think it's terrible! And then, when the band comes in, the string breaks and just turns to a flab but you're still whacking away and you think, 'Ah! it's new and different' . . . *wooaarrggh!*."

"Sometimes," recollects Turkey, "I don't even know what they're playing and I sit there and think, 'This is 'Favourite Things' I'd better sing along.' We know what we're playing but he's playing ina different key and everything. And it works really great because it's almost like a new song and half way through, when you feel a bit easier with the racket, you can start making up words . . . it's great. None of the songs sound the same when we play them!"

The futility of attempting to rationalize Turkey And The Wild Dogs' actions is overwhelming. So much so that they suggest we just print a picture — of me. The far from flattering shot leaves me battered, bleeding and covered in a tub of butt ends and ash. You just don't mess with Turkey.

There is one point that they agree on though. As Piece points out: "We're all as thick as shit basically . . ."

"Aye," nods Turkey, "that's got a lot to do with it. . . ."

TAKING KERR

SIMPLE MINDS: on the banks of a new gold dream? Or simply wet? DON WATSON fathoms it out with Jim Kerr. Pix over troubled waters: BLEDDYN BUTCHER.

WHUMP! It's that point when the aeroplane's acceleration borders on the terrifying, when there's the momentary flash of fear, the back of your stomach meets the front, and a hidden rush of energy is released. Capturing that momentum and harnessing its energy is an art of which Simple Minds are masters.

Their music has, for me, become synonomous with travel. 'New Gold Dream' evokes arriving at the Gare St. Lazarre at five in the morning. Taking off for Dublin, just at liftoff, I could hear that moment in 'Theme From Great Cities' when the melody soars from behind the clouds.

If, as Neubauten's Blixa Bargeld recently quoted from the futurist manifesto, "There is a new dimension to beauty – the beauty of speed", Simple Minds have become its

A simple mind exerts itself.

greatest aestheticians. Movement courses constantly through the molten moments of Simple Minds' mission, movement as a means to an end and as an end in itself, physical, spiritual and musical movement intertwine until, as in all romantic dreams, the search itself becomes the reward.

Now, for Simple Minds, the movement has, for the moment, come to a halt. After months of pursuing the New Gold Dream across Europe they played their last date of the tour in Dublin before returning to London to work on a totally new set. "When something finishes," as Brando observed in *Last Tango In Paris*, "it begins again." So I flew out to Dublin to catch the transition between end and beginning.

FOR SOMEONE who, during performance, glows with such weightless grace, Jim Kerr is an ungainly figure offstage. His hair, previously sleek black, now falls over his forehead in a wispy mop of natural auburn, his nostrils flare from a still untamed nervousness and his eyes bulge from a face swollen from lack of sleep.

Every now and again he'll shudder to a halt in the middle of a sentence and stare, with a desperate look, over your shoulder as he stumbles on the edge of a stutter.

Beneath the nervous exterior, though, there's a constant store of energy and enthusiasm which frequently bursts through during the course of the interview. "*Yes*," he'll say with a strangely removed excitement, "that's *right*," and launch into a restless stream of words. Often he loses literal meaning along the way, but maintains an instinctive sense, and a power of pure likeability that makes you feel precisely what he means.

Perhaps it's just a certain amount of the past we happen to have in common, a common stretch of history along the banks of the Clyde. Although Simple Minds have never made much of their Scottish roots, there's a power in that past that exerts its control on even the freest spirit.

There was an indication on 'New Gold Dream' that Kerr was turning to matters closer to home, to a lyrical romanticism that was more distinctly Scottish than anything the band had done before. Now it seems that, at the very time I come to interview him, there is an increased feeling of national identity creeping into Kerr's work.

"I've never thought of myself as a Scottish person, I've never been patriotic in that sense," he begins, "but last year I'd had a bit of a block on writing for a while and I was feeling a bit disturbed by that. Then I got back to Glasgow, and it was pissing down with rain, and somehow getting back there was like rediscovering an identity, a realisation that although it was nice to think about all these exotic places this *was* where I was from, and I realised that you can gain a great deal of strength from the place where you were born.

"The only thing is that feeling is so often abused. In Glasgow particularly the image has always been that 'hard man' bit, and most of the singers have been gravel voiced, bluesy groaners that drink whisky by the bucketful."

Interestingly enough, though, the creative explosion that has occurred in Scotland over the last few years has worked to counter that stereotype, not only with the new breed of Scottish groups but with Bill Forsyth's cinema.

"That's *right*," he agrees, filled with further enthusiasm, "there is a connection when people go to see Forsyth's films, they come out using words like 'beauty' that have never been associated with Glasgow before, and the same words have also been used to describe 'New Gold Dream'. It's good people are seeing there's more to the place than the immediate impressions they get from seeing the slums."

The one new song included in the Phoenix Park set was 'Waterfront', a wide screen epic with a rougher edge reminiscent more of the power of 'Empire And Dance' than the smoother dynamics of 'New Gold Dream'. As Jim points out, with that LP they were experimenting with the idea that "a whisper really could be louder than a scream," a progression that induced numerous accusations of blandness. To anyone that listened, though, there was a power of optimism in that collection that continues to run through 'Waterfront'. The romantic force is the same – but this time they've decided to scream it.

The song itself was inspired by Kerr's return to Glasgow, although its sentiments are no more restricted than those of his European songs.

"People were always asking me why I didn't write songs about Glasgow and the problems there, but it was because I felt it would be hypocritical. I could have written about it from a bird's eye view because, although I wasn't there, my family and friends were – but it just wasn't me. With this song, I feel I've got the combination right because I was there when the idea happened, but it still has that cosmopolitan feel to it.

"Wherever I go there is something that always takes me to the water; if I go for a walk I'll always end up by a river.

"This particular time I walked right along the front, and Glasgow was packed with empty ships, like ghost ships. Even from the factories you could hear from the echoes and the acoustics that they were all empty, just shells. And it was kinda special for me because all my people, my grandfather and that, worked on that front. So I was looking about and there was this real sadness. I hope it doesn't sound too romantic, but I had a fantastic view, which I didn't know you could get from there and I couldn't help but feel . . . you can sit around and say it's all finished, industry's finished, Glasgow's a ghost town, but the river was still going through, and there is a force there that you can't hold back.

"It was just moving on and moving on, and that is to a great extent how I go through it – you can wallow in it for a while, but you somehow come up saying 'It's more than that'."

Jim pretends The Liffey is The Clyde.

LIKE MOST of the worthwhile music of today, Simple Minds take despair as the basic premise and move on from there.

Quite apart from the revivalist hammer horror schtick currently being peddled by black clad goths, the songs of the moment are mostly from graveyards like Sheffield, Glasgow and New Cross. In Simple Minds' case, though, there's a force of optimism rising from the realism.

While 'Empires And Dance' crawled with imagery of marching men across central Europe and a continent with a chronic language problem, there was a creeping wonder seeping through the follow-up pair of 'Sons And Fascination/ Sister Feelings Call'. That collection, although it suffered from a rushed and hyperactive recording rate, contained the germ of the feeling that was to create 'New Gold Dream', that giddy sense of awe that called to mind the image of a kid staring up at a skyscraper.

"*Really*," Jim wonders, "it's brilliant that you say that . . . because I lived in a skyscraper for 14 years," he brays, "I do love that feeling of size, though, and I love the feeling of looking up and even if it is *so* massive, having that sense that if you really forced yourself enough, you could shadow that and . . ." he trails off, clenching his fists together, struggling to express his excitement, "and just . . . I don't know, get *up* there."

If the 'Sons/ Sisters' collection expressed the desire, 'New Gold Dream' attained what seemed at the time an unscalable height. Criminally unrecognised as a modern classic, it reels with a dizzy excitement of being on the top while the world is spinning.

OF BUSINESS

"When that LP was finished," he recalls, "I remember phoning up Bruce, our manager, and saying 'We've really kinda *surpassed* what we should be'. And he's going 'It's two o'clock in the morning, what *are* you rabbiting on about' and I wuz just going, 'You don' *understand*!

"Those backing tracks were just so *enormous* I was just really *afraid* of trying to find a voice and a sentiment that could match them. Inside I knew that I had them but it was just a matter of bringing it out without going over that fine line that divides grandeur from pomposity. Eventually I had one day left and I was just *forced* to do it. I had all these pages with phrases on them and I just formed the structure of the songs as I went along.

"Then, when I came out and I *knew* it had worked it was just a brilliant feeling, but a feeling of danger that you'd attained something that you'd got no right to, you'd reached a point you really shouldn't have reached.

"We were worried in a way that once we reached that point there would be nowhere else to go, but it never seems to work like that. It's like growing up in the one room and you think you're getting really big, then you grow to the level of the window and you realise there's so much more out there."

It's that naivety that has distinguished Simple Minds; naivety not in the sense of ignorance or childishness but an openness and a continuing will to learn.

"There's absolutely no world weariness about us, some bands travel from Manchester to Liverpool and they're fucken' world weary, whereas we like to take something from anywhere that we go.

"There's always the Graham Greene's of the world who'll say no matter where you go the place is fucked. The technicalities might be, but there's always incidents that show that the rest isn't and it's the incidents that make the world turn."

Is that an attitude that's hard to keep up, or does it have a strength that perpetuates itself?

"It must have because nothing seems to even give it a bash, nothing dents it for a moment, but it's not as if we wander around with a determined idea of 'Ah things will be better' but I can't help thinking, even when people throw it in your face, that this *is not the end*, it just can't be the be all and end all."

But wasn't 'Empires And Dance' fascinated with despair?

"Yes, because it was there, but once you've come through it what's the point of getting bogged down? We did it at a time when people in Britain were going 'War, what war?', because in Britain things were still OK, but we're missing fascist bombs in Munich and the whole Paris synagogue thing. You could just feel it spreading across Europe, that discontent. So what could you do apart from write it down?

"At that time I felt terribly young and that all I could do was record fragments. Then a year later the whole thing *had* raked through Britain and a year later again people did know what a war was in Britain. By that time, though, I'd gone through it and to go back to that would just have been too easy."

So why the countdown to 1984 in 'New Gold Dream'?

"The year 1984 has no significance to me whatsoever, as far as I'm concerned we're not afraid to look forward to the future and that is just stating the case."

There's an increasing strength and boldness about Simple Minds, a belief which is almost religious. That one subject though causes Jim to clamp his jaw.

"I just can't talk about it," he says, "at least not until I feel capable of articulating the way that I feel."

Does he believe in God?

"Well, I'm not vain enough to think that everything I do comes from me alone, I believe it comes through me and I channel it. I don't feel comfortable talking about it, though, it's something that makes me feel very vulnerable."

Is there a limit that you place on yourself then?

"No, I was talking to Bono the other night, he's the one person I have most respect for within music and we were really firing one another up. But certain things that we were saying . . . I don't know . . . I think we could get ourselves in trouble."

Why?

"Because there are no limits, so there's no holding back. The only real danger is when the music stops and you're left with a personality that the music has entranced in you. Then the music stops and you could go out on to the street and just do something. I could envisage the situation when I could," he stops again and grips the air, ". . . I don't even know, but I do know that there is a danger in some of my ideas.

"When we were in Germany some people really hated the kind of optimism that I had. One journalist particularly I *know* would have liked to punch through my skull to it. I realised then . . . It comes down to belief really, a lot of people just get smashed out because of what they believe in and what they've done through their beliefs, whether they're planned or spontaneous actions.

"You think about sitting in a room and nothing's really happening and you just get up and kick something."

THERE IS an energy and an aggression in Simple Minds right now and it erupted on stage at the Phoenix Park show.

"My head is just spinning with all these new ideas," Jim told me before he went on, "we're just going to *storm* our way through that hour." And they did, in a performance that was almost frightening.

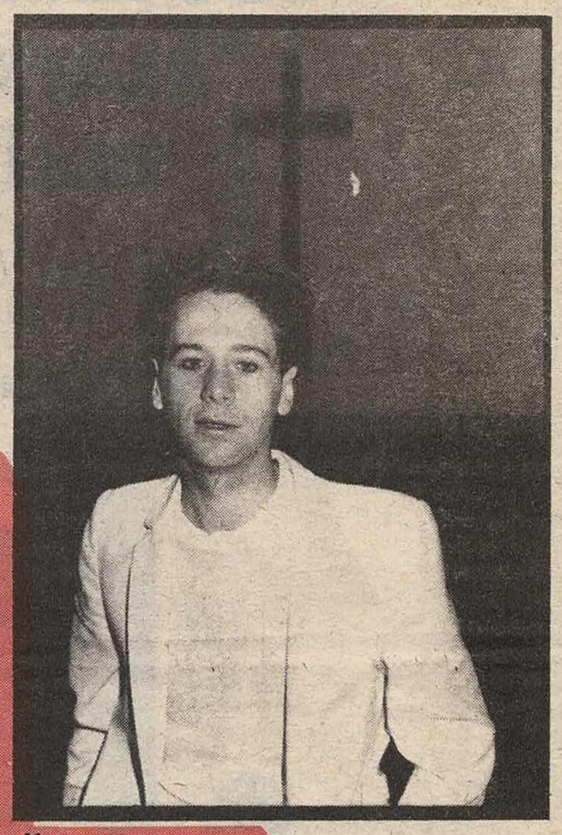
It was fitting that the last show was in Dublin; there was something tangibly *right* about the setting as we drove along the shabby waterfront of the Liffey towards the site.

The final coincidence lay a quarter of a mile from the stage in the shape of the huge metal cross, straight from the cover of 'New Gold Dream'.

"Erected in memory of The Pope's visit," our taxi driver told us proudly.

"The Pope used our PA when he came to Glasgow," Jim announced, adding mischeviously, "I hope he didnae catch anything," and continuing to chant, "The Pope's got herpes," as I glanced nervously at this taxi driver and the madonna on his dashboard and wondered whether he was going to throw us out.

A Catholic upbringing, they say, stays with you, whether as a belief or a desperate blasphemous urge, it seems that Jim just can't decide which way to go.



Kerr gets cross.

"Mind you, Mick, our keyboard player had a protestant upbringing and his was the weirdest of the lot, his old man used to get drunk and talk to the dead. You'd go round there and his mum'd be watching the telly, and his old man'd be lying on the table talking to the dead, and Mick'd be sitting there in the corner with his synthesiser goin' 'Ach will ya shut up'."

On stage, from the first number, all trace of Jim's nervousness is gone. His hair lifted into a crest by a slight cross wind he leaps towards the audience screaming "*Come out, come out, come out of the raaaain.*" The tension crashes out through the immensity of that sound and WHUMP! The front of your stomach meets the back.

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LPs

LONG PLAYERS

Stray Cats illustration Ian Wright

FROM A WHISKER TO A QUIFF

STRAY CATS

Rant 'n Rave *(Arista)*

THAT BRIAN Setzer and his Stray Cats set out to become the perfectly sculpted and exquisitely meaningless rockstar icons of their dreams could never be in doubt. That they've come all the way from poverty-stricken exiles in London to a rousing welcome on their return to America was all they needed to justify their faith in the sanctity of '50s teenage fantasy. This is the group's third LP and a continuation of their James Dean lessons for beginners, a continuation of the preening and posing, to the point where their sanitised style becomes their substance, where their effect dissolves before it reaches its target.

The Stray Cats write songs as a soundtrack for their publicity shots and as such they have the archetypal traits of rock's rich tapestry – narcissism and solipsism – down to a fine art. A band such as this is often championed as being unpretentious, goodtime entertainers when, in their case at least, the exact opposite is true. They take their fun very seriously. Their complete lack of irony or ability to laugh at the ludicrous nature of what they do puts them on a par with fellow American chart-topper jung Sting of The Police for pretentiousness.

These Cats are sold on an incurably romantic vision of American youth – cruising in cars, hanging out in rebel gangs, listening to the radio, playing rock 'n' roll, living fast and dying young, forever wild, forever free, forever dumb. The wild impulses and obsessive desire that is evident on the music that inspired them is mising because *that* music, the music of Holly, Presley and Cochran, was a fresh instantaneous rush: a natural explosion of youthful energy out of a middle America stifled by McCarthyism and Cold War hypocrisy. That music was the sound of people in love with life in the here and now.

It was wide open, baring its joys and frustrations, an index of possibilities. The Stray Cats pick up the thread some 25 years later and while they can still make the music drive with a raw fury they stay wilfully oblivious to the present (locked in rockstar cuckoo land) and refuse to let their music grow into relevance for the age they live. This is a shame. America could benefit greatly from a rockabilly group not hung up on chic posing, a group willing to match the whiplashing, spinethrobbing attack to their own experiences and environment. The plastic, heartless world the Cats create has any real vitality or implicit subversiveness manicured and airbrushed out of existence.

There is a difference between writing throwaway odes to gangs of street brats ('Rebels Rule' and 'Hot Rod Gang'), or shouting about how you're not going to go to school no more, or telling your parents to sling it, or how you'd love to buy a big Cadillac if you're an aspiring teenager rather than a mega-selling coast-to-coast phenomenon. If you're in the latter, then the first sounds vaguely homo-erotic, the second and third are pathetic and absurd, while you can only approach the fourth with the same enthusiasm as most people have when they're buying a new pair of Y-fronts.

Like most pop groups The Stray Cats shouldn't make LPs – the idea is as ludicrous as having them play one of those giant open air festivals they are pictured at on the inside sleeve. In small, single-sized doses you could be struck by the reckless burning glee with which they lay into 'Something's Gone Wrong With My Radio', actually enjoy the songs in the flashy pop vacuum for which they were created. But subjected to a whole LP of this self-conscious celebration of teenage wildlife, the songs lose any power or meaning they may have in that context.

Through their idealised, often embarrassing vignettes, the Cats are so busy refining rockstar glam to quiff-flicked, thread-sharp perfection – and they are shrilly incessant about it to the point of complete overkill – that they fail to realise their role should not be static or image-fixated but moving, adapting, and burning forward all the time. They should be learning from and acting on the past with greater intelligence and a stronger spirit. In any case all these songs about being rebels – and it is hard to think of anything less rebellious than the Cats on the cover sneaking a hubcap off a vintage Ford – have been written to the point of pure Berry-ripe perfection, long long ago.

There are some things I like about this record, like Brian Setzer's guitar playing, which ranges from sparkling lucidity to demon runs, from toe-curling twang to fluid Hawaiian on '18 Miles To Memphis' and there are three or four breaks where their combined might as a unit is truly blistering. But I can't take what goes with it. The second side in particular is the gammiest collection I've come across in a long time – that terrible '(She's) Sexy & 17', the execrable, punctured doo-woop of 'I Won't Stand In Your Way', and closing myth resurrection of 'How Long Do You Want To Live Anyway'.

It's that which galls most about The Stray Cats; their overall impotence and the way their almost mocking parody of '50s wonderland is so readily consumed and feted. Back in the '50s American youth music roared with a tiger-lunged ferocity but now it retreats to the past unable to act on its own impulses. The Stray Cats success is a nail in the coffin of a flagging culture precisely because it shows that that culture only exists in a fantasy land and isn't able to cope with the present.

Gavin Martin

ENGLAND RURALS, OK

XTC

Mummer *(Virgin)*

I DON'T think 'England' means very much to me any more, although I do have some sympathy with Andy Partridge's particular affection for a country, rather than a nation. England is still mostly a half-spoiled rural place filled with little towns – and Partridge has turned his eyes away from our urban shadows and wished XTC's misfit pop into an agrarian jig.

An illusion, inescapably, for 'Mummer' is a sophisticated recording. Multifarious tricks of the machine age stand guard. There are unpredictable electronic rhythms, even one of those crack-spine dance tunes ('Funk Pop A Roll') that Partridge used to delight in. It is workshop pop, as much as the seltzer froth of XTC's jittery first ventures. But the music is starting to be able to switch off the clock. As XTC retreat into a mythic England of Partridge's imagination they sometimes touch a folklore of their own invention.

Which isn't really present in the hack Hardyisms of Partridge's 'Love On A Farmboy's Wages', or in Colin Moulding's three songs – when they start writing about shepherds and country churchyards and marry them off to the fabled XTC 'eccentricity' it makes bumpkin rock that's very easy to dislike.

Partridge is better put to loosing his brain on developing the kind of lightning notion he turns up here and there on 'Mummer'. Like the beating of hearts being the loudest sound of any world. Or blood-coloured rain growing a wicked harvest.

'Ladybird' is the composer reminding himself of Bacon – and setting the idea to the most beautiful Beatles chords. For the percussive form of a Renaissance dance in 'Me And The Wind' he plucks images from the grammar of country poets that is long since obsolete. It's a personal and rather arrogant filtering of a lop-sided passion for pastime threads. As indulgent as that is. Patridge knows his first trade: he still has a gift for a hook.

Did I say rural? 'Funk Pop A Roll' ends the record and jolts us back to the present. Perhaps Partridge never really went anywhere. He is a hard man to warm to, granted a voice like a French horn and interests that beach him among the unwholesome horde of rock characters. The stock criticism is to call XTC records 'clever'. 'Mummer' sometimes suggests that this is a dumb show of some intelligence. It reminded me of an England that might still be worth keeping.

Richard Cook

VOLT DOLTS

AC/DC

Flick Of The Switch *(Atlantic)*

FOR THOSE about to cry 'Oh No Not AC/DC', I refute you. I'm really sorry about this, but they've made some fine records and remain one of the most dynamic live acts of rock. Of course the greatest thing about them is dead – the awesome putrescence of Bon Scott is missed not just in AC/DC but metal quarters generally – but each album sees old Brian Johnson getting that little bit closer to Bon's hirsute tonsilitis. 'Back In Black' is their great record but 'For Those About To Rock' was drainingly powerful stuff.

What continues to impress about AC/DC is their simplicity, their intrinsic modesty. Effectively they carry on working the same song year in year out and still something as titanically oafish as 'This House Is On Fire' lurches out of the maelstrom. Back in an extremely humble white sleeve, the group finally bridges the yawning gulf between Slade and 'The Immigrant Song'. If you can (or want) to believe John Bonham stomping out a beat for Noddy Holder – an Aleister Crowley version of 'Lock Up Your Daughters' – you can probably predict how illustriously stupid 'Bedlam In Belgium' and 'Deep In The Hole' really are.

My one doubt is that their music is now superseded by the tart tantrums of Loverboy and Leppard. When Ric Ocasek asked Alan Vega who should direct the next Cars opus, the notable neon sculptor wisely recommended Mutt Lange, since he knew, as well as I or anyone else with half an ear open, that it's the new Superock producers – the Langes and Bakers and Clearmountains – who are modelling today's guitar sound. (And who should I run into last month but one Ocasek buying — what else? 'Pyromania'.)

On 'Flick Of The Switch', AC/DC are producing themselves, and the guitars are very boring. If they could pen one song as good as 'Photograph', they'd be kings. It's all in a flick of the wrist.

Barney Hoskyns

SCAMPI IN THE DARK

LEVEL 42

Standing In The Light *(Polydor)*

BRITFUNK . . . THERE'S a lot of it about. From the half-Bakered whine of 'AEIOU' to the anonymous disaster that is David Grant, these isles are responsible for many dance-floor embarrassments. Level 42 are some slight exception: with their fine musicianly expertise (notably the bass of Mark King), they at least sound like themselves, rather than try to carve out a niche on 'Tribute To Jazz-Funk' car cassettes. After that acknowledgement, however, the story gets sorry.

Level 42 create such a tame goove, it's no surprise when a tepid effort like 'When The Sun Goes Down' stands out as the obvious single. This is probably the only record I have ever heard that makes me think of scampi. 'Standing In The Light' is so polite, it throws itself over puddles for people to walk over it. Then there's the matter of the lyrics. Perhaps one shouldn't judge a record by its words – after all, they're only there to stop the songs being instrumentals – but, since there's a lyric sheet . . . let me quote. *"You are the Pharaoh you will journey through the after-life / And HE-WHO-LOOKS-BEHIND will ask the questions you must answer to be free".* ('A Pharaoh's Dream (Of Endless Time)'). I would cite the 'scat' section on 'When The Sun Goes Down' as further evidence for the prosecution, but even now it may be coming from your radio, and I am not a cruel person. Suffice to say that Mark King should not be allowed to open his mouth in a recording studio.

All there is on this album that is remotely intriguing is the mysterious Wally Badarou. Wally co-wrote two tracks on 'Standing In The Light' and produced a third. He was responsible for the soundtrack to two films: *Countryman* and *They Call That An Accident.* He has written songs with Marianne Faithfull. And here he is again. The man brings disaster in his wake. Avoid this album, because it is ordinary — but avoid Wally Badarou, because he is *dangerous.*

David Quantick

LIGHTNING STRIKES

ASIA
Alpha *(Geffen)*
THE MOST disheartening success of recent times shows no sign of abating. A mercy, perhaps, that nothing sticks in this ugly and trivial record. Asia would be the big brother swots to Foreigner's entertaining pop bruisers but they keep getting lost in dreaming about Bruckner. Akin to bolting your way through a wedding cake.

Richard Cook

IAN HUNTER
All Of The Good Ones Are Taken *(CBS)*
THE ONE-TIME doyen of Britain's pre-punk enlightened rockists still writes a well-sharp lyric when not guffing on about Rack'N Raowl, and at least three of the songs on this album are among the best he's written in the last six or seven years, but Hunter's music is still clogged up with ploddy old megaraunch conventions that just won't quit. If you have a high Rock Tolerance, listen to 'Death'N Glory Boys' and 'Something's Going On'. If not, don't.

Charles Shaar Murray

JOE WALSH
You Bought It— You Name It *(Asylum)*
A LOS Angeles recluse worth bothering with. Walsh isn't as sharp a joe as he was on 'But Seriously, Folks . . .', one of the major American records of the '70s, but his laconic eye on video youth ('Space Age Whizz Kids'), high school memories ('Class Of '65') and pessimism ('The Worry Song') is still worth a chuckle. And 'I Can Play That Rock & Roll' is a wreckerball guitar show as entertaining as 'Life's Been Good'. At the artist's request I shall name it: 'Asshole On The Moon'.

Richard Cook

MEN WITHOUT HATS
Rhythm Of Youth *(Statik)*
IF YOU wracked your brains to come up with images of Canada, you'd probably remember the last Randolph Scott film you saw and suggest lumberjacks, mounties and mooses. Now you can add Men Without Hats to that list.

A computo-rock duo, they display a nifty knowledge of the keyboards and control panels; but after considerable singles success at home, in Europe and on US FM radio — not exactly hotbeds of inspiration — they've come up with an album that sounds like everything everybody was doing in the UK two years ago.

It seems that like the other things Canadian listed above, Men Without Hats have precious little use in this country.

Lloyd Bradley

MANFRED MANN
Mann Made: The Five Faces Of Manfred Mann *(EMI)*
VERY ADVANCED '60s pop fusion from a band containing two men in big black spectacles and drawing on inspiration from Mingus, Adderley, Howlin' Wolf and a pile of imported soul singles. The first album was easily the hardest, but nostalgists will find the whole package an impressive complement to their well-worn Greatest Hits.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE MOODY BLUES
The Present *(Decca/Threshold)*
MELODIC COLLECTION of nicely-sung observations about life, hindered only by massively stupid lyrics, pathetic synthesiser fills and the worst cover I have ever seen.

David Quantick

GREG LAKE
Manoeuvres *(EMI)*
AN UNINTERESTING collection of tired American rock clichés, used riffs, and fascinatingly pointless songs. Occasionally padded out by the blatantly unoriginal powerchords of Gary Moore, who used to be in Thin Lizzy but who could have been in the Band of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards for all anyone cares. Contains the hit single, 'Big Log'.

David Quantick

DIAL M FOR MURMUR

R.E.M.

Murmur *(IRS)*
R.E.M., like The B–52's, come from Athens, Georgia, but it must be the other side of town. Where the Bs are flamboyant, emblazoning their borrowed pop icons in bright slabs of neon, R.E.M. are reticent and introspective, veiling their observations and remembrances in a gauzy cloud.

But there's nothing like the draw of a good mystery, and R.E.M. are the champions of soft-focus enigmatic pop. 'Murmur' confirms that the enticing 'Chronic Town' EP of last year was no fluke, and that R.E.M. are capable of sustaining this mood of chilling delicacy.

Part of the mystery comes from the fact that we often can't understand what singer Michael Stipe is saying. Part of it comes from the fact that even when we can understand what he's saying, we can't be sure what it means. But whether it's through clear enunciation or a breathless, jumbled voice, Stipe always *suggests* a lot more than he says. His lines send out ripples of meaning that won't stop.

"*Empty prayers empty mouths talk about the passion/Not everyone can carry the weight of the world.*" Some grand feeling is being outlined here, its implications telegraphed through a wilfull obscurity that blurs meaning but doesn't annoy at all. Rather, it draws us in, makes us want to play along in its games.

Which is the key to R.E.M. They use sound and suggestion to seduce, to gently break down resistance and take us further than we intended to go. It's a subtle method, and it is the reason why this record needs to be listened to two or three time before it fully clicks.

There is no direct hommage paid to anyone, but it's impossible to hear the sounds of these shimmering Rickenbackers, the acoustic guitar underlays and the deliciously warm harmonies without thinking of The Byrds and The Hollies. The apotheosis of this folk-rock *redux* is reached on 'Pilgrimage', with its soaring double-tracked vocals, super-sharp hook of a chorus and colorful sonic sweep.

A few songs – 'Catapult', '9–9' – rush by without leaving much impression. But there are many gems. 'Laughing' is a quiet outline of a situation you feel you must at one time have been in. 'Shaking Through' has words so impossibly meaningless and catchy they can't be forgotten, and a dazzling melodic push. 'Moral Kiosk' has a harder rhythmic shove and a puzzling challenge – "*So much more attractive/Inside the moral kiosk.*"

You should have your own dreams about these ghostly songs. Their overall mood is mystical, revelatory, gentle and open. Those dreams won't be bad ones. R.E.M. have a claim to being one of the most evocative pop practitioners around.

Richard Grabel

R. E. M. look remiss. Pic Joe Stevens.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Motown Superstars Sing Motown Superstars (*Tamla Motown*)

. . . IN WHICH the Motown vaults are pillaged one mo' time, with theory replacing quality this time round.

Unlike the Motown hits collections, which are among the few compilations worth acquiring, this one uses Famous People singing Other Famous People's songs – or to be precise, songs famous for being sung by other people. A dumb idea, doomed to failure for the simple reason that nobody could add anything to 'Reach Out I'll Be There' or 'Tracks Of My Tears' – both included here – without offending one's memory of the original. These things aren't songs, they're cultural landmarks, bound up with threads of *personal* history, and it's criminal of Motown to ignore the fact.

Besides which, has it not occurred to the cretins who come up with these gimmicks (and the suckers who buy them) that unreleased out-takes are usually unreleased because they're just bloody awful tracks? If a thing's worth releasing, you can bet a week's dole it's already out there earning ackers . . .

One interesting point: according to the cover, this LP contains a version of 'Love Hang Over' (sic) performed by one J. R. Walker. Man, that sax player's one heavy dude!

Andy Gill

WEAK ENDING

WEEKEND
Live at Ronnie Scott's (*Rough Trade*)
WEEKEND NEVER were worth caring about. They were always amiable and half-hearted, as good as anonymous: you wouldn't be forced to pay them a second glance or take a fleeting chance for them. At best they would dip into their bag of moods and scatter a handful of bits and pieces to the breeze. They were always reliably TIDY. I can despise them for that much.

For a time, of course, IN THEIR OWN SMALL WAY they led a brief flurry of Quiet Groups banging a sensitive head against a rock. But Rock stood firm and blunt and Weekend became twiddly, tiny, still tinkering and tapping away at ROCK. And this is their final record: five songs, four pounds, two new songs, 30 minutes of your time.

Coming after the Durutti drift, the Duet Emmo chung, it becomes the Weekend *drip*, dripping into the background, the wallpaper. You could, I suppose, waste your time quite successfully to it, and not only will it NOT TOUCH YOU, you'll hardly notice it at all.

In truth, particularly at Ronnie Scott's, they sound like old session ment – laid back, in a groove. THERE IS NO SIGN OF JOY. Even the closing jingle, pernickety and irritating, rustles up only a *groovy patter*, refusing to let itself swing with the style of, say, John Barry's recent 'Cutty Sark' single, and 'Winter Moon' ("*Are you as lonely as I?*") is twee and trifling instead of despondently vulnerable. It's all soft options, strictly through the motions, with no sign of energy or love or life, yet alone the desperation they once told me they cherished.

You could easily ignore 'Live At Ronnie Scotts' and you'd never miss it. Weekend really were the laziest time: an excessively IDLE pursuit and this is the weakest end. I couldn't care for them even if I'd noticed they'd gone.

Jim Shelley

IN THE COURT OF KING CARPET BAGGER

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hits On Fire (*Ronco*)
Street Sounds 5 (*PRT*)

A RECENT REPORT on the UK music business from stockbrokers Vickers da Costa came to the view that it merited a serious look from the sober investor, since it was increasingly being run on sensible lines by serious folk. Two developments in particular brought the business into the baked bean world ... second, early in the '70s, a alively little Canadian outfit called K-Tel, operating from right outside the biz, started flogging mass-market records, advertising them on TV in a style that made detergent commercials look subtle. They thought music was baked beans and didn't care who knew it. Since then, slowly and painfully, the record companies have reorganized themselves to be marketing companies ..." Peter York, Grey Hopes.

THE CARPETBAGGERS – "any person interfering with the politics of a locality with which he has no permanent or genuine connection" – came amongst the peculiarly *coy* capitalism of the beat bloc like a breath of fresh carbon dioxide. They came from outside, played dirty and cleaned up.

Their product – collections of current chart movers rushed out quick with bash and buy hard sell TV back-up – rushed out so quick these days that the majority of tracks are still climbing the chart – has been consistently ignored within the music business (everyone looks the other way as their particular high-flown favourite throws theories and caution to the wind, takes the roubles and runs: the carpetbagger compilations are Everycrooner's little bit on the side, the weakness swept under the carpet, the thing not talked about in mixed (ie creative) company by everyone for more than a decade – ignored by everyone except the spendthrift majority, the people who actually have to PAY for their records.

The carpetbagger compilations have sold so well for so long that they make Cliff Richard look like a one-hit wonder, yet talk about pariahs! – these outfits are such outsiders that they make Uncle Malcolm look like Mr Oberstein.

From now on I will be keeping a somewhat snide and sniping eye on them and monitoring their contents; it will be interesting to note, for example, whether bands such as Spandau Ballet who refer to their output in hysterically Herculean terms are so eager for the extra few quid that they submit their precious epics to the Ronco scalpel, whether there *are* acts who refuse to be consistently corralled by the carpetbaggers or on the other hand if there are people who find it totally impossible to leave any 45 rpm release unrecycled, any dime left unearned.

All in all I approve of the carpetbaggers; because they are a sting to the pompous pride of the professional entertainer, who when yielding a track to the carpetbaggers is made to realize that they are only as good as their last chart placing; because they make no phoney bones about the fact that within the music buziness the accent has always been on BUSINESS and not MUSIC. I approve of them, but I don't think I like them.

Their nastiest habit is the cutting of songs one likes; and they always censor the wrong songs, have you noticed? For instance, no one could object if they'd savaged that embarrassing slab of relationship-rock 'War Baby' – half a **Tom Robinson** track is better than one – but here it is in all its snorey glory. Surely the saxophone's last credible gasp, 'War Baby' is overblown True Romance rhetoric pretending it's read the Brandt Report; Tom's unbearable vocals have never sounded more like a Young Conservative doing his party piece, very drab passion. Hearing Tom Robinson makes you think that anyone with a middle-class accent has a speech impediment. We all knew you had it in you, Tom – a song as lousy as this, heh heh!

The Eurythmics – 'Sweet Dreams': a healthy Scottish sprig of heather making like a Death Star Droid to a) make the tinies squeal and b) prise the lucre out of their Loises. Straight out of the Gary Numan Blank Charm School. **Heaven 17** – 'Temptation': wonderful for the way Carol Kenyon plays with her voice; at first a Supreme kitten simper, then a blues blockbuster, finally a soul scream. The white boys behind her are best forgotten. **Flash And The Pan** – 'Waiting For A Train': I bought the single. Horrid. Abbreviated to

WALKING BACK TO HACKNEY*NESS*

HELEN SHAPIRO

Tops With Me/Helen Hits Out (*EMI*)
Straighten Up And Fly Right (*Oval*)

RECENTLY I bide time one day a week at a printers in Northants where one of the comps preoccupies himself otherwise than juggling bromides of copy and a scalpel, with periodic exclamation of Helen Shapiro's woeful 1961 Number One 'You Don't Know'. Between song he sometimes speaks of her, passes on his regards if ever I see her in London.

When taking leave of the place I remark how I'll miss hearing this familiar refrain, a colleague retorts bitterly, "It's alright for you once a week for six months, we have Helen Shapiro daily for the past 20 years!"

Actually, I don't see Helen Shapiro in London since 'You Don't Know' is not quite Number One and we are both in school uniform in the playground of the Clapton Park establishment where she is a pupil, as are my sisters, and which premises house my own school's woodwork annexe too. On other occasion we dig the same records by Jimmy Jones, Brenda Lee and Hank Ballard on the cafe jukebox down Chats market where the rockers hang out, Helen's wider taste extending even to Cliff! After we break up that summer she never returns.

Though not entirely unkindly disposed to Helen's four-year chart career between 1961–4, nevertheless my own tendency towards current US sounds is generally derisory of her hits. Even so, 'You Don't Know' is very nearly the first record I ever buy. It's a snap decision in a record shop with another Columbia issue, 'Barbara Ann' by The Regents and the latter is just preferred. A good thing, because within a month I am heartily tired of 'You Don't Know' on every radio. It takes The Beach Boys to finally nullify 'Barbara Ann' for me.

There are none of Helen Shapiro's hits on the three albums here. 'Tops With Me/Helen Hits Out' is a back-to-back issue of her sole two albums to date, released 1962 and 1964 respectively. They consist of orchestrated versions of contemporary songs, mostly of US genesis, with Shapiro closely interpreting the original recording. The two LPs could almost be Embassy compilations of the period, save always for the singer's distinctive foghorn delivery.

You can hear the voice of a shop stewardness in a south Hackney factory resound in Helen's, or invoke the Shapiros alongside the Kominskys and the Lubavitchs resisting the fascist element along Burdett Road. Perhaps it is this quality which prompts *New Musical Express* managing director Maurice Kinn—a man of expansive taste—to remark in his sleevenotes for 'Tops With Me' that "Miss Shapiro is the most explosive vocal force to crash into the music industry scene since Cliff Richard's advent in 1957".

There is something otherwise tremulous in her assured reappraisals of the material on this set. Accompanied by Martin Slavin and his orchestra, Helen suggests a solitary Sunday evening walk through Victoria Park with her rendering of Presley's 'Are You Lonesome Tonight?', while the footsteps of Mare Street dog her progress through Dion's 'Teenager In Love'. She muses Bobby Darin's 'Beyond The Sea' standing on Westcliff, and later Brenda Lee's 'Sweet Nothin's blasts out from the end of Southend pier. And doesn't she once sing 'The Day That Lorraine Came Down' with reference to Mrs Fineberg's youngest daughter?

She tackles The Shirelles ('Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?') and Connie Francis ('Lipstick On Your Collar') with verve and bends her Bethnal Green vowels to melodious effect on the song made famous as a guitar instrumental by Duane Eddy, 'Because They're Young', the obverse of her own first hit 'Don't Treat Me Like A Child'.

Despite our Derek Johnson's assurance in his sleevenotes to 'Helen Hits Out' that "Impact! That's what this scintillating LP has, above all else", the second set is a less successful collusion. Arranged and conducted by Ivor Raymonde, the music is lusher, squarer and the heart missing from Helen Shapiro's voice. Now she evokes Denmark Street and sings to St Giles songs made famous by her successors: 'My Guy', 'He's A Rebel', 'Walk On By' and it might as well rain until . . .

Only with 'Please Mr Postman', borrowing more from The Marvelettes than The Beatles, and perhaps the best of many versions bar the original of 'Stay', wherein she contrives some of Maurice Williams' intoxicated vocals, does she revert to the spirit of her earlier work.

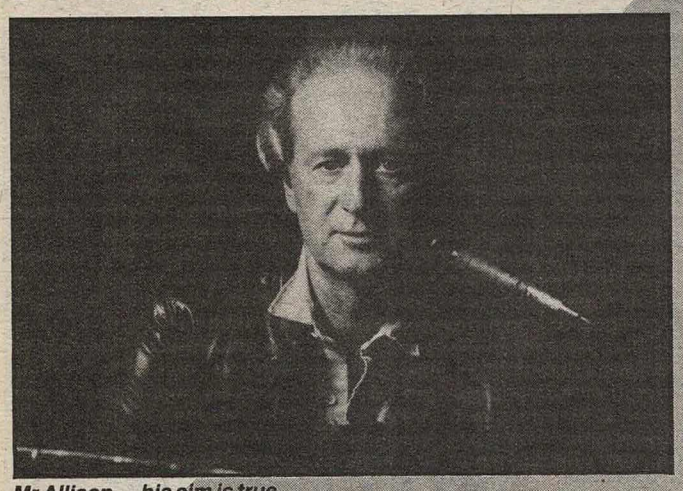
Twenty years and a third LP later Helen Shapiro hardly deviates from her previous track record, only the pop standards she now interprets are of even greater vintage and the small orchestra which accompanies her at least sympathetic. There are a trio titles made famous by Fred Astaire, compositions by Rodgers-Hart, Cole Porter, the inevitable 'Cry Me A River'.

Though the performance is often poignant and always professional, Helen hardly invests her material with anything new, though I imagine they'll hear things on Gants Hill that escape me here downtown . . . Bland and pleasant and an exacting version of the beautiful 'The Way You Look Tonight' designed for all who carry a torch for Helen Shapiro the past 20 years.

Penny Reel

Ms Shapiro—Foghorn days in London town.

STILL MOSEYING ALONG



Mr Allison—his aim is true.

MOSE ALLISON

Lessons In Living (*Elektra-Musician*)

ARE YOU ready for the coolest man alive?

Mose Allison's career spans three decades, starting out on his arrival in New York from Mississippi and a spell playing piano behind Stan Getz to his launch as a vocalist, pianist and compser in his own right. A considerable influence on various '60s pop figures from Georgie Fame to Pete Townshend, his compositions include classics like 'Parchman Farm', 'Young Man Blues', 'Fool Killer' and 'I Live The Life I Love'. His breathy, insinuating vocals, slicingly apt and sardonic lyrics and muscular, jarring piano are all utterly unmistakable: as totally hip a sound as you can find anywhere.

'Lessons In Living' was recorded at last year's Montreux Jazz Festival with Billy Cobham and Jack Bruce in the rhythm section. Now hold on: I know that both of these men have occasionally been convicted of instrumental overstatement in the past, but here they're around to back old man Mose, and they—aided by Lou Donaldson on alto and guitarist Eric Gale—do it superbly.

Allison coasts elegantly through gems such as 'Middle Class White Boy', 'Wild Man On The Loose', 'Your Mind Is On Vacation (But Your Mouth Is Working Overtime)', 'I Don't Worry About A Thing' and 'Night Club', only coming a cropper on an ultra-slow version of 'You Are My Sunshine', where his insouciantly casual vocal approach simply lacks the power to carry it off, but his duet with Bruce's hard-nosed bass is little short of kinetic perfection.

Allison is as unique an artist as jazz, blues and pop can muster between them, and 'Lessons In Living' shows him not just ageing, but getting better. Personally, I hate people like that for showing everybody else up, and all I can suggest is that you check this album so that you can hate Mose Allison as much as I do.

Charles Shaar Murray

COOL IT REBA

Money Fall Out Of The Sky (*Hannibal*)

SUPREME COOL BEINGS

Survival Of The Coolest(*K*)

NOW THAT it's been awhile since the Heads chord changes first charted and Byrne's strangled vocals battled the B-52's daffy downhome lyrics, preppie-rock can almost be said to constitute a 'roots' genre of its own. Think Pylon, think Bush Tetras; at least you will when you prick up those ears to Cool It Reba's 'Money Fall Out Of The Sky' currently NYC's NOW dance-disc and just available here.

Straight from the very same American art school as the Heads and the Tits, Cool It Reba offer light white funk with hilarious lyrics and cool, unaffected two-guitar interplay. Their continuing fetish is Elvis: "*Some people trade their love for a date with Elvis/Trade their love for a shoeshine*," observes vocalist David Hansen, "*Would you trade your love for a shoeshine?* Hansen himself wants "*To live like Elvis/Drive a car like Elvis/Make love like Elvis/Go to hell like Elvis*"; it's left to a third song ('Out Where The Buses Don't Go') to letcha know his lift doesn't quite reach the top floor.

Down in the living room (that's where 'Doug, Heather and Gary' recorded it) we find the Supreme Cool Beings, whose cassette 'Survival Of The Coolest' ($5; Box 7154, Olympia, Washington 98507 USA) has remained my fave underground effort for five months. Great dance tunes—bass, guitar, drums and an all-important sax conjure up a suprising amount of muscle—everyday paranoia is transmuted into something far funnier, and (again!!!) *quel* hip lyrics. Two transfusions of rhythm that both hit the vein, and each deserves a separate Sleeve-of-the-Summer Award.

Cynthia Rose

Julie Burchill considers the hit compilations that combine the hard sell with the megamix

the point of aberration.

Blancmange's 'Blind Vision' is a sad case of what happens to sensitive young men when they hear one too many of Talking Heads jerky riddles and **Bucks Fizz** 'Run For Your Life' shows them to be ungrateful varmints, just like the Beatles; at first pleased to be loved by people's babies and grannies, then freaking out and getting weird—wearing leather, voting Tory, singing garbage. Next thing you know they'll be butchering baby dolls on album covers and climbing into big bags to protest about union power. A thorough disappointment.

Men At Work—'Overkill': of course, Colin Hay is nothing like Sting. Of course he doesn't try to sing like Sting! The very thought ... they're *completely* different ... isn't it awful about Colin and his wife, that Irish actress piece, getting a D.I.V.O.R.C.E? **Altered Images**—'Bring Me Closer': perfection, and I'm not such a fool that I'll try to analyse perfection, Swoon, faint and PASS.

Booker Newbury "III"—'Love Town': slug soul, soul with a beggar's bowl—no relation to the Originals 'Down To Love Town', best record ever made. The thought of Booker dragging his hulking body to Love Town is quite horrendous. The Originals is stil the greatest—check it out, children. **Freeez**—'I.O.U.': quicksilver, icy, cheapskate miracle—Wham!?*&@=+ might have been like this if Mom and Pop had had the sense to kick them out of the family seat. **Hot Chocolate**—'What Kind Of Boy You Looking For (Girl)': preferably one under fifty. Rather old, very bald men should *not* refer to themselves as BOYS.

Mike Oldfield's 'Moonlight Shadow' is the horrible sound of hippies getting a haircut and hitting you with their best shot. **Roman Holliday**'s 'Don't Try To Stop It' is Tebbit Rock; when they sing "*We're driving out on a motorway tonight!*" you can tell they're really grateful to have a job, even if it entails being walled up in the back of some smelly old van. 'Na Na Hey Hey'—**Bananarama** are so beautiful and so awkward I can forgive them anything—PASS. **Imagination**—'Looking At Midnight': mindless sequinned monetarists past their best. **The Funk Master**'s 'It's Over' is typical of the vulnerable, resilient British new funk—quite a curiosity, the heroine suicidal in the first bar and blooming by the last.

I won't review the four flops herein—by **Toto, I-Level, Kissing The Pink** and **A Flock Of Seagulls**—because t hey just weren't hits, let alone ON FIRE, and so they cannot come with honour into the court of King Carpetbagger: inept capitalism—take a bow DeLorean, Laker, Western World—bores me to tears. But one cannot apply this Philistine criteria to 'Street Sounds 5', a different kettle of creme de la creme carpetbaggers altogether. Running at over an hour, the record abounds with remix, megamix and extended play; when music aimed at the mind or the wallet plays for time it inevitably sounds like puerile padding, but stuff aimed at the soul of your shoes can usually carry it.

'I.O.U.' Megamix sounds more epic than ever; KC beefed up and choreographed by Tolstoy: **Terri Wells** 'You Make It Heaven' is a good dream that lasts all night with additional dialogue by Tammi Terrell. **La Famille**'s 'All Night Long' sounds like the **Mary Jane Girls** on marijuana and **Kenny Lynch**'s everyday tale of evangelistic hedonism 'Half The Day's Gone And We Haven't Earned A Penny' should be enough to pay his way out of LWT's Toothless Cockney Circus once and for all. **Brass Construction**'s 'Walkin' The Line' has a mind that's weak and a beat that's strong while **Wickett**'s 'Can't Get Enough Of You' is a luscious lashing of HP salsa.

This happiness cannot last forever, of course, and when some of the less welcome guests refuse to know when it is time to go home it is certainly a pain in the roll-call. **MCB**'s 'I'm The One, You're The One' was a cult track, it says here, and that's all it deserves to be: **Oliver Cheatham**'s 'Get Down Saturday Night' is a man without the means of production drowning his sorrows, Tony Manero talking in his sleep.

Aretha Franklin is soul music's most over-rated voice—beloved of white boys who know enough not to go for the Janis Joplin scnool of Ham & Hysteria but not quite enough to steer clear of more of the same brawn and bellow when it is in black skin and a paper crown—Queen of Soul indeed! Never heard of Baby Washington, Maxine Brown, Veda Brown, Evie Sands? I thought not. Miss Franklin's 'Get It Right' is the mating call of the mediocre.

But in all, 'Street Sounds 5' is a joy, if not forever then at least for an hour of anyone's time. Get this, get enlightened—as advertised on TV!

TOUR NEWS

OZZY TOUR, DAGABAND MARATHON

GIMME SOME TRUTH

THE TRUTH, currently one of WEA's greatest hopes, have lined up an extensive tour that commences with two Irish dates — Dublin TV Club (16 September) and Belfast Queens University (17) — and then moves on to visit Liverpool Venue (19), Manchester Adam and Eves (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), London Marquee (22/23/24), Brighton Pavilion (25), Cardiff New Ocean Club (28), Coventry Dog And Trumpet (29), Birmingham University (30), Bristol Poly (1 October), Edinburgh University (4), Dundee White Hall Theatre (5), Glasgow Nite Moves (6), Inverness Ice Rink (8), Ayr Flicks (10), Sunderland Mayfair (12), Sheffield Limit Club (13), Leeds Fford Green (14), Redcar Coatham Bowl (15), Exeter Riverside (18), Hatfield Poly (20), Reading University (21) and Portsmouth Poly (22). The London Marquee date on Saturday, 24 September is a matinee, for 16s and under only.

OZZY OSBOURNE, the well-known animal lover, threatens a late autumn tour in November, the assault climaxing in two nights at London's Hammersmith Palais. The tour opens at Poole Arts Centre on Thursday, 10 November, other dates being: Ipswich Gaumont (11) Leeds University (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Newcastle Mayfair (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Birmingham Odeon (22 and 23), Liverpool Royal Court (24), Manchester Apollo (26), Hanley Victoria Halls (27) and, finally, Hammersmith Odeon (29 and 30). Supporting Oz on all dates will be Heavy Pettin' and tickets have been set at £4.00 for regional dates and £4.50 for London.

DAGABAND have announced one of the longest and most comprehensive nationwide club tours ever undertaken in this country — the dates running from the beginning of September through to the tail-end of January, 1984, at which point Chesterfield's 'progressive' trio will be concluding the college circuit portion of their mammoth trek. Meanwhile, the September dates are: Burnley City Lights (12), Preston Clouds (20), Southport Folies Club (22), Tadcaster The Forge (23), Rugby Glaziers Arms (24), York Bay Horse New Inn (27) and Worcester Waterside Club (29).

JUDIE TZUKE commences a 16-date tour of major UK venues on 22 September, when she plays Hatfield's Forum. Next comes Hanley's Victoria Hall (23) and then Poole Arts Centre (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Cardiff St David's Hall (26), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (28), Sheffield City Hall (29), Manchester Apollo (1 October), Liverpool Empire (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Birmingham Odeon (6), Loughborough University (7), Norwich University Of East Anglia (8), Brighton Dome (10), and London Hammersmith Odeon (11). Tickets are on sale from venues and usual agents and cost £4.50 and £3.50 except at Hammersmith where they are £5.00 and £4.00. Chrysalis have a new Judie Tzuke single, 'Jeannie No'. The seven-inch version has a B-side formed by the live version of 'Information' from the 'Road Noise' album, while the 12-inch release has an extended version of 'Jeanie No' on the A-side and a further live track 'Love On The Border', also from 'Road Noise' on the reverse.

TIK AND TOK have been confirmed as special guests on the Gary Numan UK tour which sets out on 20 September. The twosome will be demonstrating their music-plus-movements ability during their own half-hour solo slot as well as appearing on part of Numan's own set.

FLESH FOR LULU, already booked for Futurama and and The Damned's Hammersmith Palais gig, will now be appearing with The Specimen on their UK September tour.

Mr Ra in the corridors of the Omniverse. Pic Jean-Marc Birraux

MUSIC LOVERS' BONANZA: SUN RA, WYNTON MARSALIS, SARAH VAUGHAN

RETURN OF THE SUN KING

SUN RA, legendary leader of the Outer Space Arkestra, returns to Britain this month to play two shows at London's The Venue, on 12 and 13 September, plus a special gig at Sheffield University on 15 September, presumably in deference to Dr Andy Gill, Sheffield's noted Sun Ra historian. It seems probable too that Sun Ra will play a third date at The Venue, on 14 September, but this has yet to be confirmed.

WYNTON MARSALIS, the trumpeter who beat Miles Davis into second place in the last *Downbeat* poll, has lined up a concert at London's Dominion Theatre on 27 October as part of his forthcoming European tour. Later he returns to play three nights at London's Ronnie Scott's Club on 14, 15 and 16 November these being his only other British dates during '83.

WOODY HERMAN, one of the few original Swing Kings, brings his band to Britain in November for a tour that encompasses: Cardiff St David's Hall (18 November), Southport Theatre (19), Manchester Apollo (20), London Ronnie Scott's Club (21/22 with two shows each night), Slough Fulcrum (23), London Lewisham Concert Hall (24), Hatfield Forum (26), Norwich Theatre Royal (27) and Plymouth Theatre Royal. The Herman Herd will also be appearing on a special Mervyn Conn presentation at London's Royal Albert Hall on 28 November when the band appear alongside singers **SARAH VAUGHAN** and **BILLY ECKSTINE**.

DOBIE GRAY, GENE CHANDLER ● REPUBLIC FREEBIE

ONE FOR THE IN CROWD

DOBIE GRAY, best known for his 'In Crowd' and 'Out On The Floor' hits plus the memorable 'Drift Away', makes a number of appearances here during September and October, these being at Rotherham Clifton Hall(29 September), Stafford Top Of The World (1 October), Skegness Festival Pavilion (8) and RAF Mildenhall (9). Also, Gray is due to play a Morecambe all-nighter on 7 October and a London show on 2 October, the latter probably being a Hammersmith Palais gig, though this has yet to be confirmed.

GENE CHANDLER, The Duke of Earl, has lined up a few more British gigs, these being at Birmingham Hummingbird (2 September), London Kensal Rise Tropical Palace (3), Harrow Weald Middlesex and Herts Country Club (4) and at USAF Alconbury (5).

THE REPUBLIC, Fu Fu Lightsoup and Hi Life International appear at a free concert being held at London's Clapham Common bandstand on Sunday, 11 September. There will be a licensed bar and Afro-Caribbean food will be available, while Charlie Gillet will be on hand to provide a tasty line in records.

The Annual **BEACH BOYS** Convention is being held at Harrow Leisure Centre, Christchurch Avenue, Harrow (01-863 5611) at noon on 17 September.

Rattlesnake Annie. Pic Bleddyn Butcher

ROAD RATTLER

RATTLESNAKE ANNIE, the subject of a recent *NME* feature, returns to Britain in November to play her first full British tour, in the company of railroad song hero Boxcar Willie. Dates are: Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall (November 16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Mildenhall Galaxy USAF (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Dundorian Astoria (21), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (24), Cardiff St Davids Hall (25), Glasgow Apollo (26), Inverness Eden Court (28), Aberdeen Capitol (29), Oxford Apollo (1 December), Eastbourned Congress Theatre (2), Plymouth Theatre Royal (3), London Lewisham Concert Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (8), Harrogate Centre (10), Norwich Theatre Royal (11) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (13). A further Belfast date is being arranged for 22 November.

JOOLZ, the Bradford poet, takes time off from recording her debut single with Jah Wobble, to play Edinburgh Buster Brown's Club as part of the Edinburgh Festival. She'll be appearing there every night through to 7 September, playing the midnight shift. And the event is to be filmed by the Beeb for future showing.

DEATH CULT, LEVEL 42 EXTRAS

C'EST POSSE-BLE?

THE RESPOND POSSEE with The Questions, Tracie And The Soul Squad, A Craze and Main T. Possee with Vaughan Toulouse have lined up two definite dates so far. The first is at Westcliff-Upon-Sea's Queen's Hotel on 28 September, where the tickets are £3.00 in advance from Southend's Parrot Records, Fives Records, Nasty or the Queen's Hotel itself, while the second is a London gig at the Phoenix Theatre on 15 October, where tickets are set at £3.50 available from most good agencies plus The Victoria Apollo.

The Questions release their follow-up to 'Price You Pay' on 2 September. The single, titled 'Tear Sout'/'The Vital Spark' will be available both in seven-inch and 12-inch formats.

DEATH CULT have now sold out their Brixton Ace gig, set for 17 September, and have announced a further show for Swansea Marina on 7 September. The venue for the band's Newcastle date on 13 September is now confirmed as being The Jesmond Cinema, while the proposed St Albans City Hall gig is not on – though Death Cult will be at Futurama on 18 September as 'special guests'. Meanwhile, Rubella Ballet have been confirmed as support band on the Cult'sBristol, Birmingham, Retford and Sheffield dates while LaVolta LaKota support on the rest of the gigs, all three bands combining for the Brixton Ace events.

LEVEL 42, currently doing better than most of Britain as far as employment's concerned, have added several more dates to their UK tour, these being: Glasgow Locarno (18 September), Cardiff Top Rank (21), St Austell (24), Paignton Festival Theatre (25), Peterborough Cresset Centre (3), Slough Fulcrum Centre (1 October), Plymouth Guildhall (2), Leeds University (5). Norwich University Of East Anglia (6), Leicester University (7) and Sheffield University (8). And there are yet more to come.

THE VIOLENT FEMMES, who were discovered by Chrissie Hynde and the late James Honeyman-Scott playing outside a Milwaukee drug store, venture to Britain to perform two dates — at London Dingwalls on 6 September and, next day (7), at Manchester's Hacienda. After these gigs, the Violent Femmes will be staying in London for a few days in order to record a new single for Rough Trade. Later they return to Britain for an extensive tour with Aztec Camera.

THE EUROPEANS, who've employed Carol Kenyon, Sylvia Butt and Kiki Dee as back-up vocalists on their latest single 'Recognition', released by A&M this week, are embarking on a UK tour in September, dates for which are: Shepton Mallet Rockathon (24 September), London Queen Mary College (27), Hitchin Regal (29), Wokingham Angies (29), Rayleigh Crocks (30), London Kings College (4 October), Sheffield Poly (5), Warwick University (6), Liverpool Cistern (7), Brandford University (8), Bangor University (9), Birmingham Poly (11), Huddersfield Poly (12), Hatfield Poly (13), Trent Poly (14), Wolverhampton Poly (15).

The Alarm. Pic Kerstin Rodgers

SOUND THE ALARM

THE ALARM, the Rhyl-based four piece who are currently treking their way across the States, are to embark on a major British tour this Autumn. Dates set are: London Thames Poly (30 September), Aylesbury Friars (1 October), Aberystwyth University (3), Leeds University (4), Liverpool Venue (5), Coventry Warwick University (6), Nottingham Trent Poly (7), Manchester Poly (8), Glasgow Night Moves (10), Edinburgh Nite Club (11), Newcastle Tiffanys (12), Hull Spides (13), Birmingham Tin Can (14), Bradford University (15), London Savoy Ballroom (18), Bournemouth Academy (20), Sheffield Poly (21) and Dublin University College (22). There will be a new single released by A&M on 16 September. Titled 'Sixty-Eight Guns' it's backed with 'Thoughts Of A Young Man' and comes in 7 inch and 12 inch versions, the latter featuring a full-length rendition of the A side.

The Savoy date on 18 October marks the opening gig for a new London venue, when The Alarm will be supported by The Fleshtones and The Climb. The gig is promoted by John Curd, who hopes that the venue, which is opposite Tufnell Park tube station, will fill the gap that exists between halls such as the Lyceum Ballroom and the usual flow of clubs. Tickets for the opening gig are £3.00 and are available from the Boston or usual agencies. Meanwhile, another Curd venue, The Klub Foot at Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel has a gig on 8 September, when the bill will be The Addicts, The Defects and The Playne Jayne. Tickets, £2.50, are now on sale.

RECORD NEWS

HOWARD DEVOTO has a second single vinyl-napped from his current 'Jerky Versions Of The Dream' album on 5 September. This one's titled 'Cold Imagination' and comes partnered with 'Out Of Shape With Me', Devoto's live show opener. Both seven-inch and 12-inch versions will be on sale, the A-side of the latter bearing the obligatory extended version. All courtesy of Virgin.

NICKY TESCO ▼ THE GLOVE

● **Nicky Tesco** makes his last appearance on a Members record on 'Working Girl', an Albion Records single, which emerges this weekend. He then moves off to start a solo career while the rest of the band remains intact, with Chris Payne and JC taking over the vocal responsibilities. When pushed for a quote Tesco gaily quipped; "I'm tired of sleeping seven to a bed" and headed for the door.

● **The Glove**, Banshees Steve Severin and Robert Smith, whose first single 'Like An Animal' has made some impact on the NME chart, release their first album through Polydor on 9 September. Titled 'Blue Sunshine', all the songs are written, produced and arranged by Severin and Smith.

● **Joe Walsh** releases a new Warners single on 9 September. This one features Joltin' Joe providing his version of Heyman and Young's 'Love Letters' – made into a soul standard by Ketty Lester – backed by 'Told You So', both tracks being taken from Walsh's recent album 'You Bought It – You Name It'.

● **Fiat Lux**, who earlier this year released their debut single through Bill Nelson's Cocteau label, have now signed to Polydor. Their debut single for their new label, 'Photography' / 'Aqua Vitae' arrives this week and is available in both seven-inch and 12-inch form.

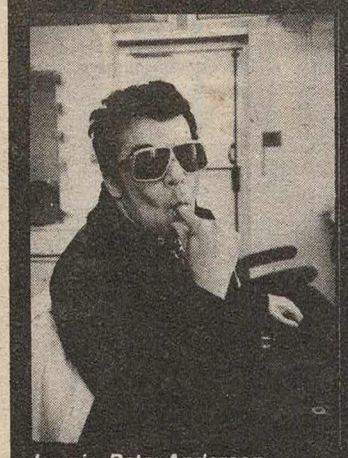
● **Planet Patrol** have a new Polydor single, 'Cheap Thrills' released on 2 September. The single, which will be available as both a seven-inch and a 12-inch, is a taster from Planet Patrol's forthcoming album.

● **Cherry Red** are to launch a new label which will specialise in African music. Called Africagram, the label first heads your way via a Ghanian highlife compilation titled 'The Guitar And The Gun'. This will be followed by album of black South African drum and marimba music.

TWO OLD STIFFS

IAN DURY And The Music Students' album, '4000 Weeks Holiday', is now scheduled for release by Polydor on 9 September. The album, which features entirely new compositions by Dury, penned in association with various other musicians, will, for once, precede the spin-off single.

ELVIS COSTELLO has a new single, 'Let Them All Talk', out through F-Beat Records this week. Taken from his 'Punch The Clock' LP, the song is the opening number in his current live set. The B-side, 'The Flirting Kind', is a new song that does not appear on the album. A 12-inch will be available, this containing a longer and remixed version of the A-side.



Ian pic: Peter Anderson

Elvis pic: Anton Corbijn

DELROY WILSON, PAUL YOUNG LEEDS GOES BATS

THE BATCAVE TOUR, with The Specimen and Flesh For Lulu, play at a new Leeds venue, The Dortmunder Dungeon, on 6 September. Says Promoter John Keenan: "When I started working on this year's Futurama I got so many tapes from Gothic bands that I decided to start a club catering for that sort of thing. So I'm opening one night a week at Leeds Dortmunder Bier Keller and on the first night, membership will be free and admission set at £2.00." Future bookings for the Dungeon include Play Dead, Sex Gang Children and Beast.

DELROY WILSON, has confirmed the following British dates — London Brixton Ace (September 9). Brighton Top Rank (16), Deptford Riverdale Centre (17), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (23), Birmingham Hummingbird (1 October), London Cafe Royal (8) and London Mr Cool (15). A Manchester gig on 24 September has yet to be confirmed.

PAUL YOUNG plays Cardiff University on October 7 and *not* the non-existent Slough University as printed in our tour listing last week.

FURYO, a new band featuring Abbo on vocals, Steve Harle (drums), Albie De Luca (guitar) and Eddie Branch (bass), play their first live performance headlining at London's Marquee Club Tonight (1). Support will be provided by The Orson Family.

THE SMITHS attempt to do the British educational system no end of good by touring colleges and universities during the next couple of months, their jaunt commencing at Colchester Woods Leisure Centre on 3 September, after which come dates at London The Venue (15), Bath Moles Club (16), Bristol Trinity College (17), City Of London Poly (1 October), Durham University (7), Liverpool Poly (8), North Wales Poly (12), Bangor University (14), Sheffield University (17), Huddersfield Poly (26), London Kingston Poly (27), London's Kings College (28), Leicester Poly (5 November) and Portsmouth Poly (12). The London Venue gig is a special Rough Trade showcase event that also features The Go-Betweens and Felt.

ROCKY SHARPE, and The Replays, recent deliverers of a Polydor album titled 'Stop, Please, Stop' have now got the green light and move up the road to appear at Hawick Town Hall (9 September), Lybster Community Centre (16/17/19), Wick Rosebank Hotel (18), Huddersfield Poly (1 October), Great Yarmouth Pontins Holiday Village (5), Brentford Red Lion (6) and London Fulham Golden Lion (7). There's also a gig in Kelso on 10 September but the venue has yet to be confirmed.

THE TOY DOLLS, flexing their musical muscles at Feltham Football Club this Friday (2) are also due to play Brighton Alhambra (3), Leeds Brannigans (7), Sheffield Marples (8), Carlisle Market Hall (10), Manchester Jilly's (14) and Durham Dunelm House (23).

The Boy is back. Pic Anton Corbijn

CULTURE KARMA

CULTURE CLUB have a new Virgin single due out on 5 September. It stems from the band's forthcoming 'Colour By Numbers' album and answers to the name of 'Karma Chameleon'. Available as a seven-inch and a 12-inch, the flipside of the former sports another new track in 'That's The Way', while its bigger sister features the full extended US remix of 'I'll Tumble 4 Ya', a ditty which this week entered the US Top 10.

● **Kajagoogoo** release their first EMI single with Nick Beggs on vocals on 5 September. The single, 'Big Apple'/ 'Monochromatic (live)', will be available in the two usual sizes, the 12-inch featuring a 'Big Apple' metro-mix. The band play their first Limahl-less date in Munich on 17 September, where they'll support The Police. Meanwhile Beggs' face appears on the cover of the current issue of *Buzz*, the Christian monthly under the inscription 'Would you let this man lead your prayer meeting?'

● **Nona Hendryx** has a new single released by RCA this week. The A-side is 'Keep It Confidential' while the reverse is 'Dummy Up', both tracks stemming from the ex-La Belle lady's remarkable 'Nona' album, one of '83's more potent offerings.

● **Meatloaf** releases a special double-single 'Special Tour Edition' on 16 September. The double-single, the first 5,000 copies of which will retail at standard seven-inch price, comprises 'Midnight At The Lost And Found' (remix) backed by 'Fallen Angel' (remix) plus 'Bat Out Of Hell' (live) and 'Dead Ringer For Love'. Also available will be a four track 12-inch version of the single, this edition including a 12 minute live version of 'Bat Out Of Hell'.

● **The Escape** release their first single 'Amsterdam' on 2 September. Available in seven-inch and 12-inch versions, the later featuring an extra in 'Garden Of Eden', the single was produced by ex-Associate Alan Rankine.

● **Starbeats**, a Brighton band, have been picked up by ex-Lover Affair, Widowmaker vocalist Steve Ellis, who is recording the band in his own studios and claims to have several majors interested. Ellis is now into management following an accident sometime ago, when his feet were broken by a fall of steel.

● **Barb**, once a member of The Three Courgettes — an outfit whose major engagements included a command performance at an *NME* Christmas rough-house — has a single 'Tell Me Why' released by Magnet on 2 September. The single was penned by Barb and produced by Greg Walsh of Heaven 17 renown.

KAJAGOOGOO ▲ NONA HENDRYX

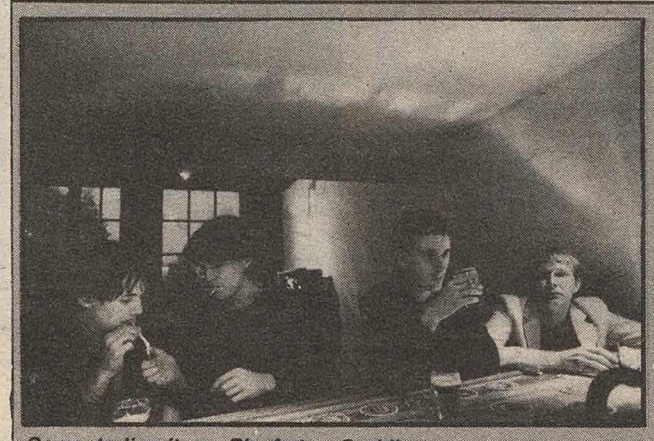
TRACEY ULLMAN releases a new single on Stiff this week, belatedly following-up 'Breakaway' which went high in the *NME* charts. The A side is 'They Don't Know', a song penned by Kirtsy McColl of 'There's A Guy Works Down The Chip Shop' notoriety, while the B-side is actually titled 'B-Side' and is said to be 'a comical chat by Tracey'. Ullman has just completed her chores on Paul McCartney's *Give My Regards To Broad St* flick and is now rehearsing for a new Snoo Wilson play that bears the title *The Grass Widow* and deals with the subject of a small, snake-infested dope farm in Southern California.

● **Freur** release a new single, 'Rider In The Sky' through CBS on 2 September. In recent months the band have spent a considerable amount of time performing in Europe, notably at the Verona Festival with Zazoo, Tears For Fears and Visage.

● **Laura Branigan**, the 'Gloria' hitmaker, releases a new Atlantic single 'Deep In The Dark' on 2 September. The 12-inch version contains a bonus track in 'All Night With Me'.

● **Hot Streak**, the New York four-piece, release 'Body Talk', their current US hit on UK Polydor on 2 September. Produced by John 'Jellybean' Benitez, the disc will be available in both seven-inch and 12-formats, the B-side of both being an instrumental version of 'Body Talk'.

● **Positive Noise**, absent from the recording scene for a lengthy period, re-emerge with a Statik single called 'When Lightning Strikes', which Virgin/ EMI distribute on 5 September.



Comsats live it up. Pic Anton Corbijn

ANGELS LAND!

COMSAT ANGELS new album, 'Land', is due to be released by Jive Records on 16 September. There'll also be a cassette that'll contain two extra tracks not available on the album. Meanwhile, a limited edition picture disc of the Comsats' current single 'Will You Stay Tonight' is also to be seen in some shops.

STERN'S African Record Centre, the shop that supplies *NME's* African Chart, present the first release on their own record label this week. It's by Mohammed Maicolm Ben, a Ghanaian who leads The African Feeling Organization and the title to look out for is 'African Feeling'. A four-track job, it features rhythms from the Ashanti and Kwahu regions of Ghana and can be styled 'guitar band highlife'.

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HANK WANGFORD
SUPPORTED BY THE BOTTLES
PLUS COMIC BILLY BRAG

TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS
SUPPORTED BY RADIO JAVA

MON 5
HARD ROCK GROUPS ALL NIGHT
NAVADA FOXX
BLACK FOX
SPITFIRE

TUE 6
FROM NEW YORK FIRST U.K. SHOW
VIOLENT FEMMES
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS FLESH FOR LULU

WED 7
THE CHERRY BOYS
PLUS SUPPORT

THUR 8
AFRO RHYTHMIC NIGHT
HIGHLIFE INTERNATIONAL SUPERCOMBO

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

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Clarendon Hotel.
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 1st September £1.00
BARNEYS 50's DISCO
Friday 2nd September £1.50
THE ANONYMOUS SISTERS
+ 1926
Saturday 3rd September £1.50
SCORCHED EARTH
+ Brothers Of Beat
Sunday 4th September £1.50
CAJUN LEATHER
+ Timbuktu
Monday 5th September £1.50
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+ Static
Tuesday 6th September £1.00
IN THE FLESH
+ Guests
Wednesday 7th September £1.50
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+ Marionette
Real Ale Served 7.30–11.00 pm

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Wednesday 7th September
(Licensed Bars)
(on stage 9.00pm)
THE DAMNED
plus **BEAST**
Featuring **BRYAN GREGORY**
ex **CRAMPS**
Tickets £3.00 or Pay at door £3.50
available usual agencies or post.
S.A.E. to Sherwood Rooms Nottingham

LONDON FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB

Shakespeare Avenue Feltham
Friday 2nd September
TOY DOLLS
+ THE MARTYRS + 16 GUNS
Friday 9th September
CHAOS
+ THE DESTRUCTORS
+ THE SCREWS
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Hatton Cross Tube (Piccadilly Line)
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WEDNESDAY 14th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
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THURSDAY 15th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
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FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 2nd September
GREG WILSON'S FUNK NIGHT
featuring **NEUTRIMENT**
Wednesday 7th September
Rare Britton appearance of
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Friday 9th September
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
Wednesday 14th September
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with John Tracy — No Funk

The Gay Traitor Cocktail bar is open every Monday
5.30p.m.–2.00a.m. serving food and exotic drinks
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Saturday 3rd September £3.00
Benefit Night For Solmintz featuring
CHELSEA
+ other star names
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Wednesday 14th September £3.50 Adv
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Tuesday 27th September £2.50 Adv
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Wednesday 28th September £3.00 Adv
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Tuesday 15th November £3.00 Adv
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Tuesday 22nd November £3.00 Adv
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with Charlie Gillett

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DIZZY LIZARD AND THE NOLAN BROTHERS
+ Disco
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ZERRA1
+ Disco
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THE SHAKERS
+ Disco
Monday 5th September £1.00
VALDEZ IS COMING
+ Disco

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VAN MORRISON

IN CONCERT

SEPTEMBER
2 – **READING,** HEXAGON
4 – **CARDIFF,** ST DAVIDS HALL
5 – **BRISTOL,** COLSTON HALL
6 – **BIRMINGHAM,** ODEON
8 – **NOTTINGHAM,** ROYAL CENTRE
9 – **MANCHESTER,** APOLLO
10 – **NEWCASTLE,** CITY HALL
11 – **EDINBURGH,** PLAYHOUSE

THURSDAY 1st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Peacocks: **Mr Licorice**
Blackburn Gum Club: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford Red Lion: **Heartbeats/Rene Berg**
Buckingham Mitre: **Hair Of The Dog**
Cholsbury Rose & Crown: **Jiff Boy Jive**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Level 42**
Croydon Cartoon: **Bamboo U**
Deal Swan: **T.N.T.**
Dunfermline Roadhouse Club: **Del Amitri**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Solstice**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts (2 days)**
Edinburgh Music Hall: **(at midnight till Sat) The Flying Pickets**
Hastings Sacha's: **Dale Hargreaves**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Chas & Dave (3 days)**
Henley on Thames Five Horseshoes: **Re-Port**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Trouble At No. 12**
Leicester Joker's Wine Bar: **Raw Material**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Brixton Ace: **Subhumans/Faction/ Omega Tribe**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Maximum Joy/The Remarkable Family/Any Anxious Colour**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Tenpole Tudor/Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Camden Palace: **The Specimen**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rockgarden: **Kevin Coyne**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Jim Richardson Trio**
London Farringdon Metropolitan: **John Steven's SME; Tony Wren's Bass Line**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Subhumans/ Faction/Omega Tribe**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Jasons Party/ Winter Trees/The Pus/Violent Circuit**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **K.K.Kahn**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Root Jackson And G.B. Blues Co.**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Inna Manna/Soma Coma**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **Dancette**
London N7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chuck Farley**
London Stockwell Plough: **Hersey And The 12 Bars**
London Wardour St. Marquee: **Furyo/Orson Family**
London West Kensington Sunset Club: **Two Heroes**
London Wardour St. Wag Club: **Klaxon 5**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Waverley Hotel: **Dale Hargreaves**
Milton Keynes Peatree Centre: **Quasar**
Newcastle Cooperage: **Suspicions Confirmed/Jet Set Danse**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **David Essex**
Poynton Folk Centre: **French Quarter**
Preston Clouds Club: **Tredegar**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Gallery/Jive/ Plastic Snakes/F.I.S. Ho**
Sheffield The Marples: **The Toy Dolls**
Southampton Crompton Arms: **Innocent**
Wolverhampton The Woodhaayes: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 2nd

Birmingham Tin Can: **The Batcave**
Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton/Monolith**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dirty Strangers**
Brighton Dome: **David Essex**
Burton Constable Stately Home: **Moscow**
Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Hondo/Doris And The Dots**
Chorley, Lancs, Joiners Arms: **Ex-Directory**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Coventry Rhyton Bridge: **Streetlife**
Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Hot Chocolate (3 days)**
Deal Swan: **T.N.T.**
Digbeth Fantasy: **The Batcave**
Dudley JB's Club: **Jayne County**
Feltham Football Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Visa/Distant Faces**
Glasgow The Venue: **Quasar**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Hellanback**
Hull Spiders: **The Luddites/Splat**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Direct Drive**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford Band/The Bottles/Billy Bragg**
London Conway St. Adams Arms: **Fractured Nerve**
London Covent Garden Canteen: **(for two nights) Martin Drew-John Critchinson Quintet with Dick Morrisey and Jim Mullen**
London Dean Street Gossips: **The Milkshakes**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band/Don Harper**
London Dominion Theatre: **Mighty Clouds Of Joy**
London East Dulwich Old Cherry Tree: **Ken Wood And The Mixers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kahuna Dream/ The Team**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Major Setback**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Anonymous Sisters/1926**
London Homerton Chats Palace: **Seventh Heaven**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Gonzales**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Liason/Animation**
London Kentish Town The Faln: **Dix-Six**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **Michael Chapman & Rick Kemp**
London Peckham Newlands tavern: **Tokyo**
London S.E.8 The Duke: **Missing Airmen**
London S.E.24 Half Moon: **Little Sister/ Barflies**
London Stockwell Plough: **Brendan Hoban and Al McLean**
London Stratford Place Heds: **Danielle Dax**
London Thames Poly: **China Moon**

Van gets down to it. Pic Pennie Smith

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

VAN MORRISON, PETER GABRIEL, RAINBOW and ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK all begin tours this week, bringing sweetness and light-shows to the nation's provincial punters.

And on Saturday, rock'n'roll at last reaches Peterborough with a spectacular headed by CHUCK BERRY, while right out on the fringes of civilization, at Croydon, HOT CHOCOLATE are at the Fairfield Hall on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

London has its usual bag of intriguing one-offs: MANU DIBANGO AND TAJ MAHAL at Hammersmith Palais on Monday and Tuesday respectively, I-Three MARCIA GRIFFITHS at the Dominion on Wednesday; and much-acclaimed gospel group THE MIGHT CLOUDS OF JOY, also at the Dominion, will be exhorting you to thump that bible and rattle that rosary while they're singing for Godsquaud on Friday. Here endeth this week's *Gig Guide* blurb. We will now all rise and sing 'Six Days On The Road'.

Taj Mahal plays guitar whilst modelling exotic headwear. Pic SKR

London W.C.1 Margery St. New Merlins Cave: **Igor's Night Off**
Manchester Hacienda: **Neutriment**
Oakham Springfield Marquee: **Gothique**
Oldham Tower Club: **Tredegar**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller**
Sheffield Marples: **Mau Maus/Anti System**
Southampton Guildhall: **Unicorn**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Reading Hexagon: **Van Morrison**
Tyne & Wear Washington Arts Centre: **Roy Williams & Ray Chester Quintet**
Weymouth Gloucester hotel: **Innocent**

SATURDAY 3rd

Beverley Playhouse: **Moscow**
Birmingham Odeon: **Level 42**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **The London Cowboys**
Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
Brighton Alhambra: **Toy Dolls/Toy Factory**
Brighton, The Kensington: **Innocent**
Caerphilly Checkmate Club: **Multi-Story**
Cheriton White Lion: **Sandy Beach And The Deckchairs**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chorley, Lancs, Joiners Arms: **Ex-Directory**
Colne Franc's: **Balaan And The Angels**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Jayne County**
Croydon Cartoon: **Mungo Jerry**
Derby Worthington Club: **Dale Hargreaves**
Digbeth Fantasy: **London Cowboys**
Dudley JB's Club: **Air Race**
Earl Shilton CND Fair: **Jiff Boy Jive**
Fetcham Riverside Club: **English Rogues**
Glasgow Apollo: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Gwent Cross Keys Institute: **Tobruk**
Halstead Essex: **Chis Barbers Jazz and Blues Band**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Talking Pictures**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Danny And The Nogoodniks/Anne Pigalle/Via Vagabond**
London Archway Whittington Centre: **Carol Grimes and The Crocodiles**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Turkey Bones And The Wild Dogs/Radio Jara**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Other Man/994 Engineers/Marble Index**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Conway St. Adams Arms: **TV Personalities/1,000 Mexicans/Page Boys/ Khartomb**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Cocksparrer/ Animation**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Electric Bluebirds/ Barflies**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Scorched Earth/Brothers Of Beat**
London Hackney Victoria Park: **(at 5 pm) Bonsai Forest**
London Putney Bishops Park: **(at 5 pm) The Wolfgang Press/Dif Juz**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Republic**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ah Leu Cha/Hi Fidelity**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Merseysippi Band/Ken Sims Dixie Knights**
London S.E.24 Half Moon: **Era/Red Brick Houses**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **Missing Airmen**
London Thames Poly: **Under Two Flags/ Praxis**
London W.1 Conway Street Adams Arms: **TV Personalities/The Page Boys/Tanya**
London Wardour St Marquee: **Pendragon**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Sid Burns & The D.A.'s**
Milton Keynes Woughden Campus UK Electronics: **Hawkwind and others**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ord Arms: **Visa/Distant Faces**
Peterborough Embankment: **Chuck Berry/ Billy J Kramer/Billie Davis/Glitter Band/ Screaming Lord Sutch**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Gaumont: **David Essex**
Tyne & Wear Washington Arts Centre: **Jake Thakeray/Alan Taylor**
Wallingford The White House: **Fair Exchange**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Rhodes**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tredegar**

SUNDAY 4th

Ashford Crusader: **Beatles For Sale**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford Red Lion: **(lunchtime) Fast Buck (evening) Rodeo**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime):: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Van Morrison**
Croydon Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Edinburgh Music Hall: **Boys Of The Lough/ Flora MacNeil**
Folkestone Rugby Club: **Right Hand Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hornchurch Queens Theatre: **Chris Barbers Jazz and Blues Band**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Nine Play Hendrix**
London Kennington Cricketers: **(lunchtime) Zodiacs (evening) Breakfast Band**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Precious Little Idols**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Chevalier Bros**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Common Bandstand: **(3 pm) Georgie Fame/Morrisey-Mullen/Vamp**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Street Aliens**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/The Downbeats**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **In The Frame/Timbuktoo**
London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre: **Holly Near**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime) **Young Jazz Big Band**
London North Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Blues Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Fred Hunt Quintet**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **The Inline**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Two Beggarmen**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Tredegar**
Slough White Horse: **Fear Of Falling**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Level 42**
St. Austell (Cornwall) Coliseum: **Peter Gabriel**
St. Margarets, Kent, Red Lion: **Zip Culture**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **David Essex**

MONDAY 5th

Bedford Fives Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
Bournemouth Academy: **Level 42**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Van Morrison**
Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Jayne County**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Stairways: **Tredegar**
Liverpool The Venue: **Specimen**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Navada Foxx/Black Fox/Spitfire**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Covent Garden Canteen: **(till Friday) Brian Dee Trio**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Amazing Auntie May Dance Band/Hula Palava**
London Grays Inn Road Pindar Of Wakefield: **Suppose I Laugh**
London Greek Street Le Beat Route: **Viva Lula**
London Greenwich Mitre: **The Tall Girls/ Madanna Ronck**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Blind Fury/ Static**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Manu Dibango/ Kabbala**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Mark Donlan Quarter**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Fugitive/Heretic**
London N.16 Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Fufu**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gilray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Chris Barbers Jazz And Blues Band**
Newcastle Corner House: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Caricature**
Southampton Gaumont: **Peter Gabriel**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**

TUESDAY 6th

Billingham Swan Hotel: **Tobruk**
Birmingham Odeon: **Van Morrison**

The Mighty Clouds Of Joy are gathering

Canterbury Millers Arms: **Playing By Numbers**
Cheadlehulme Conway Tavern: **Thirteenth Candle**
Croydon Cartoon: **Strolling Bones**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Durham City Brewers Arms: **State Of Emergency**
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Rainbow**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Balham Alligators**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Violent Femmes/Flesh For Lulu**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All Stars**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ground Zero/The Hurt**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Slip The Catch/First Things First**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Taj Mahal**
Lodon Holland Park World Music Village: **Ivory Coast Kora & Zylophone Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Workshop/ Pets Of Friction**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Group/ Creature Beat**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Jayne County**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London W.1. (Dean St.) The Pipeline at Gossips: **The London Cowboys**
London W.1. (Jermyn St.) Maunkberry's: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Reading Fives Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Roche 5/The Tremmers/Snatch/The Night Shift**
St. Albans City Hall: **The Milkshakes**
Sutton, Surrey, Secombe Centre: **Chris Barber's Jazz And Blues Band**
Whitley Bay Churchills: **Caffrey**

WEDNESDAY 7th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Tickles: **Holy Holy/The Living Dead/ Legion**
Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
Canterbury Quines: **Emotional Play**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Reactors**
Derby The Birdhouse: **Head For Texas**
Edinburgh Waterloo Bar: **The Story So Far/ Jerk**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Level 42**
Kingston upon Thames The Swan: **Household Names/Axis 37**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Underdogs/The Toy Dolls/Reality**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Town Hall: **Holly Near**
Leicester Blue Parrot: **Dale Hargreaves**
London Bond St. Embassy Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation And The Tearjerkers**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Al Casey Trio**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel (3 days)**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Geoff Dunn & Ronnie Johnson Band**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Key West/Fear Of Falling**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaws's Hot Goolies**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London Oxford St.100 Club: **Chris Barber's Jazz And Blues Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **John Hiatt**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
Manchester Jillys: **Specimen**
Middlesbrough Ossie's 4/4 Beat Club: **Talk Dark**
Newcastle City Hall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts (2 days)**
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow: **Silent Pictures**
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Damned/Beast**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stoke Smallthorne Green Star: **Thirteenth Candle**
Swindon Solitaire: **Tony McPhee Band**
Tadcaster The Forge: **Tredegar**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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Plus Special Guests

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BRADFORD CAESARS
THURSDAY 8th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00
Available from Caesars, Bostocks and HMV, Bradford, J.A.T. of Wakefield, Bradleys, Halifax and Barkers, Leeds.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
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+ Support
Free Badge To Every Entrant
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Fulham Palace Road

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175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

Thursday 1st September — SUBHUMANS/FACTION + Omega Tribe — £1.50
Friday 2nd September — KAHUNA DREAM + The Team — £1.50
Saturday 3rd September — COCKSPARRER + Animation — £1.50
Sunday 4th September — VITALE VOICE + The Downbeats
Monday 5th September — THE AMAZING AUNT MAY DANCE BAND + From New Zealand: Hula Palava — £1.25
Tuesday 6th September — GROUND ZERO + The Hurt — £1.25
Wednesday 7th September — DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS + Static — £1.50
WANTED DJ. Please ring (01) 385 0526

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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
2 Mighty Clouds Of Joy
5 Manu Dibange
6 Taj Mahal
7,8 Marcia Griffiths
8 The Addicts & The Defects
10,11 Level 42
11 Damned
17 Rainbow
18 Stray Cats
19–25 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
22,23 Everly Brothers
24 Meatloaf
25 Gang Of Four
26–29 Tom Jones
28 The Commodores
29 Big Country

OCTOBER
2,3 Christopher Cross
6–8 Depeche Mode
7 Murray Head
11 Judie Tzuke
13 Gary Numan
17 Paul Young
17 10cc
18 The Alarm & Fleshtones
18,19 Elvis Costello
19,20 Smokey Robinson
21 Shakatak
22,23 Michael Schenker Group
27 Wham

NOVEMBER
8 Wham
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
19,20 The Eurythmics
20,21 Shakin Stevens
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NOTTING HILL '83

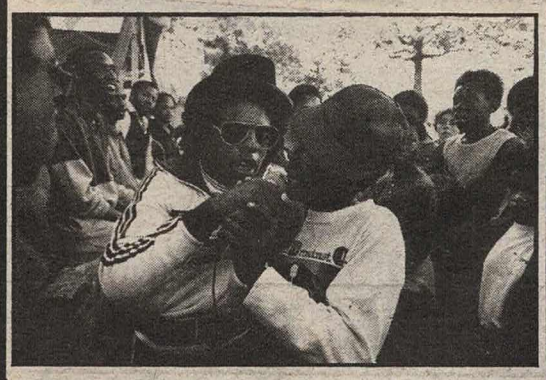
LIVE

Pics : Peter Anderson

CARNIVAL '83

Notting Hill

CARNIVALS ARE crucial – all the best cultures have 'em. But the world has a way of perverting the simplest pleasures, and since '76, Carnival has become a euphemism for flashpoint; for the last couple of years, and this year too, the aggro has been postponed to a last-minute binge that takes place in almost ritual fashion, when the tourists have gone home. The trouble takes place among the problem professionals, who've been hanging around on the street corner outside the old



Apollo pub, closed for months, that used to be a hopping centre for all forms of social exchange, till Bass Charrington closed it down after too many horrashocka stories in the *Sunday Nasty*. They watch the police go by in twos like the animals in the Ark, at five-minute intervals, cursing them and sucking their teeth in annoyance, vowing vengeance for this hampering of their street sales, come Carnival.

But let's concentrate on the iry 95% of the event. It's a hot crush of bodies, the smells of sweat and weed and coconutted corn on the cob as you join the conga line after your favourite float. The costumes and the floats show that they've been worked on and loved for months – the colours – turquoise, purple, red, yellow, green – no flower-bed can match, with floats that rival Cecil B. de Mille for extravagance, towers and arches of silver and gold. The staggering quality of the steel bands, with a pleasing proportion of women players, starting out in competition on Friday night, with the Glissando Steel Band (Capital Radio winners,) washing their big sweeping sound over the dancers, all wearing red T-shirts that say "Hands off British Telecom", and the Ebony Steel Band mashing up the Lancaster Road schoolyard with their Afrikan rhythms and inspired arrangements.

Anticipating each new sound on every corner is almost the biggest thrill of Carnival. The biggest, naturally, is the adrenalin sense of adventure that tickles you as you squeeze your way through the rammed-up roads. You never know who you might meet in the street. Or who you might hear. The sole representatives of Afrikan music. Jumbo of Earthworks and the Sol y Sombra's Dave Hucker, ambiance'd outside the new Rough Trade shop in Talbot Road, to the delight of all the robed Nigerians. But record-wise, I don't think any Carnival has been so close to the Bronx. With its overhead Westway and railway, that section of Ladbroke Grove resembles Brooklyn and the Bronx, home of rap, more than most of London. Intergalactic Sound under the Westway, by the footbridge over the railway track, felt like New York's Paradise Garage with Larry Levan, or the Fun House. People squeezed in so tight you had to feel intimate with everyone, rub-a-dubbing to ecstasy with any pretty stranger. All down Acklam Road, Jah Love sound and Shaka reverberated the Westway with roots, amidst stalls bedecked with icons of Marcus G and Selassie,and all those items of red/green/gold accessories the fashionable dread could desire. Incidentally, it was a peak Carnival for the positive face of private enterprise – were there ever so many households cooking for public consumption? Delicious, fresh, cheap patties, fish, chicken in abundance.

Tons of toasters. The different raps vying for your ears along the streets. Under the Westway, by Ladbroke Grove tube, tiny tot toasters (one of the finest was eight), and even a Pakistani tiddler toaster who had the crowd cheering.

The look – obviously – was sports. Athletic. The top T-shirt was definitely Gallini's striped number in combos of blue/grey/yellow. Runners-up: Lonsdale and then Adidas. Shorts for both sexes, including some snazzy bloomer-bottomed shorts suits. For men: TCB wet look hair and headbands – if you're not wearing some variation on the Weatherman peak. Top favourite headgear: definitely the vinyl plastic baseball peak, the Levis of the scalp. Any colour looks good. Feet: running shoes. Obviously.

The live groups playing in the pleasant bowl of Meanwhile Gardens by the canal, and under the Westway on Portobello Road, had exceptionally good sound this year. The locals, like Aswad (who slipped into an upful calypso groove that rocked the assembly), the Sons Of Jah, Spartacus, all had solid, commanding presence. It was Rip, Rig And Panic's final gig, and they went totally ape, a wild performance culminating in the sudden and surreal appearance of a careering baby carriage which involved the fabulous duo dancing of Neneh Cherry and Andrea Oliver into even more astonishing contortions. Reggae groups like Rema and Abakush proved that even if the media spotlight ain't on home-grown roots, they're working on their craft.

But Carnival isn't all about standing and watching a group. It's about that restless feeling, roaming the streets with a tingle in your spine and a hand on your wallet.

When the Sunday tourists had caught the last train home, we were still restlessly cruising, combing the streets for action. We moved in packs amid the sediment of litter on the deserted streets, connecting with another pack of strangers at every corner, till as we approached the Front Line of All Saints Road, what had been five people had become 50 midnight ravers, thrill-seekers who didn't want to stop. The police this year appeared specially picked for their wimpish manner. All those capable of growing a beard to disguise their extreme youth had done so, and the over-20's had, too, perhaps hoping to appear bohemian and thus merge into the Carnival ambiance. But despite their low-key behaviour,

people were not happy to have their sounds closed down at 10.30. Still, all went well on Sunday night. We found a street sound that played out till 2.00 from a private house.

Before the sound closed down to Mtume's 'Juicy Fruit' (a Carnival fave, along with endless Dennis Brown and a smaller smattering of Yellowman), body-poppers were roboting limbs as if they'd been born with mercury bones, in the middle of the street. No-one let the hovering police van put them off. Then we moved on to a blues dance round the corner, a living-room filled with home-made wooden speakers piled to the ceiling, and an I Love E.T. sticker on the wall.

On to the Mangrove, some serious close dancing to heavy dub. The action may not have been outside, but it could be found with ear power.

Not surprisingly, after a congenial day of dancing in the streets, with the only complaint being overcrowding, the last moments of Monday's Carnival had to let out year-round suppressed violence, like pus from a spot. There's a wind that blows down your neck when individuals organise into a mass attack. When the excellent Emotion sound at the top of Lancaster Road (Dread at the Control: Beans) announced they were playing their last tune, and appropriately played Culture's 'Stop This Fussing And Fighting', the sticksmen – pickpockets and thieves – suddenly realised the party was almost over and they'd better move quick if they wanted (like most of the neighbourhood residents) to make a quick buck out of the Carnival. In the ensuing madness of darting hands and kicking feet, your reporter was knocked to the ground and sufficiently knocked about that I wouldn't have been able to write this piece without a typewriter with light keys. (Thank you, the Brother portable EP-20.)

But even the excruciating pain in my chest doesn't make me think Carnival is anything other than a crucial Nice Time, to be preserved and nurtured at all costs. The violence is no greater than at any Saturday football match, and happens with more reason (not that it's justifiable, either), and without the breath of Carnival oxygen, the body of the community would be gasping for air.

Every town should have one.

Vivien Goldman

LIVE NÜE VAVE!

THE MEKONS

Brixton Hot Club

THE MEKONS – a bunch of over-educated crypto-Marxist Art students, seduced and spat out, each and every high ideal shredded and excreted by the hard breathing Machine-Monster of rock 'n' roll reality – have burst from the grave, fresh faced and ready to rave.

A cosmopolitan crowd reflects a Dutch cult standing and the repeated stage invasions reveal the presence of a large and hideously vocal contingent of Phlegmish leather-clads screaming in awful chorus "Nue Vave, Nue Vave!"

Arms akimbo, Mark Mekon rants and slavers through the truly appalling 'Building'. Only someone who qualified as **a)** utterly pretentious **b)** deaf or **c)** a complete and utter bimbo, could possibly sing this badly. Fortunately, Mark is all three.

The ideal venue for The Mekons would be the 5th Form Dorm just past midnight. Plenty of tuck and a crafty Woodbine under the sheets, Harry Wharton on steel guitar and Bob Cherry fiddling with the knobs on the drum machine. It is as if Roger McGough had re-written *Brideshead Revisited* for dyslexics – such blatant hints as Tom Mekon's strapping Edward Fox quiff and the 'Eton Boating Song' encore expose the true, flimsily whimsical soul of The Mekons behind the harsh facade of non-sexist trouser styles and RAR memorabillia-plastered cheap guitars.

The Mekons – from art school purity through total obscurity to the very borders of culthood. I hope they never make it.

Susan Williams

ONE OF THOSE SORTA INDETERMINATE BANDS BEST LIKENED TO A VACUUM . . .

COMSAT ANGELS

London The Venue

CLEARLY THE Cosmat Angels are As Good As Nothing. They know it. They go to absolutely NO EXTREMES to disguise it after all.

I didn't need to see it for myself, but I turned up on time, paid my money, paid attention, wrote a note on my wrist, missed nothing. I licked my teeth and cracked my fingers in anticipation but the Comsats were happy to go through their paces. Twitchy, croaky 'classics' ('Real Story', 'Total War', 'Independence Day') were *comfortable* mingling in with The New LP Material. But don't expect any clues from me: all were badly similar. EVERYTHING FITTED IN.

I kept my eye open for tension, heat, pace or presence, but under the billowing dry ice, the bellowing guitar solos, they never exerted a powerful influence. Led on by their anaemic, jellyfish bass-player and the gloating, bloated Lloyd-Webber-like singer, they traipsed all over other bands' patterns, paying blasphemously plain tribute to 'Love Song' but with nothing touching Kerr's romantic artistry.

I searched high and low for highs or lows but it was all *nicely friendly*. They were miserably apologetic and mediocre, *normal in every way* – you could see why they've been waiting ages and still nothing miraculous.

Clearly nothing to get worked up about, The Comsat Angels won't give themselves to anything. They have simply given in.

Jim Shelley

An indeterminate Comsat person best likened to a fuzzy, white blur. *Pic: Mark Rusher*

SHAKIN' BLUES!

YARGO

Manchester Band On The Wall

YOU'LL FIND THE SPIRIT OF Yargo between the cheaply pressed grooves of bargain basement compilations, the Shake, Rattle & Soul from the race charts of the '50s. Now, a time when white folks yearn to play soul and black pop has been diverted by the quest for the sound of Springsteen, Yargo give the popular blues a rare shot of young blood. They're not purists or revivalists, they acknowledge the way that black music has responded to the West, only theirs is the sound that time almost forgot. To hear Basil Clarke singing at ten o'clock on a wet Monday night in Manchester . . . and that's not an unfinished sentence. That's an exclamation. A deep-breath, eyes-wide WOW.

You know in those olden, golden Ike & Tina Turner tracks where the backing treads terra firma yet Tina is gasping and testifying *way up there*? Then consider Clarke. We didn't even see/hear him take off, he was gone from the start, apparently possessed by the same soulful spook that sends Stevie Wonder reeling at his keyboard.

The night-outers were playing hard to get (as in dodo's eggs) but that's showbiz. Yargo taxied on undeterred, dispensing a final dose of calypso voodoo, a wicked noise that will cause young folk to stray where the righteous won't go.

Had this been most any other group, I'd have wished more response from the two-legged sponges out there. Only, just *being* in a band like Yargo must be reward enough.

Cath Carroll

THE ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE REVUE

London Empire Rooms

TO CALL their show 'The Animal Nightlife Revue' must've been, initially, an act of pretentiousness; a year or so later it has become a fitting pun. *Revue* is transformed into *review*, as a single set sums up the prowess and problems of an entire career in just over an hour.

Immediately apparent is that this group can play, and now that sometime Style Councillor, Wham! ma'am Dee is well up front, they are complete. A smoke filled, garishly lit stage distracts from the surrounding brocade and velvet to show the group off in their desired setting of a sleazy Soho cellar or a Harlem bar room.

Caught in the cleft stick of commerciality/credibility, Animal Nightlife opted to stick with their roots a long time ago. In doing so, the club scene that once spawned them (and has for too long been their single-minded concern) is in danger of destroying them by domination. They seem to have lost sight of their aim to make honest music, free from sales pressures, and are now pandering to a few hundred of their mates.

The set, for the most part, is merely a soundtrack for the party people present, limited by its need for familiarity until it becomes devoid of character. Any true adventures in jazz/swing/funk were held back to keep it safe enough for easy digestion, and the roundly entertaining material was kept on a tight leash by the 'hipper-than-thou' aspirations.

That such songs as 'Love Is Just The Great Pretender', 'Those Mighty Hands Of Love' and 'Native Boy' (all could-be winners) were the best received of the night ought to tell the group something. Animal Nightlife should be building on this passing nod to the outside world, instead of breathing a sigh of relief that they won't be on *TOTP* for at least another four months.

Lloyd Bradley

LONDON COWBOYS

London 100 Club

THERE IS a great deal of Johny Thunders worship going on at the moment – among Britain's formerly young bright things several people fancy themselves as failed rock stars.

In between crushing their ample buttocks in tight red pants, and posing furiously in front of other Dolls clones, these people unfortunately tend to form bands. Sometimes they are quite funny, like Dogs D'Amour; most times they're plain ridiculous. Like The London Cowboys.

Their set began, paradoxically, with the lead singer nattering away in a Cockney accent about Millwall, by way of a prelude to several convincing pastiches of New York Dolls songs. By the time he'd switched to his American accent for between songs, they'd run out of Thunder chords.

In the end, the patter and the songs gelled when Hanoi Rocks joined them on stage for the appropriate mangling of 'Human Being' and 'Pills' . . . Time to go home, Teddy, I muttered, and slipped away.

David Quantick

Sid Presleys swing into 'Public Enemy No. 1' – the hottest tambourine and fuzz box number since The Bolsheviks' 'Storming The Winter Palace'. *Pic: Bleddyn Butcher*

ROCK 'N' ROLL . . . PHEW!

THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE

Brixton Fridge

WHAT A summer of pop! Paul Young's smooth cover of 'Wherever I Lay My Hat', McLaren's hip street-skip crossover, Boy Weller gettin' soulful in the sun . . . Neutered zombies are back in fashion.

The nation swelters obligingly thru' a summer of hate and vicious bigotry courtesy of Fleet St and No. 10, whilst popsville makes out like this was the second summer of love. Fine, if all you want is a budget-sized behemoth or a pin up in a punt. But if the idea is to keep its precious little head down, popsville should chew on this one: the only significant talent of pacifists is to bruise friggin' easily. If the dominant national colour last year was red, white and true blue, this year Britain's rank and file came out in one big purple blotch.

We've been seduced, through insidious, breathless entreaties to 'tighten our belts', into trussing ourselves like oven-ready poultry, gagged and bound and ready for sacrifice. Thatcher's made turkeys of us all.

The least you could expect of those golden pop people propped against the bar at the Camden Palace is that they'd tighten their cummerbunds in sympathy; the most you could expect is that they'd offer any analysis of what's going on, like mebbe pen a couple of shoddily scanned lines to tell the class what's happening on the High Street instead of 'What I did on my holidays'.

That sickening, awesome SILENCE that rent the airwaves sometime round the Argies getting whopped last year was the sound of pop coming clean. Overwhelmingly oblivious to this country's first non-Diplock war since 1945, post-Pistols pop finally quit pretending it was reporting from the frontline when all it was doing was ridin' on the grooveline.

Me, I'd rather have both; the real golden pop people have always had both the 'front and the groove, but sometimes you have to settle for plain aggression, for anyone that's kicking, for a band like The Sid Presley Experience, who make a magnificent noise that, for the while, is dissent enough.

I could tell you that The Fridge was near empty, 14 people in a suitably cold, bare, white room watching four skinny blokes in black jumping around onstage, but I won't. Let me just say that 'Public Enemy No. 1' was glorious. If V.I Lenin had arrived at The Finland Station armed with a Fender Stratocaster and a fuzz box, he'd have started his gig pretty much the same.

The Sid Presleys have swotted up on their Frankie Ford B-sides, acquired an intimate knowledge of '50s rock 'n' roll and then messed up the scam beautifully by playing a Chris Spedding cover. The shame! They succeed admirably in sounding nothing like '50s rock 'n' roll. They kick instead like Metal Urbain, and in so doing prove the guitar once again as the handsome bastard noise it is.

Here, it's a violent monotone and The Sid Presley Experience a vainglorious protest – and I'd sooner see Weller back to his outstanding, upstanding best, a wealth of upful, belligerent bands and, oh, a thousand proles storming the Winter Palace with McFadden & Whitehead's 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now' on their Sony Walkmans – but for the next couple of months this'll do me OK.

The Sid Presley Experience are a spark to fuel the fire . . . The summer of pop is dead. Long live the winter of discontent!

X Moore

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28th Ipswich Gaumont
30th Edinburgh Playhouse
31st Glasgow Apollo
NOVEMBER
2nd Newcastle City Hall

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

Chrysalis

FOOTAGE FETISHIST!

VIDEOCY

BY PAT SWEENEY

THE MEDIUM is hot but the message is cool. Video, the revolution that wants to be televised, has generated more manifestos than the promise of the millenium. But video is no longer an event to be proclaimed but a happening to be explained, recorded and documented.

These days the pace of technological change is so rapid that if you hear tomorrow calling you can be sure it's broadcasting yesterday's news. Digital is the new word with which to tease the imagination into the future. The latest darlings of the techno-tricksters are the Quantel editing suites and other digital computer systems, whose capacity for the manufacture of special effects is turning the world of image into a language more analogous with sound than word.

Downtown from Quantel, computer graphics and Zoetrope's electronic dream factory, a national network of film and video workshops, many of them funded by C4 under the Workshop Declaration of 1982, are providing unprecedented access to the means of televisual production to an increasing number of young people.

From Julian Temple's *Arena* programme *It's All True*, to Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen's *The Bad Sister*, through Questionmark's *TV Fetish*, video – the good, the bad and the indifferent – is becoming an increasingly prominent feature of television schedules.

This column intends to create a critical forum in which the entire range of video-related activity, from pop to agit-prop, high-tech to low-tech, can be publicised and discussed.

FREEZE-FRAMES

The race to bring wall-to-wall MTV to cabled Britain seems set to be won by Goldcrest, who in a megabuck consortium with a number of US companies, are developing a MusicVision cable channel for the late '80s.

★ ★ ★

Cable might be expected to provide an exciting new forum for independent video work. Some anticipate a boom in short, cheap C films made on video, to supplement the limited diet of major features on movie cable channels. But the cable merchants, like the video film distribution companies, want a licence to print money (for themselves) whilst starving the production sector of the funds to generate new material. Note the experience of the Open Eye Film & Video Workshop in Liverpool.

Invited by a Merseyside cable consortium to help in production of local community progs – they were offered no production finance or any payment for the finished tape – they told the consortium to cable themselves.

★ ★ ★

Richard Strange & Japan on Video. (Greenman Productions). ICA Videotheque, The Mall. Tues 30 Aug. Perfs 6.30 & 8.30.

★ ★ ★

Any non-aligned vidiots who want a forum for their work could do worse than submit tapes to the Fourth Bracknell National Video Festival Nov 83. Enquiries: Video Dept, South Hill Park Art Centre, Bracknell, Berks. RG12 4PA. Tel 0344 27272.

★ ★ ★

Coming soon on Videocy – The Ten Point Plan – How to make a pop promo for £100.

VIDEOPENDENT

Framed Youth: Revenge Of The Teenage Perverts

MADE AT the Albany Workshop, Deptford by a group of young homosexuals aged 18-23 with no previous experience in the medium, *Framed Youth* is one of the most successful videos to have emerged from the independent workshop sector.

More advertisement than documentary, it seeks to portray homosexuality as a positive and desirable state, making frequent use of freeze-frame to glamourise its protagonists. Punctuated by music from The Eurythmics, Donna Summer, Martha And The Vandellas and Jimmy (The Voice) Somerville, images are torn from the mainstream media and redeployed in visual collages as people talk, dance, mess around and mess with the perceptions of "Straightsville". Interviews in a street market establish the depth of popular ignorance, prejudice and hostility towards lesbianism.

In such a climate of opinion, compounded by AIDS and the rise of the moral majority, the decision to evade sexual politics in favour of presenting their sexuality without stress seems both astute and realistic. Not a video which blinds with science, but one which engages, entertains and enlightens with wit, style and finesse.

Available for sale or hire from: Albany Video, The Albany, Douglas Way, London SE8. Tel: 01-692-0231.

ON SUNRISE Boulevard in Kilburn, Patrick Martin, the world's origial Vid Kid, dreams of the death of the record industry, the fall of *The Face* and the rise of his own Artificial Intelligence Entertainment system.

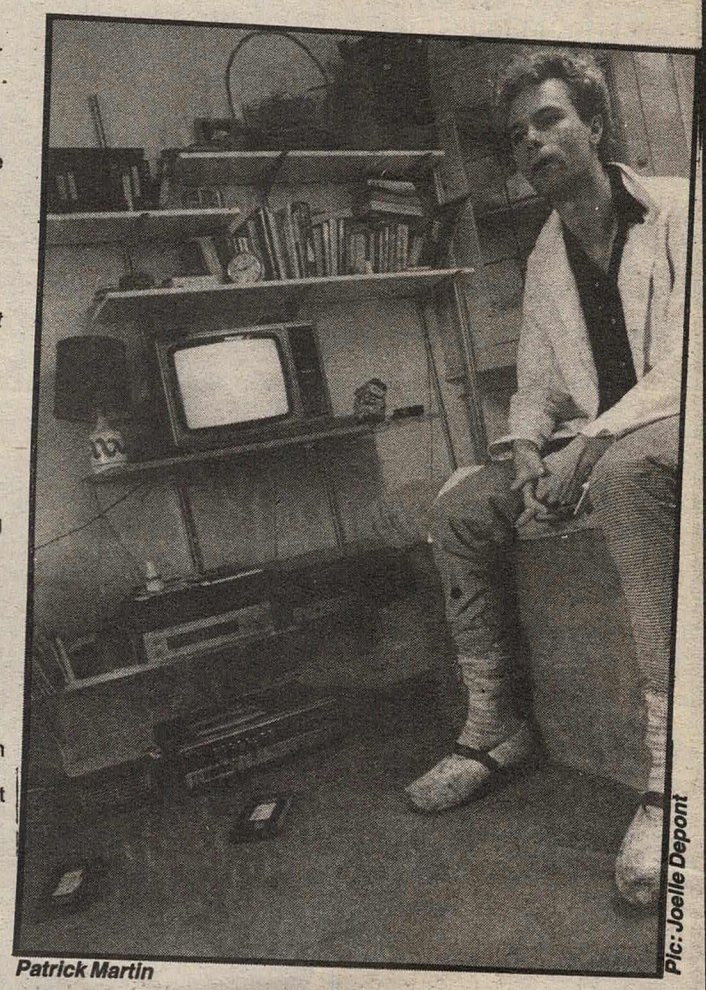
Though all he professes to hear is tomorrow calling, he is in fact a man for all the moments which make up the present. Entrepreneur and wind-up artist. Hustler and techno-trickster. Con-man and genuinely inspired pioneer.

Returning from Germany in the late '70s, after a boom-bust career in high-fashion retailing, he teamed up with Doobie Eylath, an American video artist, to found Questionmark Productions and launch the world's first video magazine – Vidzine. Vidzine was many things – grand folly, prescient innovation, instant *objet d'art* – but it was also an early attempt at "pirate" broadcasting. the creation of nothing less than a new art form, the complete integration of sound and vision using advanced digital technology – Vidisc. This ambition achieved a climax of sorts with the recent broadcasting of *TV Fetish* on BBC2 *(Riverside*, July 8).

One of the advantages of moving at the speed of the future is that you never get caught in your own slipstream: '?' has become 'Q Robotics', and the monovisual *TV Fetish* has become the multivisual spectacle of the TV Fetish Roboshow, which has just completed a provincial tour and is due to open in the West End sometime between now and 1984.

The Roboshow is a unique fusion of cybernetics, digital technology, video and computer graphics. Three U-Matics are synchronised on a three-screen installation, giving a width of 22 feet, designed to fill the audience's total field of vision. Using a more syncopated, ambient music than the turgid synth-rock which characterised *TV Fetish*, the fundamental laws of the new entertainment – sync and speed – result in a visual music which ultimately produces a total sensory "technossault". By all accounts, an average 20% of the audience are literally hypnotised by the spectacle.

Whether the Roboshow is a new art form, or "art happening", is arguable; whether it marks the beginning of the end of the rock gig remains to be seen . . .



Patrick Martin

Pic: Joelle Depont

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PRINT

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY dislikes a book that does the dirty on John Lennon's last days

DAKOTA DAYS
by John Green (*St Martin's Press, US import*)

THERE ARE moments when one sympathises with any celebrity who manifests extreme paranoia around strangers, or wistfully fantasises about requiring anybody who performs any service whatsoever to sign an agreeement prohibiting those people from spilling their guts to the tabloids or writing their memoirs at the first opportune moment. In an ugly, self-serving preface to an ugly self-serving book, John Green announces piously that anybody in his racket — tarot reading — would not normally write about a client, but John Lennon clearly creates an exception to any such petifogging ethical strictures.

In other words, here we go with the 'insider's story' routine. John Green was a trusted friend and adviser to John and Yoko Lennon during the years that they were resident in the Dakota apartment building in New York City. He mediated in their marital disputes, did his alleged best to take care of many of their business and domestic affairs and practically wiped the kid's bum himself. He remembers an astounding amount of conversation verbatim and — curiously — always had the best lines himself. His relationship with his clients was so open and honest that he never even told Lennon his real name (because, he claims, Yoko felt that Lennon would be jealous of any other Johns in the vicinity).

There are two main themes to Mr Green's work (that's if you don't count the main one, which is that John Green — or 'Charlie' as he was known to Lennon — is a damn fine chap) and both are pursued relentlessly. One is the demolition of the last Lennon myth (that of the loyal, loving 'house-husband' putting aside his own career in order to raise his son while Yoko did the business) and the other is the complete destruction of Yoko Ono's character and reputation. We learn that Lennon's withdrawal from active showbiz was caused, pure and simple, by a gynormous creative block brought on by his utter suppression and domination at the foul hands of the evil, neurotic Japanese bitch, the worst person that ever lived, Yoko Ono.

On and on it goes, an endless stream of remorseless vilification designed to make the reader hate Ono, pity Lennon and admire Green. The whole thing reeks of grudges being worked off and muck being slung for money. There's nothing in it remotely in the public interest, and it's as shabby a project as I've encountered for a while. I would not only never hire John Green to read cards for me, but I'd think twice about asking him to do so much as post a letter that I didn't want opened and quoted.

Whether it's true or not isn't even the issue. The issue is that the world is full of people who will sell out anybody or anything for money and a little taste of publicity. While this isn't a media crime on the level of the Rippercop's memoirs, it's still quite nasty enough for the time being.

John and Yoko, 1980.

SIMON SAYS

PAUL DU NOYER appraises the basic work of rock sociology

SOUND EFFECTS: YOUTH, LEISURE AND THE POLITICS OF ROCK'N'ROLL
by Simon Frith (*Constable, £4.95 paperback, £8.95 hardback*)

SOME TIME around 1970, the record division of the gigantic Columbia company took out advertisements for its latest range of rock product. The slogans ran: "The Revolutionaries Are On CBS" and "The Man Can't Bust Our Music".

A farce, obviously: the cynical posturing of a multinational passing itself off as some counter-cultural bastion, as The Hippies' Pal. In all, though, it was just a more-than-usually crude example of a recurring process: namely the efforts of a capitalist industry to colonise each successive trend, to buy it up at source and sell it back, repackaged, in the hope of profit.

This is the cycle – from street to boardroom, to shop and back to street – that Simon Frith analyses in *Sound Effects*. Scholarly more than slick, the book is a rewrite of his earlier *Sociology Of Rock* and shares that tome's academic overtones. A senior lecturer at Warwick, Frith is also a rock critic for *The Sunday Times* where his earnest prose provides a 20th century counterpart to the Victorian Values of Derek Jewell.

Musical critique, however, is not his concern here. Instead Frith presents a complex and densely-argued thesis on the economic and cultural implications of This Thing We Call Rock And Roll. In part, it runs something like this . . .

Rock owes its continuing existence to the industry which undertakes its mass-production, the record business. This leads snootier pundits, some Marxists included, to dismiss the form as a giant commercial scam, pure and simple, fed to a passive and endlessly manipulated audience.

Not so, says Simon – or not *entirely* so. Music has real roots in sub-cultures and communities; it's not conjured from thin air. The industry can't dictate its creation, only hope to capitalise on it. Nor can the business completely determine the meanings that people put on the product.

So whatever the ultra-cynics say, platinum logic has some limits. Scope remains for the (occasional) authenticity of rock as an expressive medium. And so long as the market, especially the young, makes its own sense of that music, then rock can claim some measure of independent significance.

***Sound Effects* is long on detail, the fruit of some very solid research; but it's short on surprises. Nobody with a close-ish interest in rock will find much to astonish, or annoy or delight. Frith's main achievement is probably in putting the case for pop as meriting some serious attention as a social phenomenon – a view his academic colleagues have gradually abandoned since the '60s.**

BIRO RHYTHMS

SMALL PRINT

Liverpool poet DAVE WARD looks at the latest books and mags on the words circuit

IF YOU like your poetry laced with rock'n'roll then **Ludds Mill** is for you. It's been on the road for around ten years, but shows no sign of growing old or jaded. Every new issue comes on in an adrenalin rush of new energy – that seems to take it farther, higher, breaking new territory each time, adding new voices to the band, making all the right connections. No. 18 boasts a previously unpublished poem from Jim Morrison, plus new work from Allen Ginsberg, Pat Fitzgerald, Poison Girls, Ivor Cutler and Peter Orlovsky. There's a poem by Lou Reed too – part of an article on the night he met William Burroughs. Not only that, but the collage-style layout is cram full of New Wave SF fiction, plus a long lowdown on fanzines, DIY records and tapes, SF fantasy mags, and poetry reviews. (*Ludds Mill* is 75p plus post and packing from Andrew Darlington, 44 Spa Croft Road, Teall Street, Ossett, West Yorks, WF5 0HE.)

051. The name is the Liverpool telephone code. This is the exchange – there's Liverpool voices here ringing out, old friends and chance callers dialling in. In issue No. 3 there's John Sweetnam and Paul Donnelly, Tony Harrison and Paul Gogarty. Why not tap the line? Less than the price of a long-distance phone call. (*051* is 25p plus post and packing from Pork Pie Press, Keith Whitelaw, 61 Wenlock Road, Liverpool 4.)
And if you'd *really* like poems on your phone try Merseyside's own **Dial-A-Poem** service (*051-486 2852*). It's been going for nearly four years now, with a weekly mix of famous names, local newcomers, and selections from favourite anthologies – a different poem every day.

The End. This fanzine has everything – fun, fashion, fads, interviews, letters, even music . . . and poems. Readers' poems feature in every issue, just the way they used to in most local papers. These are rhymes and reasons and pure political tirades banged out like old-style broadsheet ballads (*The End* is 25p plus post and packing from Phil Jones, 16 Steerscroft, Cantril Farm, Liverpool L28 8AG).

The Madness. (Stories from the Angel of Death). Dark words in league with dark drawings in a twisted parody of a strip cartoon. (*The Madness* is 30p plus post and packing from Better Badges, 286 Portobello Road, London W10.)

Sweet Lucy by Paul Evans. Suites for my sweet. (There's a *Greenhouse Suite* in this collection, and Paul has another booklet out – *The Mountain Suite*, 25p from Merseyside Poetry Minibooks Series.) "*Sugar works like a mole on the teeth/PASSIVE CONSUMPTION = OPIUM.*" At first you think this book is like a bag of sweets – the style looks straight-forward, easy to get through in an evening in front of the TV. Sprinkled with mouth-watering dedications to Kirk Douglas, Alfred Hitchcock, Philip Marlowe. I thought that a few weeks ago, and I'm still chewing over these poems now. Every one of them is a delight – but in such a different way. You can't be lured into taking one, then another, then another. You have to suck on them slowly, and like gob-stoppers they seem to keep changing their shape, their taste, their colour. No – they're not for passive consumption. If the sugar Paul Evans complains about is eating into his teeth, his poems get revenge by eating into your head. (*Sweet Lucy* is £2.90, paperback, published by Pig Press, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham DH1 4JY).

Up To Date by Steve Turner. Steve Turner's poems should be printed on bus tickets, beermats, matchbox labels, on giant hoardings across the city. They are gentle slogans for all the causes he believes in, but he's not selling anything you can *buy*. But when you've read this book (it's a collected edition of his previous two: *Tonight We Will Fake Love* and *Nice And Nasty*, along with new material) – you feel as if he's *given* you something positive to hang onto in a world so certain of its own uncertainties. The only thing to buy is the book itself. No, buy two – one to keep on your bookshelf (if that's where you think poetry should be kept), and one to cut up so you can stick the poems on the back of bus seats, leave them out with the empties for the milkman and under the plate as a tip for anyone who wants to pick it up. (*Up To Date* is £1.95, paperback, published by Hodder & Stoughton.

ON THE BOX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

trailblazing for the gutter (de)press(ion). Timely. **(C4)**

SUNDAY SEPT 4

Hurling – The All Ireland Final. Yeah! Forget American football – let's hear it for the subtle and graceful sportsmanship of Hurling. Pity 'tis on between 3 and 5 – ie, pity the barbaric Sunday Licensing Law. Hurling down of Guinness obligatory Money down on Cork or Kilkenny. **(C4)**

The Cat and Canary (Elliott Nugent 1939). Backdated, the brilliantine Bob Hope for supper. **(C4)**

MONDAY SEPT 5

The GodFather – The Complete Story. All this and *Close Encounters 2*. The Coppola-spliced USA TV marriage of the two *Godfathers*. A great marathon (tonight, tomorrow, Thursday and Friday) causing consternation amongst video bores and nostalgia amongst those of us who think Coppola's gone gaga. Coppola, Brando, De Niro, Duvall, Pacino, Caan – an opera of immigrant American ambitions, and I don't just mean the subject matter. **(BBC1)**

Back into brief new schedule-speak for multitudinous cross-channel choice. BBC1 follows its honourable *Godfather* acquisition with the unfortunately reinstated Barry Norman. **Film '83**, of course, has nothing to do with Film and everything to do with Norman's view (of himself).

More interesting look: **C4's How To Be Celtic** (poor title), whose blurb promises much; let's hope it eradicates the memory of their recent 'B'-documentary *Ulster Landscapes*. Notable is the first returning programme of **BBC2's Riverside** – with Paul weller, Seething Wells and the Coppola-produced dud Koyaanisqatsi; the most boring TV magazine edition ever?

TUESDAY SEPT 6

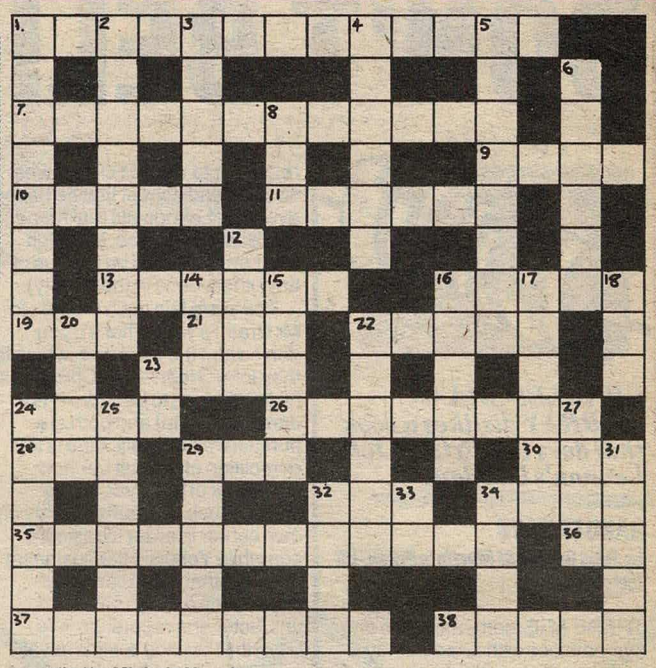
The return of **Angels** (good last series but a bit Liberal) but not much to choose from between **Animal Magic**, a new series of **Loose Talk** and the re-vamped **Night Thoughts** (formerly **Sit Up And Listen**). I'm mildly excited by today, however, featuring as it does a new series of (cue ecstatic but frankly unconvincing impersonation of tuba fanfare, tickertape reception, terpsichorean raptures around the room) . . . **TAXI!!! (BBC1)** Suicide is *not* a valid philosophical quandary.

WEDNESDAY SEPT 7

The Gathering Seed. Possibly a historical-overview *Boys From The Blackstuff*, possibly dewy-eyed dour social realism, British TV style. Jim Allen is author – he of goodness in *The Spongers* and panoramic over-ambition in *United Kingdom*. First of six, detailing the risen and fallen seed of British '30s socialist utopian hope. **(BBC1)**

Ian Penman

NME CROSSWORD



compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES ACROSS

1. Wandering from TG infamy to CTI obscurity and now practising psychic aerobics. (5,3,5)
7. Showaddywaddy revive the lunar aspects of love. (5,3,4)
9. A typical cutter, like Ari? (4)
10. As in Sutch's Monster Raving Party. (5)
11. Once again, Sam, we find that Bogey never even said it. (4,2)
13. Part of your survival Kitt for this planet? (6)
16. Parallel/Straight. . . Blondie/New Musik. (5)
19. The cuddly part of Ms Wilcox (forget reality). (3)
21. Edgar A, writer of *Eureka*. (3)
22. How natural for Gilbert to be thus. (5)
23. Dawn for Mike, Virgin darling. (4)
24. What the Bitch is. (4)
26. The Creatures get punctual. (5,3)
28. How many Young Dudes does it take before Bowie sings about them? (3)
29. Man/Woman/Cave/Out Of Hell. That sounds like the history of the world. (3)
30. Big Ert?? (3)
32. The type of Day X-Ray Spex had. (3)
34. X Gen X hero-worship. (4)
35. Ah, Virgin again. Well, all those dollar signs are bound to affect the Cab's sight eventually. (6.6)
36. "*Ich, ich bin der Konig und __, __, Konigen*", German 'Heroes'. (2)
37. The song that's probably clocked up more royalties than any other. Or am I just being nostalgic? (9)
38. "*Then we went down ----- Square, Ever since I've been hanging round there*", off 'Transformer', in case you can't place it instantly. (5)

CLUES DOWN

1. One-time Ronnie Scott's venture featuring Subway Sect just before the operation (leading to JoBoxers). (4,4)
2. Hot cash from 28 Across. Sounds a bit like 'Sister Midnight'. . . (3,6)
3. Those feline ranters and ravers, off the mark. (5)
4. +**22D.** Lame stag cons band waiting for a miracle after total war. (6,6)
5. O! Physicist agog! (8)
6. Buster, Charles or just plain sex symbol. (6)
8. Triple this for Scritti. (3)
12. +**15D.** If Floyd had a mother she was pretty strange. (4,5)
14. Initials found on every record. If only they meant what they said. (1,1,1)
15. See **12 Down**.
16. Windsor Davies' partner in a song a few years back, or up. (5)
17. Er- something missing from the reformed division. (3,3)
18. Solo careerist who isn't. (3)
20. As in of the mouth. (4)
22. See **4 Down**.
23. This jive is fine with me. (2)
24. A crummy 24 hours for Carmel. (3,3)
25. And if 12 Down had a point it was obscured by this. (6)
27. Ron or Roy, but don't let the trees distract you. (4)
29. Stiff stars from another epoch. (5)
31. Lady sings the Eltons. (5)
32. Ms X, the do it yourself mover. (4)
33. Skin noise. (2)
34. A Furs' continent loses a letter to sound like the alternative chart. (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Gang Of Four, 6. Fiction, 10. Edwin Starr, 11. Ranking, 12. Nag Nag Nag, 13. Pussycat, 17 + 25D+44A. Son Of A preacher Man, 18. Aston, 19. Eagles, 21. Solar, 23. Dread, 24. No Future, 25. Poco, 26 + 3D. My Own Way, 27. Rye, 29. Ade, 30. Tir, 31. Sad, 33. Rea, 35 + 34D. Speak Like A Child, 37. Amen, 38. Graph, 39. On My Radio, 40. Ha, 41. Pye, 42. see 1D, 43. Ant, 44. see 17A, 45. Red.

DOWN: 1. Green, Green Grass Of Home, 2. New Age, 3. see 26A, 4. On A Carousel, 5. Rare, 6. Formula, 7. Can't Stand Losing You, 8 + 15D. If I Could, 9. Night And Day, 14. Cutler, 15. see 8D, 16. Clout, 20. Sound, 22. Rio, 25. see 17A, 28. Edelman, 29. Acker, 30. The Hop, 32. Dreamer, 34. see 35A, 36. India.

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After the excitement of David Bowie's European Tour, the new issue of 'Starzone' (number eight) presents an in-depth memory bank of the shows, full of photographs, assessments and first hand accounts.

Stretching to an extra 8 pages, with a four page colour photo centre section illustrating the Hammersmith Charity concert, the 'Serious Moonlight' Tour is fully documented from the first night at Brussells to the last show at Milton Keynes.

There's also an interview with photographer Ray Stevenson, who photographed Bowie during the early days providing many interesting and amusing stories from those times. Complete with never before seen photos of Bowie and the Hype at the Roundhouse. A Review of 'The Pitt Report' and much more including details of how you can obtain information on a major event in the Bowie calendar toward the end of the year.

'Starzone' 8 costs £1.30 inc. P&P. Available from: 'Starzone' PO Box 225, Watford, Herts, WD1 7QG.

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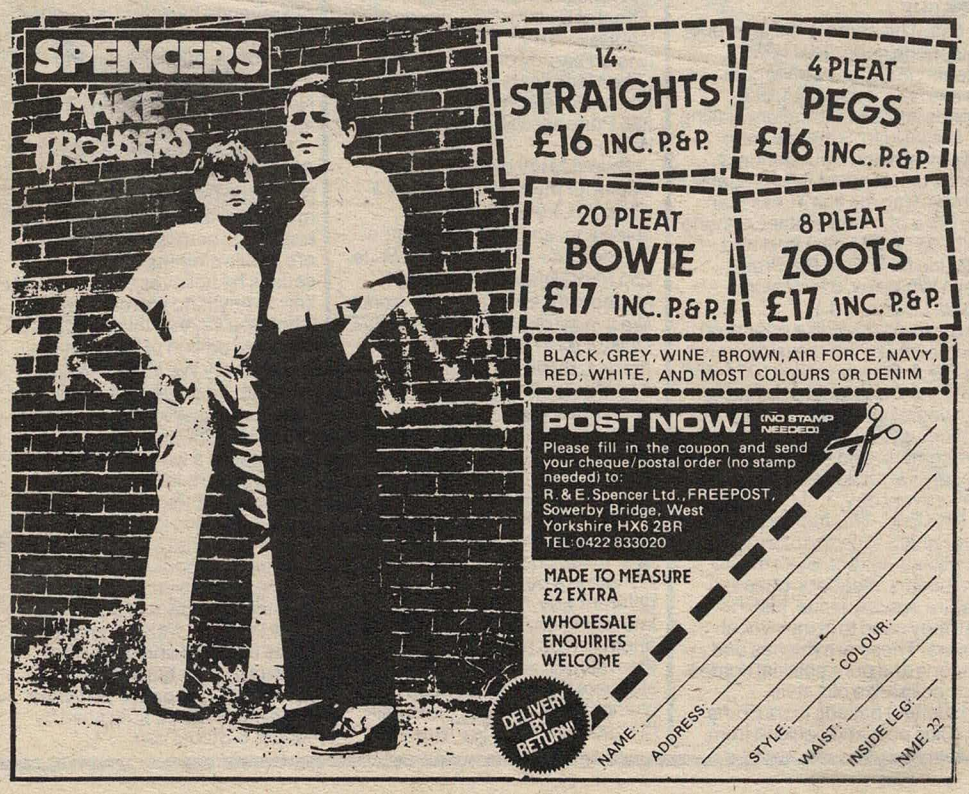
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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

No work of men's hands but the weary years beseige and take it . . . a futursupa late session is held every Thursday at Hermitage Road corner, Green Lanes, N4 when Pupa Charjan presents live and direct entertainment from 10pm till. . . Featuring Jack Reuben, Sister Shorty, Major Chucky, Shelly Ann, Tuff Gong, Minister, Hornsey Annee, Peter Rankinn and the sounds of Marcus Int + Mystic Round Beat. . . **comes its evil day:** . . . every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at the Mentmore Club, 17 Mentmore Terrace, Hackney, E8 entertainment by Mighty Emporer Freedom sound and Mighty Observer with Junior Ranking & Sister Mel & Papa Joe at the control tower . . . **the written word alone flouts destiny** . . . at St Clements Cave, Hastings on Friday from 7pm live onstage Southall nine-piece Natural Roots. Coaches leave Southall Red Lion, Uxbridge Road and Luton town hall at 5.30pm. Tickets £7 from Fasim on Slough (75) 77588 . . . **revives the past and gives the lie to Death**. . . also on Friday dance at the Triangle music workshop at 97 Dalston Lane, E8 with live onstage Cruzial plus sounds of Eastman with operator Ian Metro, selector and MC General E, also Dirty J from 9pm till 2am. . . **God's finger made its furrow in the rock in letters** . . . sports and beachwear outing to Margate-on-Sea on Saturday and rock to the sound of Playboy International at the New Athelstan Hotel. Coaches leave Ridley Road market, E8 at 8.30am. Returns midnight. Tickets: £8 from Andy 01-739 4724 . . . **when he gave his folk the law**. . . at the Great Western Royal Hotel, Praed Street, W2 on Saturday is held Miss Grenada UK 1983 finals — 7pm to 1am — featuring live onstage Nola Fontaine with Soul Incorporated. Sounds by Lord William Hi Power. Tickets 01-603 7448. . . **and things that are** . . . also on Saturday is a sportswear party night at the West Indian restaurant, 36 Dalston Lane, E8 with Junior Disney. Free drinks and buffet. Tickets £3 . . . **and have been** . . . soul, jazz, funk and reggae every Monday — from 7pm till 2.30am — at the International Nite Club, 29 Tidal Basin Road, E16 groovin to the Fatman road show + Cabana soul sound. Adm. £1.50. Dress to impress!. . . **and may be**. . . and from next Tuesday at Covent Garden's Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2 is an exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture by Sonia Boyce, Lubaina R A Himid, Claudette Johnson, Houria Niati and Veronica Ryan entitled *5 Black Women* daily Monday to Friday 10am to 5.30pm. The show runs until October 4. . . **their secret with the written word abides**. . . finally, issue 15 of zine *Small Axe* features a cover story on Eek-A-Mouse, a Q/A with Linval Thompson, Michael Prophet, reviews of Reggae George, Ruddy Thomas, Meditations, Original Rockers, Johnny Clarke, Josey Wales, Freddie McGregor LPs plus more. Price 35p inc p&p from Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, E16 3QP. . .

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12" STEVIE NICKS Stand back/Garbo/Wild heart (P)	2.25
12" MEN AT WORK Dr. Heckyll/D. Under live + 2 (P)	1.99
12" JOURNEY After the fall/Rubicon/Any way/Believing (P)	2.25
12" F.O.S. Not me talking (5.00)/Tanglimara/Traveller (P)	2.25
12" DIAMOND HEAD Making music (6.05)/interview etc (13.05) (P)	2.35
L.P. ROLLING STONES Who's standing in the shadow; Best Live History 65/66/69; Rolling Berry's (All Splendid Jap Imports with lyric inserts (All different pic sleeves to any British) each	9.95
L.P. AGNETHA Wrap your arms (Jap) + lyrics etc)	11.95
L.P. VANGELIS Music from Antarctica (Jap) + insert)	12.95
12" B. MANILOW Hot tonight (remix)/Let's get on (P)	1.50
12" MADNESS Wings of dove (E)/Behind bath One's second (P)	2.25
12" BIG COUNTRY Crossing/Tracks tears/Chance (P)	2.25
12" SPECIAL A.K.A. Bright lights (2 mixes)/Racist (2 mix) (P)	2.25
12" HOT 100 Prime Time (- T. Shirt) (This Week Only) (P)	2.99
12" J. PRIEST Tyrant/Rockarolla/Genocide (White v.) (P)	2.50
12" B. IDOL Mony/Baby Talk/Untouchables/Dancing with myself (long version) (+ free poster) (P)	5.99
7" JOURNEY Dancing night away/Our love a crime (I) (P)	1.85
7" S. BALLET Lifeline (Diff. P.) (J)	2.99
7" YAZOO Walk away from Love/Ode (Diff. P.) (J)	2.99
7" P. BENATAR Looking for a stranger/I'll do it (P) (J)	2.99
7" F. O. SEAGULLS Wishing (Diff. P) (J)	2.99
7" E. L. O. Secret messages/After all (P) (J)	2.99
NOTE: (J) = Superior Jap import + Lyric insert.	
L.P. GARY MOORE Dirty fingers/Hiroshima/Bad News/Misunderstood/Run to mama/N. Attack/Kidnap/Really gonna rock/Lonely nights/R.I.P. (Splendid Jap import + Lyric insert)	11.95
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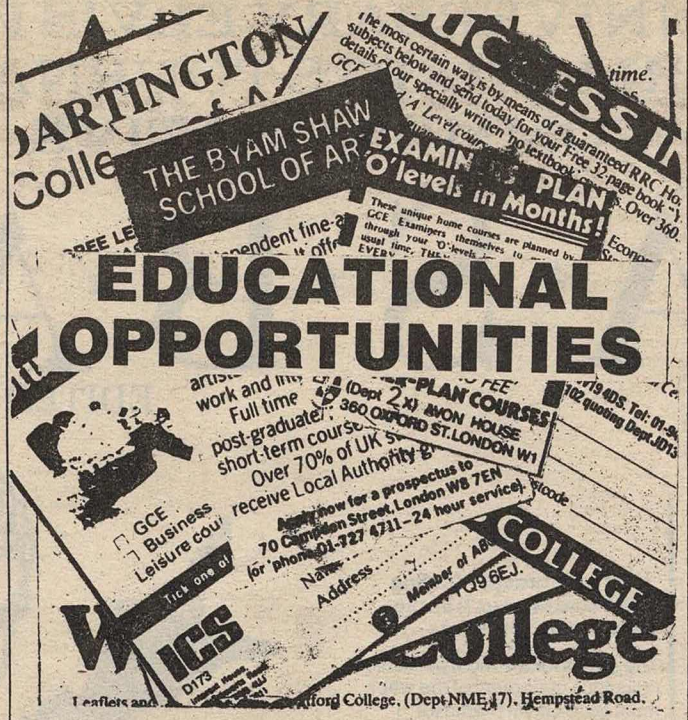

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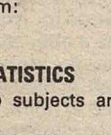

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EDITED BY DON WATSON

MEET ROGER. Roger is your typical *NME* reader, he probably likes New Order and pretends to remember the days of Joy Division ("O, yeah, course I was there then . . ."). He believes swearing mindlessly will mysteriously give him some status compatible with maturity (re: the absurd overusage of swear words in your rag—esp the ludicrous and aptly titled *Gasbag*). He also thinks chart music is for kids (re: your perpetual elitist comments with regard to the unpretentious *Smash Hits*).

In short Rog buys an elitist, 'TRENDY', 'hip' student orientated rag that says nothing for people without at least an inkling of a middle class background (they're the ones with a culture compatible with its style). And he buys it BECAUSE it's very clever to know what no-one else knows even if the charts represent the majority of people's tastes. Remember, if the *NME's* heard it—you probably haven't . . . Rog tells me he's going to see Test Department next month, not that I blame him of course.

Mike, Bookham.

Good for Rog! At least it shows he's open minded enough to see the wonderful Test Dept. rather than condemning them out of hand. I think it's sad that you cling to the attitude that what the vast majority of people like is *necessarily* good, or that anything you haven't heard is necessarily bad. Personally with Spandau at No. 1 and Maggie at No. 10 I don't have a great deal of faith in the majority of people's taste right now.—DW

Do you remember the good old days of debates on feminism when Monty Smith used to edit the letters? He was obnoxious simply because he tried to be, and enough people realised that the best thing to do was ignore him and hope he'd go away. Thankfully he eventually did. But now letters on feminism are edited by Andy Gill, who is obnoxious not because he tries to be but because he just has no idea of what he's talking about.

LISTEN YOU BRAINLESS PILLOCK! The point is not that women like Eve Powell feel that they have to behave in the way depicted in video "nasties", or that they believe such behaviour to be the norm in women. The point is that MEN start to see women in this way—a point surely borne out by the letter from the person whose daughter was raped by two youths who'd been watching this filth. And maybe, as you point out in your pathetic attempts to justify your arguments Mr. Gill, they were just using this as an excuse. If that is the case it is every citizen's duty to do all in his/her power to remove the possibility of such an excuse ever being used again.

S. Roberts, Leominster, Herefordshire.

It's not MEN but MORONS who are incapable of distinguishing between crass fiction and real life.—DW

Anyone want to see some of my videos?—The spirit of Elvis Presley

I have nothing but admiration for the stand you have taken on the pornography/feminism issue. I expect you will have received letters of the "we'll have your balls" variety—the resort of those who have nothing to offer to the debate. What you say about the psyche of the group rule relegating personal responsibility is one of the most important things said in *NME* for aeons. There is no doubt that this trend led to the election of Thatcher—she is a medicine toting nanny providing the easy option for the hate-to-think kiddies of this land. By the same stimulus trivialism evolved and a hundred other negative things.

Many feminists display the same mentality (male *vs* female). What exasperates me is that they often credit men with the intellectual and decision-making powers of the average newt. They seem to think that if *Danish Tulip-pickers Lust* is playing at the flicks, unquestionably every male in the district will go and see it, thereafter undertaking a campaign of rape and pillage rivalling Genghis Khan.

There is sexist pornography. There is non-sexist pornography. Surely the critical issue for feminism is to combat the stereotyping that goes on in the paper and TV, of which pornography that degrades women is a tacky end product! I would dearly love to know the reaction that would arise in sterling feminists if they were shown a simple film of a man and a woman making love and enjoying it. I have an unpleasant feeling they might still object.

Finally what is all this paranoid crap from E. Powell? She speaks as if rape is the only form of violence on our streets and that women are the only ones qualified to talk about sexual offences. I can too dear—I was molested at the age of 10.

An unashamed male, Southend.

Being, like other people, a person who found a recent fondness for 'Swing' I was mildly pleased to see Fred Dellar's article in *NME* (6/8/83). Obviously well written and well investigated, it stuck to Louis Jordan and his music until Fred found it within himself to make a stupid and small minded statement that typifies the attitude of your music paper. Quote:— "Until Reagan presses the button they'll never emulate Jordan".

Now I could stomach reading interviews with Tony Benn and Ken Livingstone just to hear what they had to say. But when a journalist slips in a statement like that it only goes to prove that he, along with the rest of the *NME* staff *are* pro Russian.

Otherwise it might have been "until Andropov presses the button", if your paper was even a little open minded about politics.

If Mr Dellar is under the impression that the American nation or its representatives ie Reagan, should be seen as an aggressor then he is a bigger idiot than his article leads you to believe.

I suggest you cut out all this socialism cum neo-communist crap if you still want to be looked upon as a music paper when someone does press the button.

A. G. Wood, Leicester.

We just hope they press it before the weekly editorial meeting.—DW

I would like to know why *NME* interview out and out left wing groups, and never interview groups from the other side of the political spectrum. I refer to the interview with The Redskins. I am neither a supporter of the extreme left or the extreme right, but I do believe in impartiality. Surely if you are going to do an interview with The Redskins then why not redress the balance with the singer of a right wing skinhead group such as Skrewdriver?

This then puts the view of both bands forward and lets the readers make up their own mind.

Alan Healy (A Democrat).

We are quite happy to interview "right wing groups" (Killing Joke? Rod Stewart?) but not to give space to fascists—NS

The award for the most politically ridiculous statement of the week must go to Gavin Martin for "I suppose it's very easy being Communist in South Africa, if you can enjoy the comforts of being white" *(NME 20/8/83)*.

Communism (*broadly* defined) is about the only thing you can't get away with in South Africa if you are white. Bram Fischer didn't find if particularly easy. Neither did Ruth First. They are only two of many white, Communist South Africans who have paid dearly for their efforts to bring justice to their country. For a compelling, well-written and informed account of what it's like to be Communist—or be associated with Communists—in modern South Africa, I suggest that Gavin pick up Nadine Gordimer's *Burger's Daughter*. This might be a good start along the road to recovery; that is, of his own, and the *NME's*, political credibility.

Michael, Oxford. (an at least halfways informed student)

***Burger's Daughter?* Sounds like my kind of book.—The Spirit of EP.**

In the last Bauhaus interview, the reporter went so far as to admit that he doesn't like the group. The paper is always saying how shit they are, so how do you explain a ticket sell-out at all their gigs?

Mark, Guildford.

Mass stupidity?—DW

Why does Shane MacGowran of the Pogues think he holds the monopoly on Irishness? I should think that with names like O'Hara, Kilkenny and Brennan, Dexys have some right to introduce an Irish element into their looks, so what if they wear dungarees, no shoes and grow stubble? Maybe they really are tinkers.

Sierse O'Donovan, Southampton.

Right! Wot I wanna know is when are the bastard Spandau Ballet singing the next bastard Bond theme song?

Darren "Cubby" Shakespeare.

What I want to know is when is your mate McMillan going to stop making up things about me—The Spirit of EP

I've waited and waited and waited, but no-one is saying it for me. This year *NME* has become catastrophically boring, dull, bland, ordinary, faceless: Just A N other Music Paper. And the severity of your malaise has been typified, captured, in the form of the arrival and regular inclusion of Paolo Hewitt, a *Melody Maker* reject for god's sake!

Not only is Paolo Hewitt a jerk, a hippy and an idiot but he IS the most boring, predictable, safe, bland writer ever (EVER) to have graced the pages of the beloved *NME*.

This is FACT. Do you "dig" Paolo? Are the "vibes" getting through Paolo? Have you realised your position is not "cool" Paolo?

Kick him back to the *MM* (though even they must know he's too boring by NOW). In despair, I implore you: start a campaign. This man MUST go.

Jane Tusker.

He's a real gone cat—DW

I am sick to death of the praise afforded to Paul Weller in this organ.

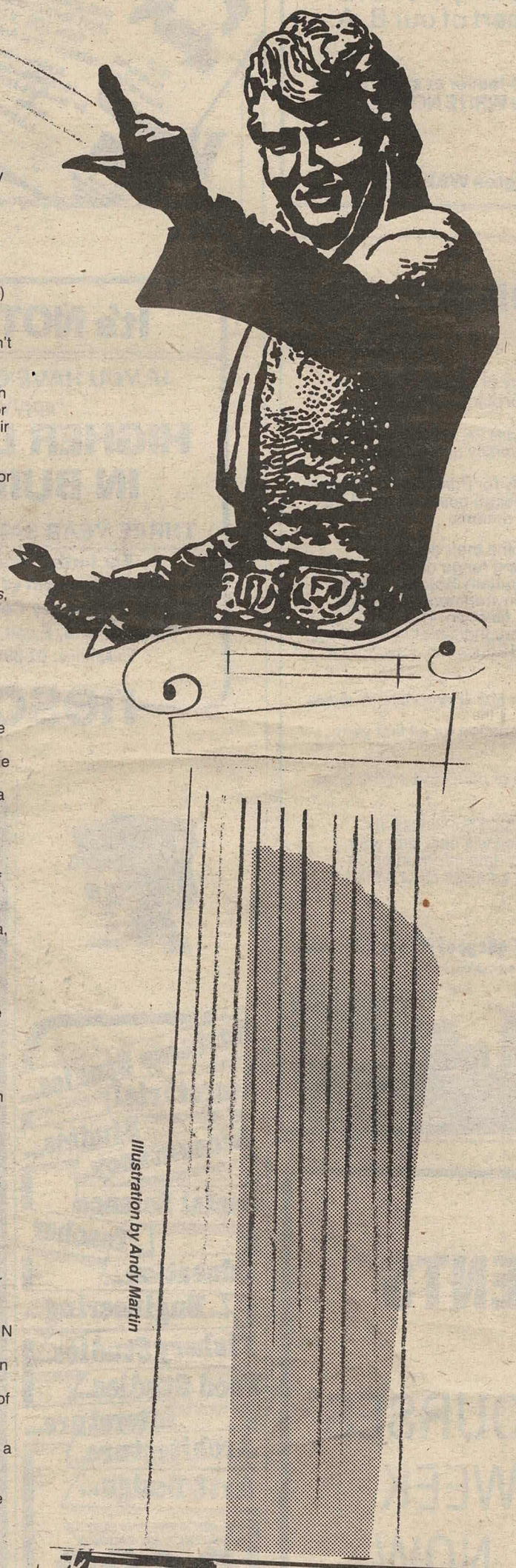


Illustration by Andy Martin

SHOOT THAT POISON ARROW TO GASBAG 5-7 CARNABY ST, LONDON W1V 1PG

'Soulful' Weller's ugly plagiarism is glaringly obvious—his utilisation of brittle, leaden rock structures and mannerisms circa Who '67, plus his courtship with Mod—that cleancut, complacent and tribalistic narrow mindedness akin to H.M. or Ska—regressive and square compared to Punk and its offspring. As Mark E. Smith pointed out, The Jam's marriage to mod was just a case of more youth masturbation.

After shedding The Jam, Weller cultivates more nonsense in the guise of The Style Council, aided by such dullards as an ex Merton Parka and the epitome of blank, bald youth—Tracie. Their limp songs sure fit besides Freeez and Paul Young.

As for Weller's 'political message', maybe he did conjure up "insights" for his sheeplike fans, but this achievement is checked by the aforementioned attitude and mentality which is as radical as Spandau or The Clash.

Pavlov's Dog, Huddersfield.

Well said that man—DW

The X. Moore school of Soulful singing, Lesson One.
Ah Hoooooooooooooooooooo
Wa yeah!

Teman, Kendleshire.

Wa yeah—The Spirit of Elvis Presley

How come that most essential of writers, X. Moore, never gets a namecheck in your credits list or is he masquerading under a pseudonym? Have I unwittingly uncovered some kind of identity crisis or is it really just plain old Roy Carr as I suspect? Please, reveal all.

Chris Walker, Doncaster.

X. Mole was removed from the contributors list when it was discovered that he had an undeclared degree in Marxist Economics and Applied Paul Weller impersonations. Further investigations revealed that he was in fact a 36 year old ex British Leyland worker attempting to burrow his way into the teen consciousness. "I'm glad it's over," quoth X on discovery, "those hiking boots were playing blue murder with me varicose veins."—DW

For someone who is so proud to write on a realistic level, about every day events, Phil Redmond *(NME 20/8/83)* talks a load of bullshit; re – *Boys From The Blackstuff*: "In one of the programmes there was signing on and doing a job at the same time . . . here is a guy who is undermining the whole fabric of society. So in a democracy, should we be feeling sympathy for this character?" What democracy eh? And, of course, we *should* have sympathy for a guy who is moonlighting on the dole in order to allow his family to live like human beings.

Second point; if he knew anything about how the Falklands war was "won" the belligerent Mr. Redmond would not be spouting bellicose comments such as it was: "a few old boats and a lot of good luck."

Go and read stuff that'll stimulate the grey matter Phil, rather than vomitting stuff that stimulates the bank balance. Better still, go back to quantity surveying – and lower my blood pressure.

P.R. Exterminator, Solihull.

I would like to say to Ellie Ling that the reason her first novel sold *at all* was that the cover copy I wrote for it, quoting The Who and The Beatles and generally being hip and subculture conscious, was 15 time better than the book itself.

Yours humbly,

Mark Bastable, copywriter for Star Books (April '78 — Jan '80)

T-ZERS

NEVER ONE to flinch from the slings and arrows of pop's more — shall we say — *volatile* characters, your 'Voice Of Sport' *T-zers* correspondent finds himself reporting ringside from Brighton this week where **Gary** 'Chin 'Em' **Kemp**, in a bid to regain his world title, found himself being interviewed by Southern Sound, a new commercial radio station.

During the course of the bout Kemp was asked by presenter **Beki Mannasseh** whether he thought lifting four singles off one LP was pushing it a bit. "Not at all," retorted Flyweight Kemp. "*You* may be able to buy LPs but lotsa kids can't."

But, came back Beki's admirable left hook, when the 'kids' have to fork out £2 for a single every time, that actually works out more expensive than buying the LP.

"I'm not fucking answering these questions," came the Golden Boy Of Pap's considered answer. "So you only want me to ask questions that you want to be asked?" Beki replied coolly. But it was too late. The Ref had stood in and Kemp had fled the studio. Southern Sound will now run the interview but with the offending words bleeeeped! . . .

Speaking of rash outbursts, the proposed tour of America by those diamond geezers **Elt** and **Rod** will go out under the moniker of 'The Apocalypse Now Tour'. One absolutely amazing stunt the boys have in mind involves the use of helicopters to take them over the audiences so that they can serenade them from above. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No it's two old age pensioners playing silly buggers . . .

Not content with selling more copies of 'Thriller' per week than the above can manage in a lifetime, **Michael Jackson** is currently working with **Spielberg** on a film of *Peter Pan*, singing a duet with **Barbra Streisand** on her up and coming **Quincy Jones** produced LP and hanging out with **Fred** 'I Didn't Get To See Carmel' **Mercury** in another studio . . .

Amidst all the fuss about the Brighton Sex Beasts (how about the girl who was raped two days before??), **Lee Edwards,** head of PIE (Paedophile Information Exchange) turned up on TV wearing U2's 'Boy' T-shirt the other night. . .

Yosser Hughes popped into the office the other day with a strange note concerning **Pete** 'Rockist' **Wylie**. Apparently anyone who has the nerve to even comment about his increasing waistline is subjected to both physical and verbal violence. Transfer him to Sunderland is what we say . . .

Nik Cohn, author of *Tribal Rites Of Saturday Night*, the New York magazine article which formed the basis of *Saturday Night Fever*, has been indicted with five other defendants by a US Federal Grand Jury charging them with importing over $350,000 worth of heroin into the US from India. Also arrested several months ago with Cohn was **Ben Brierley,** one time hubby of **Marianne Faithful,** but it's not known whether he too has been indicted. Who nose? . . .

Au! what a Pair. The following information comes from an 'official' press release just issued by three of the **Au Pairs** who wish to establish the following facts. **Lesley Woods** has not disappeared but is working with **Schlaflose Nachte** in Holland. **Jane Munro** is working with **Apple On A Drum** who are About To Sign A Major Deal and **Paul Foad** and **Pete Hammond** are working on an 'unnamed project' with some other musicians we've never heard of either. They also wish it known that their recent chart flop 'Live In Berlin' was an unauthorised release. "This should be apparent," the blurb goes, "from its poor quality and the banality of the cover design and sleeve notes." To be quite honest we really hadn't noticed. . .

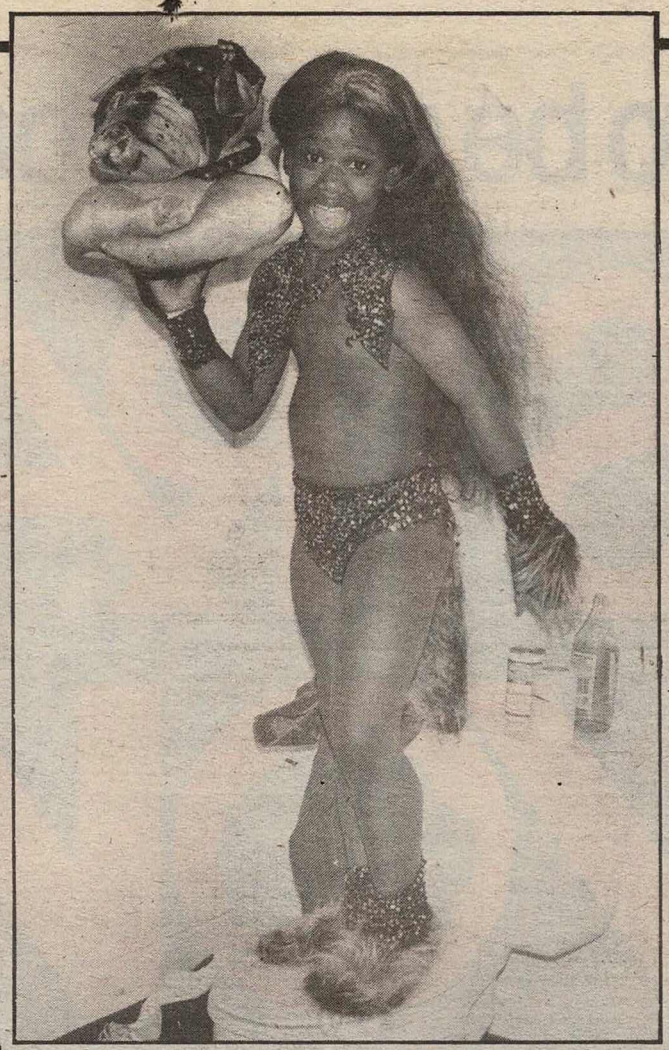
Stomachs up! Under the 24-hr-a-day supervision of 'head doctor' **Dr. Eugene Landy, Beach Boy Brian Wilson** has kicked his 60 fags a day habit and lost a 100 lbs of weight. Said Wilson, "I've been through a great deal of anguish when I felt like a fat slob." . . .

Talking of which, the new economy-sized **Andy Gill** was seen carousing in the company of a rejuvenated and frankly libatious **Ian Penman** at last Thursday's exclusive Camden Palace bash to mark the opening of the frankly tedious **David Bowie** film *Many Happy Tax Returns Mr Bowie*. Packed with the kind of people who shave their bottoms before they go out in case they meet somebody they know, the event provided prime shutter-fodder for the lurking *papparazzi*. Among those forced at sword-point to consume vast quantities of disgusting raw fish were directors **Nagisa Oshima** and **Nic Roeg,** actpersons **Theresa Russell** and **John Hurt,** scriptwriter **Paul Mayersberg,** fragrant songstresses **Lynsey De Paul, Sandie Shaw** and **Limahl,** and music-hall entertainers **Jeffrey Daniels** and **Nick Heyward,** plus the usual — nay, ubiquitous — contingent of mirrorgazing **Spandaus.** Large portions of **Steve Strange** served as Camp Commandant for the night. Owning your own club means never having to worry about crashing other people's parties . . .

ONE STAR who wasn't there was Russian popster **Katya Surzhikova,** who according to the *Guardian* has been told by a Moscow "newspaper" to clean up her act. Scantily clad Katya's act consists of singing whilst standing on her head — now would we lie to you? — which fails to adhere to the "aesthetic norms" operating in the land of the free. The only aesthetic norm we know of is the lovable rotund barfly from *Cheers* . . .

Hold the front page! **Jock McDonald**'s just phoned to say that **The Bollock Brothers** have been voted 'Best New Live Band From The UK' in a critics' poll at the De Panne Festival in Belgium. And you thought we were kidding about the Belgians . . .

Among those seen wilding it up at this year's Carnival meantime was one **Jeffrey Daniels** of **Shalamar,** who was last seen being hotly pursued down Ladbroke Grove by a posse of young ladies evidently intent on getting their pound of flesh, or at least a lock of floppy fringe . . .



THIS ELFIN cherub is BABY GEORGE, latest offspring/prodigy of the P-Funk stable and George Clinton's Great Teen Hope for the burgeoning kiddiepop mart. Groomed for future Princedom, the shy, angelic 12-year old is seen here in his role as a funkotic Motor City mutation of the brat in Mad Max 2. *During a recent P-Funk gathering in Detroit, the precocious bub is said to have lost control and "done the doggy" with a 300lb woman who'd had herself hoisted onstage by bouncers. We are assured this is all Good Clean Fun and we believe it.*

The laughably named **Enfants Terribles** — a quarter of **Rip Rigs** with a further foursome of new names — claim to have already composed a few score new songs in their first fortnight of existence. RR&P meanwhile played their farewell gig at the Notting Hill Carnival, with nary a dry eye under the Westway. Meantime, a solo LP beckons for **Mark** 'Perfect Body' **Springer,** though not with Virgin Records . . .

Despite this crippling setback to the future of Virgin, the **Richard Branson** world domination programme proceeds apace. Not content with gobbling up Charisma — much to the chagrin of **Malcolm McLaren,** who is reported to be less than thrilled that his arch-enemy once more controls his contract — the debonair young millionaire is starting another label, the mysteriously-monikered 'Ten', whose first signing is **Lenny Henry.** This week also sees the opening of **The Canal Club,** another Branson leisure enterprise a mere stone's throw from the supremo's houseboat . . .

A frankly frank **Frank Zappa** has lost his moustache. Seems the sad little clump of hair got sick and tired of propping up the ancient bore's enormous hooter. "I'm sick and tired of propping up the ancient bore's enormous hooter," said a frankly exasperated moustache last week. "He's so mean he refuses to buy hankies, and the amount of mucous slime that drips from those cavernous nostrils is frankly stalactitic!". Frank's nose was reported to be deeply offended. "I'm deeply offended," it said on being told the news, "and I think this frankly fallacious *T-Zer* has gone quite far enough." . . .

Matt 'The The' Johnson has gone temporarily near blind. After listening to his records, we're not surprised . . . **Johnny Ramone,** on the other hand, is getting better. His health, not his guitar playing . . . And while we're on the subject of doom, disease and despondency, **Jerry Lee Lewis'** fifth wife died last week. 25 year old Shawn is thought to have taken a sleeping pill overdose . . .

Video nasty shock horror! **Bill Nelson** has fallen prey to the vile video disease sweeping the known world. Grown men wept at the news that Bill, rehearsing with **Yukihiro Takahashi**'s band, was hospitalised when hit on the head by a video camera wielded by a music-loving cameraman presumably incensed by Nelson's work on the new **Gary Numan** album . . .

Dahling lead singer and all-round sweetie pie **Turkey Bones,** of the **Wild Dogs** popular music group, reportedly mystified by comparisons between his group and the late, lamentable **Birthday Party.** The fact that Turkey's been spotted at every BP gig for the past few years has no bearing on this matter, of course . . .

Rusty Egan, attempting to cash in on the **Spielberg/Landis/Miller/Dante** omnibus movie *The Twilight Zone* by releasing a single of the same title. It does *not* appear in the movie. Rusty's last single, you'll be hard pushed to remember, was 'Wild Style', by sheer coincidence the title of another recently-released film which he had nothing to do with . . .

Neil Young has woken up! . . . **Einsturzende Neubauten** to record a version of 'The Typewriter Song'? . . . **Lemmy** has gone to sleep! . . . **Bob Dylan** has had his hair straightened! Seems Bob's now joined the Temple Of The Upright Follicle, an obscure Californian cult dedicated to the removal of curly hair and the amassing of large sums of money. The Temple's adherents — who include the newly liberated and frankly snotty moustache of **Frank Zappa** — perform rites involving pubic hair and **Kurt Russell Thing**-style flamethrowers . . .

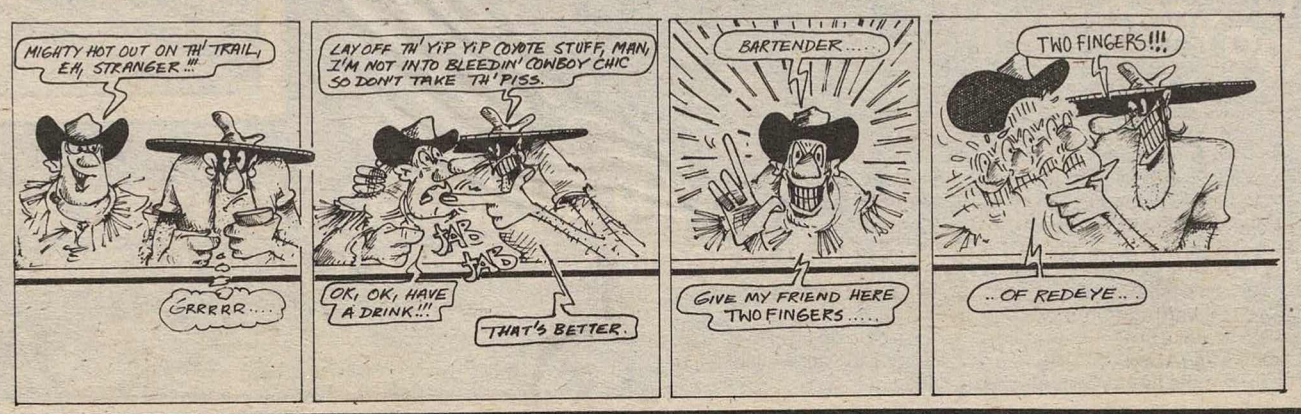
David Bowie has broken up. The shock news come to us courtesy David's left leg, which hopped into the office the other day with tears running down its thigh. Physical differences are blamed . . .

STOP PRESS!!! Frank's moustache has left the Temple Of The Upright Follicle to take up a position slightly south of **Barry Manilow**'s nose. "You may think me masochistic," says the frankly furry appendage, "but at least Barry blows his nose occasionally. Can't say I'm too happy with the scent he puts on his hankies, mind" . . .

note oilskin base — lowry

AT THE CLUB REPTILIA Y MULTO TROPICANO..
WHY DON'T WE BOOK MONTY & THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS FOR A SEASON, RUSTY?.
WHAAAT!!
HEAD NURD.
THAT UN-RESTRUCTURED ROCKIST IS TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE TO OUR CLIENTELE!!
VICTORIAN VALUES NIGHT!.
HAVE YOU HEARD, PRESIDENT REAGAN HAS NUKED NICARAGUA?
WHO'S IT BY, DARLING, SPENDAU BALLET?.
COLLAPSE OF STOUT-PARTY, ECONOMY, ETC.
I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE, MONTY — I CAN ONLY GET YOU BOOKINGS ON THE MASONIC LODGE AND FESTIVAL CIRCUIT..
JIVING BY MONTGOMERY
Mc.TIENS!
I'VE BOOKED YOU AND THE BOYS FOR A SPOT AT THE LYMESWOLD FESTIVAL..
GROAN.
THE NOTORIOUS LYMESWOLD FESTIVAL!! WHERE UNEMPLOYED BOILERMAKERS GO TO ROLL IN THE MUD AND REQUEST THEIR MUSICAL FAVOURITES...
STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN!.. CROAK... FOOD.. WATER..
MEDIC!.
OLD GARY BUSHELL ARTICLES!.
.. INSTANTLY, A MACHINE GUN YAMMERED
BULLSHIT!! WE WANT BLUE OYSTER CULT!!
TYRANNY AND MUTATION!
NEXT- A WHOLE LOTTA LOVE!..

the lone groover — benyon


MIGHTY HOT OUT ON TH' TRAIL, EH, STRANGER!!!
GRRRR....
LAY OFF TH' YIP YIP COYOTE STUFF, MAN, I'M NOT INTO BLEEDIN' COWBOY CHIC SO DON'T TAKE TH' PISS.
JAB JAB
OK, OK, HAVE A DRINK!!!
THAT'S BETTER.
BARTENDER....
GIVE MY FRIEND HERE TWO FINGERS.....
TWO FINGERS!!!
.. OF REDEYE..

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